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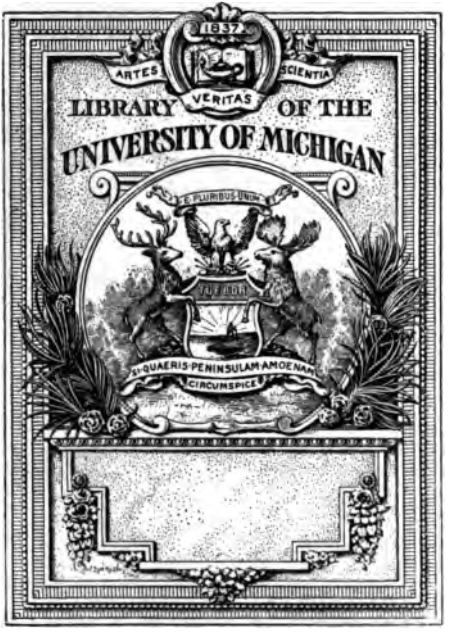
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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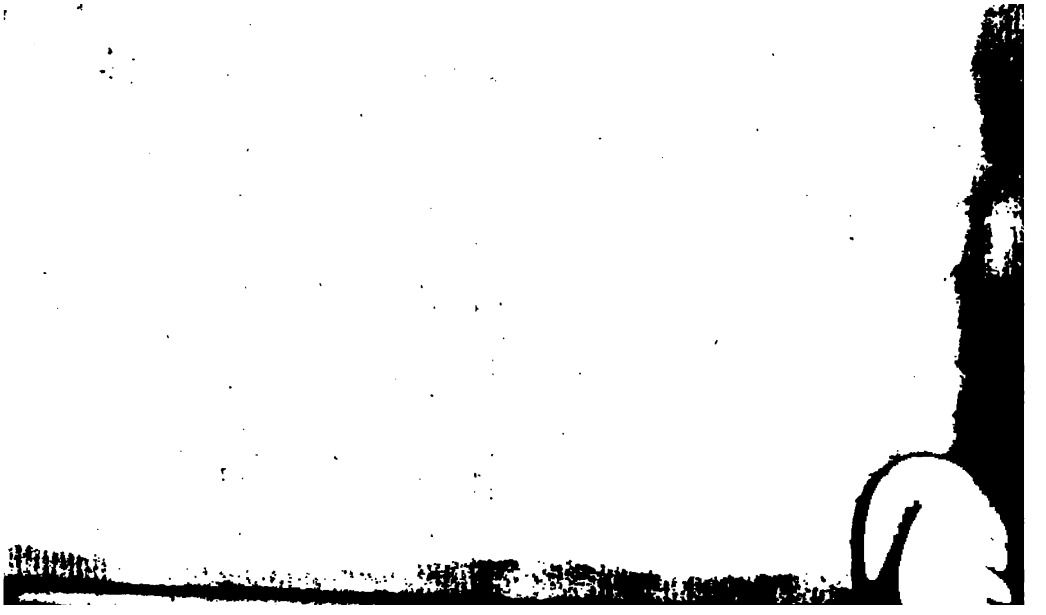

POPE'S HOMER.

THE ODYSSEY.

VOLUME I.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EPICK POEM, AND OF THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY:

EXTRACTED FROM BOSSU.

SECT. I.

OF THE NATURE OF EPICK POETRY.

THE fables of poets were originally employed in repreſenting the Divine Nature, according to the notion then conceived of it. This ſublime ſubject occaſioned the firſt poets to be called Divines, and Poetry the Language of the Gods. They divided the Divine Attributes into ſo many perſons; becauſe the infirmity of a human mind cannot ſufficiently conceive, or explain, ſo much power and action in a ſimplicity ſo great and indiviſible as that of God. And, perhaps, they were alſo jealous of the advantages they reaped from ſuch excellent and exalted learning, and of which they thought the vulgar part of mankind was not worthy.

They could not deſcribe the operations of this Almighty Cauſe, without ſpeaking at the ſame time of its effects: ſo that to Divinity, they added Phyſiology; and treated of both, without quitting the umbrages of their allegorical expreſſions.

But man being the chief and the moſt noble of all that God produced, and nothing being ſo proper, or more uſeful to poets than this ſubject; they added it to the former, and treated of the doctrine of morality after the ſame manner as they did that of divinity and philoſophy; and from morality thus treated, is formed that kind of poem and fable which we call Epick.

The poets did the ſame in morality, that the divines had done in divinity. But that infinite variety of the actions and operations of the Divine Nature (to which our underſtanding bears ſo ſmall a proportion) did, as it were, force them upon dividing the ſingle idea of the Only One God into ſeveral perſons, under the different names of Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, and the reſt.

And on the other hand, the nature of moral philoſophy being ſuch, as never to treat of things in particular, but in general; the epick poets were obliged to unite in one ſingle idea, in one and the ſame perſon, and in an action which appeared ſingular, all that looked like it in different perſons and in various actions; which might be thus contained as ſo many ſpecies under their genus.

The preſence of the Deity, and the care ſuch an auguſt cauſe is to be ſuppoſed to take about any action, obliges the poet to repreſent this action as great, important, and managed by kings and princes. It obliges him likewiſe to think and ſpeak in an elevated way above the vulgar, and in a ſtyle that may in ſome ſort keep up the character of the divine perſons he introduces. To this end ſerve the poetical and figurative *expreſſion*, and the majeſty of the heroick verſe.

But

But all this, being divine and surpr
ruin all probability; therefore the po
particular care as to that point, since
to inſtruct, and without probability a
likely to perſuade.

Laſtly, ſince precepts ought to be co
more eaſily conceived, and leſs oppreſs
and ſince nothing can be more effectu
than propoſing one ſingle idea, and collec
ſo well together, as to be preſent to ou
once; therefore the poets have reduced all
action, under one and the ſame deſign, a
whoſe members and parts ſhould be homog

What we have obſerved of the nature o
Poem, gives us a juſt idea of it, and
thus:

Poem is to regulate the manners, it is with this firſt view the poet ought to begin.

But there is a great difference between the philoſophical and the poetical doctrine of Manners. The ſchoolmen content themſelves with treating of virtues and vices in general; the inſtructions they give are proper for all ſtates of people, and for all ages. But the poet has a nearer regard to his own country, and the neceſſities of his own nation. With this deſign he makes choice of ſome piece of morality, the moſt proper and juſt he can imagine; and in order to preſs this home, he makes leſs uſe of the force of reaſoning, than of the power of inſinuation; accommodating himſelf to the particular cuſtoms and inclinations of thoſe who are to be the ſubject, or the readers, of his work.

Let us now ſee how Homer has acquitted himſelf in theſe reſpects.

He ſaw the Grecians, for whom he deſigned his Poem, were divided into as many ſtates as they had capital cities. Each was a body politick apart, and had its form of government independent from all the reſt. And yet theſe diſtinct ſtates were very often obliged to unite together in one body againſt their common enemies. Theſe were two very different ſorts of government, ſuch as could not be comprehended in one maxim of morality, and in one ſingle poem.

The poet, therefore, has made two diſtinct fables of them. The one is for Greece in general, united into one body, but compoſed of parts independent on

each

each other; and the other for each particular ſtate, conſidered as they were in time of peace, without the former circumſtances and the neceſſity of being united.

As for the firſt ſort of government, in the union or rather in the confederacy of many independent ſtates; experience has always made it appear, "That nothing "ſo much cauſes ſucceſs as a due ſubordination, and "a right underſtanding among the chief commanders "And on the other hand, the inevitable ruin of ſuch "confederacies proceeds from the heats, jealouſies, "and ambition of the different leaders, and the diſ-"contents of ſubmitting to a ſingle general." All ſorts of ſtates, and in particular the Grecians, had dearly experienced this truth. So that the moſt uſeful and neceſſary inſtruction that could be given them, was, to lay before their eyes the loſs which both the people and the princes muſt of neceſſity ſuffer, by the ambition, diſcord, and obſtinacy of the latter.

Homer then has taken for the foundation of his fable this great truth; That a miſunderſtanding between princes is the ruin of their own ſtates. "I ſing "(ſays he) the anger of Achilles, ſo pernicious to "the Grecians, and the cauſe of ſo many heroes "deaths, occaſioned by the diſcord and ſeparation "of Agamemnon and that prince."

But that this truth may be completely and fully known, there is need of a ſecond to ſupport it. It is neceſſary in ſuch a deſign, not only to repreſent confederate ſtates at firſt diſagreeing among themſ

and from thence unfortunate; but to ſhow the ſame ſtates afterwards reconciled and united, and of conſequence victorious.

Let us now ſee how he has joined all theſe in one general action.

"Several princes independent on one another were "united againſt a common enemy. The perſon whom "they had elected their general, offers an affront to "the moſt valiant of all the confederates. This "offended prince is ſo far provoked, as to relinquiſh "the union, and obſtinately refuſe to fight for the "common cauſe. This miſunderſtanding gives the "enemy ſuch an advantage, that the allies are very "near quitting their deſign with diſhonour. He him-"ſelf who made the ſeparation, is not exempt from "ſharing the misfortune which he brought upon his "party. For having permitted his intimate friend to "ſuccour them in a great neceſſity, this friend is kil-"led by the enemy's general. Thus the contending "princes, being both made wiſer at their own coſt, are "reconciled, and unite again: then this valiant prince "not only obtains the victory in the public cauſe, but "revenges his private wrongs, by killing with his own "hands the author of the death of his friend."

This is the firſt platform of the Poem, and the fiction which reduces into one important and univerſal action all the particulars upon which it turns.

In the next place it muſt be rendered probable by the circumſtances of times, places, and perſons: ſome perſons muſt be found out, already known by hiſtory or otherwiſe,

otherwiſe, whom we may with probability
actors and perſonages of this fable. Homer
choice of the ſiege of Troy, and feigned that
happened there. To a phantom of his brain,
would paint valiant and cholerick, he has
name of Achilles; that of Agamemnon to hi
that of Hector to the enemy's commander, a
the reſt.

Beſides, he was obliged to accommodate
the manners, cuſtoms, and genius of the G
auditors, the better to make them attend to th
tion of his Poem: and to gain their appro
praiſing them; ſo that they might the bett
him the repreſentation of their own faults in

pearance, one ſhould never preſs the enemy too cloſely; for this would diſcover the weakneſs which we ought to conceal from them.

The epiſode of Patroclus moſt admirably furniſhes us with theſe two inſtructions. For when he appeared in the arms of Achilles, the Trojans, who took him for that prince now reconciled and united to the confederates, immediately gave ground, and quitted the advantages they had before over the Greeks. But Patroclus, who ſhould have been contented with this ſucceſs, preſſes upon Hector too boldly, and, by obliging him to fight, ſoon diſcovers that it was not the true Achilles who was clad in his amour, but a hero of much inferior proweſs. So that Hector kills him, and regains thoſe advantages which the Trojans had loſt, on the opinion that Achilles was reconciled.

SECT. III.

THE FABLE OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE Odyſſey was not deſigned, like the Iliad, for the inſtruction of all the ſtates of Greece joined in one body, but for each ſtate in particular. As a ſtate is compoſed of two parts; the head which commands, and the members which obey; there are inſtructions requiſite to both, to teach the one to govern, and the others to ſubmit to government.

There are two virtues neceſſary to one in authority; prudence to order, and care to ſee his orders put in execution.

ecution. The prudence of a politician is n
but by a long experience in all ſorts of buſin
an acquaintance with all the different forms
ments and ſtates. The care of the adminiſt
fers not him that has the government to
others, but requires his own preſence: and
are abſent from their ſtates, are in dange
them, and give occaſion to great diſorders and

Theſe two points may be eaſily united in
ſame man. "A king forſakes his kingdom
"courts of ſeveral princes, where he learn
"ners and cuſtoms of different nations. F
"there naturally ariſes a vaſt number of in
"dangers, and of adventures, very uſeful fo

particular notions, which are entirely different from the general idea of him who ought to govern.

But as it was neceſſary that the princes in the Iliad ſhould be choleric and quarrelſome, ſo it is neceſſary in the fable of the Odyſſey that the chief perſon ſhould be ſage and prudent. This raiſes a difficulty in the fiction; becauſe this perſon ought to be abſent for the two reaſons above mentioned, which are eſſential to the fable, and which conſtitute the principal aim of it: but he cannot abſent himſelf, without offending againſt another maxim of equal importance, viz. That a king ſhould upon no accounts leave his country.

It is true, there are ſometimes ſuch neceſſities as ſufficiently excuſe the prudence of a politician in this point. But ſuch a neceſſity is a thing important enough of itſelf to ſupply matter for another poem, and this multiplication of the action would be vicious. To prevent which, in the firſt place, this neceſſity, and the departure of the hero, muſt be disjoined from the poem; and in the ſecond place, the hero having been obliged to abſent himſelf, for a reaſon antecedent to the action, and placed diſtinct from the fable, he ought not ſo far to embrace this opportunity of inſtructing himſelf, as to abſent himſelf voluntarily from his own government. For at this rate, his abſence would be merely voluntary, and one might with reaſon lay to his charge all the diſorders which might ariſe.

Thus in the conſtitution of the fable he ought not to take for his action, and for the foundation of his poem, the departure of a prince from his own country

nor his voluntary ſtay in any other place; b
turn, and this return retarded againſt his w
is the firſt idea Homer gives us of it *.
appears at firſt in a deſolate iſland, ſitting
ſide of the ſea, which, with tears in his eyes,
upon as the obſtacle which had ſo long op
return, and detained him from reviſiting his
country.

And laſtly, ſince this forced delay might
turally and uſually happen to ſuch as mak
by ſea; Homer has judiciouſly made cho
prince, whoſe kingdom was in an iſland.

Let us ſee then how he has feigned all th
making his hero a perſon in years, becauſe
requiſite to inſtruct a man in prudence and

SECT. IV.

OF THE UNITY OF THE FABLE.

ARISTOTLE beſtows great encomiums upon Homer for the ſimplicity of his deſign, becauſe he has included in one ſingle part all that happened at the ſiege of Troy. And to this he oppoſes the ignorance of ſome poets, who imagined that the unity of the fable or action was ſufficiently preſerved by the unity of the hero; and who compoſed their Theſeids, Heraclids, and the like, wherein they only heaped up in one poem every thing that happened to one perſonage.

He finds fault with thoſe poets who were for reducing the unity of the fable into the unity of the hero, becauſe one man may have performed ſeveral adventures, which it is impoſſible to reduce under any one general and ſimple head. This reducing of all things to unity and ſimplicity, is what Horace likewiſe makes his firſt rule.

"Denique ſit quodvis ſimplex duntaxat, & unum."

According to theſe rules, it will be allowable to make uſe of ſeveral fables; or (to ſpeak more correctly) of ſeveral incidents, which may be divided into ſeveral fables, provided they are ſo ordered, that the unity of the fable be not ſpoiled. This liberty is ſtill greater in the Epick Poem, becauſe it is of a larger extent, and ought to be entire and complete.

I will explain myſelf more diſtinctly by th
of Homer.

No doubt but one might make four diſtin
out of theſe four following inſtructions.

I. Diviſion between thoſe of the ſame part
them entirely to their enemies.

II. Conceal your weakneſs; and you will b
as much, as if you had none of thoſe impe
of which they are ignorant.

III. When your ſtrength is only feig
founded only in the opinion of others; neve
ſo far as if your ſtrength was real.

IV. The more you agree together, the leſ
your enemies do you.

comes to their relief in the armour of this hero, and Hector retreats. 3. But this young man puſhing the advantage which his diſguiſe gave him, too far, ventures to engage with Hector himſelf; but not being maſter of Achilles's ſtrength (whom he only repreſented in outward appearance) he is killed, and by this means leaves the Grecian affairs in the ſame diſorder, from which, in that diſguiſe, he came to free them. 4. Achilles provoked at the death of his friend, is reconciled, and revenges his loſs by the death of Hector. Theſe various incidents being thus united, do not make different actions and fables, but are only the uncomplete and unfiniſhed parts of one and the ſame action and fable, which alone, when taken thus complexly, can be ſaid to be complete and entire: and all theſe maxims of the moral, are eaſily reduced into theſe two parts, which, in my opinion, cannot be ſeparated without enervating the force of both. The two parts are theſe, That a right underſtanding is the preſervation, and diſcord the deſtruction of ſtates.

Though then the poet has made uſe of two parts in his poems, each of which might have ſerved for a fable, as we have obſerved: yet this multiplication cannot be called a vicious and irregular Polymythia, contrary to the neceſſary unity and ſimplicity of the fable; but it gives the fable another qualification, altogether neceſſary and regular, namely, its perfection and finiſhing ſtroke.

SECT.

SECT. V.

OF THE ACTION OF THE EPICK POEM.

THE action of a poem is the ſubject which undertakes, propoſes, and builds upon the moral and the inſtructions which are the Epick Poem are not the matter of it. poets leave in their allegorical and figurative They only give notice at the exordium, ſing ſome action: The Revenge of Achilles, turn of Ulyſſes, &c.

Since then the action is the matter of a fab evident, that whatever incidents are eſſenti

foundation of the action, and is as it were a natural member of the body. The ſecond is, exactly to unite theſe epiſodes and theſe members with one another. And the third is, never to finiſh any epiſode ſo as it may ſeem to be an entire action; but to let each epiſode ſtill appear in its own particular nature, as the member of a body, and as a part of itſelf not compleat.

OF THE BEGINNING, MIDDLE, AND END OF THE ACTION.

ARISTOTLE not only ſays, that the epick action ſhould be one, but adds, that it ſhould be entire, perfect, and compleat; and for this purpoſe, ought to have a beginning, a middle, and an end. Theſe three parts of a whole are too generally and univerſally denoted by the words, beginning, middle, and end; we may interpret them more preciſely, and ſay, That the cauſes and deſigns of an action, are the beginning: that the effects of theſe cauſes, and the difficulties that are met with in the execution of theſe deſigns, are the middle; and that the unraveling and reſolution of theſe difficulties are the end.

THE ACTION OF THE ILIAD.

HOMER'S deſign in the Iliad, is to relate the anger and revenge of Achilles. The beginning of this action is the change of Achilles from a calm to a paſſionate temper. The middle is the effects of his paſſion, and

and all the illuſtrious deaths it is the cauſe o
end of this ſame action is the return of Ac
his calmneſs of temper again. All was quie
Grecian camp, when Agamemnon, their
provokes Apollo againſt them, whom he wa
to appeaſe afterwards at the coſt and prej
Achilles, who had no part in his fault. Thi
an exact beginning: it ſuppoſes nothing be
requires after it the effects of this anger.
revenges himſelf, and that is an exact middle
poſes before it the anger of Achilles, this r
the effect of it. Then this middle requires a
effects of this revenge, which is the ſatisf
Achilles: for the revenge had not been comp
leſs Achilles had been ſatisfied. By this r

THE ACTION OF THE ODYSSEY.

HIS deſign in the Odyſſey was to deſcribe the ret of Ulyſſes from the ſiege of Troy, and his arr at Ithaca. He opens this poem with the compla of Minerva againſt Neptune, who oppoſed the ret of this hero, and againſt Calypſo, who detained h in an iſland from Ithaca. Is this a beginning? N doubtleſs, the reader would know why Neptune is c pleaſed with Ulyſſes, and how this prince came to with Calypſo? He would know how he came fr Troy thither? The poet anſwers his demands out the mouth of Ulyſſes himſelf, who relates theſe thin and begins the action by the recital of his travels fr the city of Troy. It ſignifies little whether the begi ning of the action be the beginning of the poem. T beginning of this action is that which happens Ulyſſes, when, upon his leaving Troy, he bends h courſe for Ithaca. The middle comprehends all t misfortunes he endured, and all the diſorders of h own government. The end is the re-inſtating of th hero in the peaceable poſſeſſion of his kingdom, whe he was acknowledged by his ſon, his wife, his fathe and ſeveral others. The poet was ſenſible he ſhou have ended ill, had he gone no farther than the dea of theſe princes, who were the rivals and enemies Ulyſſes, becauſe the reader might have looked for ſon revenge, which the ſubjects of theſe princes mig have taken on him who had killed their ſovereign

but this danger over, and the people vanquiſhed and quieted, there was nothing more to be expected. The poem and the action have all their parts, and no more.

But the order of the Odyſſey differs from that of the Iliad, in that the poem does not begin with the beginning of the action.

OF THE CAUSES AND BEGINNING OF THE ACTION.

THE cauſes of the action are alſo what the poet is obliged to give an account of. There are three ſorts of cauſes, the humours, the intereſts, and the deſigns of men; and theſe different cauſes of an action are likewiſe often the cauſes of one another, every man taking up thoſe intereſts in which his humour engages him, and forming theſe deſigns to which his humour and intereſt incline him. Of all theſe the poet ought to inform his readers, and render them conſpicuous in his principal perſonages.

Homer has ingeniouſly begun his Odyſſey with the tranſactions at Ithaca, during the abſence of Ulyſſes. If he had begun with the travels of his hero, he would ſcarce have ſpoken of any one elſe, and a man might have read a great deal of the poem, without conceiving the leaſt idea of Telemachus, Penelope, or her ſuitors, who had ſo great a ſhare in the action; but in the beginning he has pitched upon, beſides theſe perſonages whom he diſcovers, he repreſents Ulyſſes

in his full length, and from the very firſt opening one ſees the intereſt which the Gods take in the action.

The ſkill and care of the ſame poet may be ſeen likewiſe in inducing his perſonages in the Firſt Book of his Iliad, where he diſcovers the humours, the intereſts, and the deſigns of Agamemnon, Achilles, Hector, Ulyſſes, and ſeveral others, and even of the Deities. And in his ſecond he makes a review of the Grecian and Trojan armies: which is full evidence, that all we have here ſaid is very neceſſary.

OF THE MIDDLE OR INTRIGUE OF THE ACTION.

AS theſe cauſes are the beginning of the action, the oppoſite deſigns againſt that of the hero are the middle of it, and form that difficulty or intrigue, which makes up the greateſt part of the poem; the ſolution or unraveling commences when the reader begins to ſee that difficulty removed, and the doubts cleared up. Homer has divided each of his poems into two parts; and has put a particular intrigue, and the ſolution of it, into each part.

The firſt part of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, who is for revenging himſelf upon Agamemnon by the means of Hector and the Trojans. The intrigue comprehends the three days fight which happened in the abſence of Achilles: and it conſiſts on one ſide in the reſiſtance of Agamemnon and the Grecians: and on the other in the revengeful and inexorable humour of Achilles, which would not ſuffer him to be reconciled.

The

The loſs of the Grecians, and the deſpair of Agamemnon, prepare for a ſolution by the ſatisfaction which the incenſed hero received from it. The death of Patroclus joined to the offers of Agamemnon, which of itſelf had proved ineffectual, remove this difficulty, and make the unraveling of the firſt part.

This death is likewiſe the beginning of the ſecond part; ſince it puts Achilles upon the deſign of revenging himſelf on Hector. But the deſign of Hector is oppoſite to that of Achilles: this Trojan is valiant, and reſolved to ſtand on his own defence. This valour and reſolution of Hector are on his part the cauſe of the intrigue. All the endeavours Achilles uſed to meet with Hector, and be the death of him; and the contrary endeavours of the Trojan to keep out of his reach, and defend himſelf, are the intrigue; which comprehends the battle of the laſt day. The unraveling begins at the death of Hector; and beſides that, it contains the inſulting of Achilles over his body, the honours he paid to Patroclus, and the intreaties of king Priam. The regrets of this king and the other Trojans, in the ſorrowful obſequies they paid to Hector's body, end the unraveling; they juſtify the ſatisfaction of Achilles, and demonſtrate his tranquillity.

The firſt part of the Odyſſey is the return of Ulyſſes into Ithaca. Neptune oppoſes it by raiſing tempeſts, and this makes the intrigue. The unraveling is the arrival of Ulyſſes upon his own iſland, where Neptune could offer him no farther injury. The ſecond part is the re-inſtating this hero in his own government. The

princes, that are his rivals, oppoſe him, and this is a freſh intrigue: the ſolution of it begins at their deaths, and is compleated as ſoon as the Ithacans were appeaſed.

Theſe two parts in the Odyſſey have not one common intrigue. The anger of Achilles forms both the intrigues in the Iliad; and it is ſo far the matter of this Epopea, that the very beginning and end of this poem depend on the beginning and end of this anger. But let the deſire Achilles had to revenge himſelf, and the deſire Ulyſſes had to return to his own country, be never ſo near allied, yet we cannot place them under one and the ſame notion: for that deſire of Ulyſſes is not a paſſion that begins and ends in the poem with the action: it is a natural habit: nor does the poet propoſe it for his ſubject, as he does the anger of Achilles.

We have already obſerved what is meant by the intrigue, and the unraveling thereof; let us now ſay ſomething of the manner of forming both. Theſe two ſhould ariſe naturally out of the very eſſence and ſubject of the poem, and are to be deduced from thence. Their conduct is ſo exact and natural, that it ſeems as if their action had preſented them with whatever they inſerted, without putting themſelves to the trouble of a farther enquiry.

What is more uſual and natural to warriors, than anger, heat, paſſion, and impatience of bearing the leaſt affront or diſreſpect? This is what forms the intrigue of the Iliad: and every thing we read there is nothing elſe but the effect of this humour and theſe paſſions.

What

What more natural and uſual obſtacle to thoſe who take voyages, than the ſea, the winds, and the ſtorms? Homer makes this the intrigue of the firſt part of the Odyſſey: and for the ſecond, he makes uſe of almoſt the infallible effect of the long abſence of a maſter, whoſe return is quite deſpaired of, viz. the inſolence of his ſervants and neighbours, the danger of his ſon and wife, and the ſequeſtration of his eſtate. Beſides, an abſence of almoſt twenty years, and the inſupportable fatigues joined to the age of which Ulyſſes then was, might induce him to believe that he ſhould not be owned by thoſe who thought him dead, and whoſe intereſt it was to have him really ſo. Therefore, if he had preſently declared who he was, and had called himſelf Ulyſſes, they would eaſily have deſtroyed him as an impoſtor, before he had an opportunity to make himſelf known.

There could be nothing more natural nor more neceſſary than this ingenious diſguiſe, to which the advantages his enemies had taken of his abſence had reduced him, and to which his long misfortunes had inured him. This allowed him an opportunity, without hazarding any thing, of taking the beſt meaſures he could, againſt thoſe perſons who could not ſo much as miſtruſt any harm from him. This way was afforded him, by the very nature of his action, to execute his deſigns, and overcome the obſtacles it caſt before him. And it is this conteſt between the prudence and the diſſimulation of a ſingle man on one hand, and the ungovernable inſolence of ſo many rivals on

the other, which conſtitutes the intrigue of the ſecond part of the Odyſſey.

OF THE END OR UNRAVELING OF THE ACTION.

IF the plot or intrigue muſt be natural, and ſuch as ſprings from the very ſubject, as has been already urged; then the winding-up of the plot, by a more ſure claim, muſt have this qualification, and be a probable conſequence of all that went before. As this is what the readers regard more than the reſt, ſo ſhould the poet be more exact in it. This is the end of the poem, and the laſt impreſſion that is to be ſtamped upon them.

We ſhall find this in the Odyſſey. Ulyſſes by a tempeſt is caſt upon the iſland of the Phæacians, to whom he diſcovers himſelf, and deſires they would favour his return to his own country, which was not very far diſtant. One cannot ſee any reaſon why the king of this iſland ſhould refuſe ſuch a reaſonable requeſt, to a hero whom he ſeemed to have in great eſteem. The Phæacians indeed had heard him tell the ſtory of his adventures; and in this fabulous recital conſiſted all the advantage that he could derive from his preſence; for the art of war which they admired in him, his undauntedneſs under dangers, his indefatigable patience, and other virtues, where ſuch as theſe iſlanders were not uſed to. All their talent lay in ſinging and dancing, and whatſoever was charming in a quiet life. And here we ſee how dextrouſly Homer prepares the incidents he makes uſe of. Theſe people could do no leſs, for the account

account with which Ulyſſes had ſo much entertained them, than afford him a ſhip and a ſafe convoy, which was of little expence or trouble to them.

When he arrived, his long abſence, and the travels which had disfigured him, made him altogether unknown; and the danger he would have incurred, had he diſcovered himſelf too ſoon, forced him to a diſguiſe: laſtly, This diſguiſe gave him an opportunity of ſurprizing thoſe young ſuitors, who for ſeveral years together had been accuſtomed to nothing but to ſleep well and fare daintily.

It was from theſe examples that Ariſtotle drew this rule, that "Whatever concludes the poem, ſhould ſo "ſpring from the very conſtitution of the fable, as "if it were a neceſſary, or at leaſt a probable, con-"ſequence."

SECT. VI.

THE TIME OF THE ACTION.

THE time of the epick action is not fixed, like that of the dramatick poem; it is much longer: for an uninterrupted duration is much more neceſſary in an action which one ſees and is preſent at, than in one which we only read or hear repeated. Beſides, tragedy is fuller of paſſion, and conſequently of ſuch a violence as cannot admit of ſo long a duration.

The Iliad containing an action of anger and violence, the poet allows it but a ſhort time, about forty

The deſign of the Odyſſey required another conduct; the character of the hero is prudence and long-ſuffering; therefore the time of its duration is much longer, above eight years.

THE PASSIONS OF THE EPICK POEM.

THE paſſions of tragedy are different from thoſe of the epick poem. In the former, terror and pity have the chief place; the paſſion that ſeems moſt peculiar to epick poetry, is admiration.

Beſides this admiration, which in general diſtinguiſhes the Epick Poem from the Dramatick; each epick poem has likewiſe ſome peculiar paſſion, which diſtinguiſhes it in particular from other epick poems, and conſtitutes a kind of ſingular and individual difference between theſe poems of the ſame ſpecies. Theſe ſingular paſſions correſpond to the character of the hero. Anger and terror reign throughout the Iliad, becauſe Achilles is angry, and the moſt terrible of all men. The Æneid has all ſoft and tender paſſions, becauſe that is the character of Æneas. The prudence, wiſdom, and conſtancy of Ulyſſes do not allow him either of theſe extremes; therefore the poet does not permit one of them to be predominant in the Odyſſey. He confines himſelf to admiration only, which he carries to an higher pitch than in the Iliad: and it is upon this account that he introduces a great many more machines, in the Odyſſey, into the body of the action, than are ſeen in the actions of the other two poems.

THE

THE MANNERS.

THE manners of the Epick Poem ought to be poetically good, but it is not neceſſary they be always morally ſo. They are poetically good, when one may diſcover the virtue or vice, the good or ill inclinations of every one who ſpeaks or acts: they are poetically bad, when perſons are made to ſpeak or act out of character, or inconſiſtently, or unequally. The manners of Æneas and of Mezentius are equally good, conſidered poetically, becauſe they equally demonſtrate the piety of the one, and the impiety of the other.

CHARACTER OF THE HERO.

IT is requiſite to make the ſame diſtinction between a hero in morality and a hero in poetry, as between moral and poetical goodneſs. Achilles had as much right to the latter, as Æneas. Ariſtotle ſays, That the hero of a poem ſhould be neither good nor bad; neither advanced above the reſt of mankind by his virtues, or ſunk beneath them by his vices; that he may be the proper and fuller example to others, both what to imitate and what to decline.

The other qualifications of the manners are, that they be ſuitable to the cauſes which either raiſe or diſcover them in the perſons; that they have an exact reſemblance to what hiſtory, or fable, have delivered of thoſe perſons, to whom they are aſcribed; and the

there be an equality in them, ſo that no man is made to act, or ſpeak, out of his character.

UNITY OF THE CHARACTER.

BUT this equality is not ſufficient for the unity of the character; it is further neceſſary, that the ſame ſpirit appear in all ſort of encounters. Thus Æneas acting with great piety and mildneſs in the firſt part of the Æneid, which requires no other character; and afterwards appearing illuſtrious in heroic valour, in the wars of the ſecond part; but there, without any appearance either of a hard or a ſoft diſpoſition; would doubtleſs, be far from offending againſt the equality of the manners: but yet there would be no ſimplicity or unity in the character. So that, beſides the qualities that claim their particular place upon different occaſions, there muſt be one appearing throughout, which commands over all the reſt; and without this, we may affirm, it is no character.

One may indeed make a hero as valiant as Achilles, as pious as Æneas, and as prudent as Ulyſſes. But it is a mere chimera, to imagine a hero that has the valour of Achilles, the piety of Æneas, and the prudence of Ulyſſes, at one and the ſame time. This vilion might happen to an author, who would ſuit the character of a hero to whatever each part of the action might naturally require, without regarding the eſſence of the fable, or the unity of the character in the ſame perſon upon all ſorts of occaſions: this hero would be the mildeſt, beſt-natured prince in the world, and alſo the

the moſt choleric, hard-hearted, and implacable creature imaginable; he would be extremely tender like Æneas, extremely violent like Achilles, and yet have the indifference of Ulyſſes, that is incapable of the two extremes. Would it not be in vain for the poet to call this perſon by the ſame name throughout?

Let us reflect on the effects it would produce in ſeveral poems, whoſe authors were of opinion, that the chief character of a hero is that of an accompliſhed man. They would be all alike; all valiant in battle, prudent in council, pious in the acts of religion, courteous, civil, magnificent; and, laſtly, endued with all the prodigious virtues any poet could invent. All this would be independent from the action and the ſubject of the poem; and upon ſeeing each hero ſeparated from the reſt of the work: we ſhould not eaſily gueſs, to what action, and to what poem, the hero belonged. So that we ſhould ſee, that none of thoſe would have a character; ſince the character is that, which makes a perſon diſcernible, and which diſtinguiſhes him from all others.

This commanding quality in Achilles, is his anger; in Ulyſſes, the art of diſſimulation; in Æneas, meekneſs. Each of theſe may be ſtiled, by way of eminence, the character in theſe heroes.

But theſe characters cannot be alone. It is abſolutely neceſſary that ſome other ſhould give them a luſtre, and embelliſh them as far as they are capable: either by hiding the defects that are in each, by ſom-

noble and ſhining qualities; as the poet has done the anger of Achilles, by ſhading it with extraordinary valour: or by making them entirely of the nature of a true and ſolid virtue, as is to be obſerved in the two others. The diſſimulation of Ulyſſes is a part of his prudence; aud the meekneſs of Æneas is wholly employed in ſubmitting his will to the Gods. For the making up of this union, our poets have joined together ſuch qualities as are by nature the moſt compatible; valour with anger, meekneſs with piety, and prudence with diſſimulation. This laſt union was neceſſary for the goodneſs of Ulyſſes; for, without that, his diſſimulation might have degenerated into wickedneſs and double-dealing.

SECT. VII.

OF THE MACHINERY.

WE come now to the machines of the Epick Poem. The chief paſſion which it aims to excite being admiration, nothing is ſo conducive to that as the marvellous; and the importance and dignity of the action is by nothing ſo greatly elevated as by the care and interpoſition of Heaven.

Theſe machines are of three ſorts. Some are Theological, and were invented to explain the nature of the Gods. Others are phyſical, and repreſent the things

things of nature. The laſt are moral, and are the images of virtues and vices.

Homer and the ancients have given to their deities the manners, paſſions, and vices, of men. The poems are wholly allegorical; and in this view it is eaſier to defend Homer, than to blame him. We cannot accuſe him for making mention of many Gods, for his beſtowing paſſions upon them, or even introducing them fighting againſt men. The Scripture uſes the like figures and expreſſions.

If it be allowable to ſpeak thus of the Gods in theology, much more in the fictions of natural philoſophy; where, if a poet deſcribes the Deities, he muſt give them ſuch manners, ſpeeches, and actions, as are conformable to the nature of the things they repreſent under thoſe divinities. The caſe is the ſame in the morals of the Deities: Minerva is wiſe, becauſe ſhe repreſents prudence; Venus is both good or bad, becauſe the paſſion of love is capable of theſe contrary qualities.

Since among the Gods of a poem ſome are good, ſome bad, and ſome indifferently either; and ſince of our paſſions we make ſo many allegorical Deities; we may attribute to the Gods all that is done in the poem, whether good or evil. But theſe Deities do not act conſtantly in one and the ſame manner.

Sometimes they act inviſibly, and by mere inſpiration; which has nothing in it extraordinary or miraculous; being no more than what we ſay every day,

" That ſome God has aſſiſted us, or ſome dæmon has " inſtigated us."

At other times they appear viſibly, and manifeſt themſelves to men, in a manner altogether miraculous and præternatural.

The third way has ſomething of both the others; it is in truth a miracle, but is not commonly ſo accounted: this includes dreams, oracles, &c.

All theſe ways muſt be probable; for however neceſſary the marvellous is to the Epick Action, as nothing is ſo conducive to admiration; yet we can, on the other hand, admire nothing, that we think impoſſible. Though the probability of theſe machines be of a very large extent, (ſince it is founded upon Divine Power) it is not without limitations. There are numerous inſtances of allowable and probable machines in the Epick Poem, where the Gods are no leſs actors than the men. But the leſs credible ſort, ſuch as metamorphoſes, &c. are far more rare.

This ſuggeſts a reflection on the method of rendering thoſe machines probable, which in their own nature are hardly ſo. Thoſe, which require only divine probability, ſhould be ſo diſengaged from the action, that one might ſubtract them from it, without deſtroying the action. But thoſe, which are eſſential and neceſſary, ſhould be grounded upon human probability, and not on the ſole power of God. Thus the epiſodes of Circe, the Syrens, Polyphemus, &c. are neceſſary to the action of the Odyſſey, and yet not humanly probable: yet Homer has artificially reduced them to human

human probability, by the ſimplicity and ignorance of the Phæacians, before whom he cauſes thoſe recitals to be made.

The next queſtion is, Where, and on what occaſions, machines may be uſed? It is certain Homer and Virgil make uſe of them every where, and ſcarce ſuffer any action to be performed without them. Petronius makes this a precept: "Per ambages, deorumque miniſteria, &c." The Gods are mentioned in the very propoſition of their works, the invocation is addreſt to them, and the whole narration is full of them. The Gods are the cauſes of the action, they form the intrigue, and bring about the ſolution. The precept of Ariſtotle and Horace, that the unraveling of the plot ſhould not proceed from a miracle, or the appearance of a God, has place only in Dramatick Poetry, not in the Epick. For it is plain, that both in the ſolution of the Iliad and Odyſſey, the Gods are concerned: in the former, the Deities meet to appeaſe the anger of Achilles: Iris and Mercury are ſent to that purpoſe, and Minerva eminently aſſiſts Achilles in the deciſive combat with Hector. In the Odyſſey, the ſame Goddeſs fights cloſe by Ulyſſes againſt the ſuitors, and concludes that peace betwixt him and the Ithacenſians, which compleats the poem.

We may therefore determine, that a machine is not an invention to extricate the poet out of any difficulty which embarraſſes him: but that the preſence of a Divinity, and ſome action ſurprizing and extraordinary, are inſerted into almoſt all the parts of his work, in

order to render it more majeſtick and more admirabl
But this mixture ought to be ſo made, that the m
chines might be retrenched, without taking any thi
from the action: at the ſame time that it gives t
readers a leſſon of piety and virtue; and teaches the
that the moſt brave and the moſt wiſe can do nothin
and attain nothing great and glorious, without t
aſſiſtance of heaven. Thus the machinery crowns t
whole work, and renders it at once marvellous, pr
bable, and moral.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY

ARGUMENT.

MINERVA'S DESCENT TO ITHACA.

THE Poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulyſſes in his dominions. He had now remained ſeven years in the iſland of Calypſo, when the Gods aſſembled in council propoſed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpoſe it is concluded to ſend Mercury to Calypſo, and Pallas immediately deſcends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus, in the ſhape of Mentes, king of the Taphians; in which ſhe adviſes him to take a journey in queſt of his father Ulyſſes, to Pylos and Sparta, where Neſtor and Menelaus yet reigned; then, after having viſibly diſplayed her divinity, diſappears. The ſuitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius ſings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a ſtop to the ſong. Some words ariſe between the ſuitors and Telemachus, who ſummons the council to meet the day following.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK I.

THE man, for Wiſdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, oh Muſe! reſound.
Who, when his arms had wrought the deſtin'd fall
Of ſacred Troy, and raz'd her heaven-built wall.
Wandering from clime to clime, obſervant ſtray'd,
Their manners noted, and their ſtates ſurvey'd.
On ſtormy ſeas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal ſhore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day;
The God vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah, men unbleſs'd!) to touch that natal ſhore.
Oh, ſnatch ſome portion of theſe acts from Fate,
Celeſtial Muſe! and to our world relate.
Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd;
All who the wars of ten long years ſurviv'd,
And 'ſcap'd the perils of the gulphy main.
Ulyſſes, ſole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coaſt,
Deplor'd his abſent queen, and empire loſt.
Calypſo in her caves conſtrain'd his ſtay,
With ſweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years diſcloſe
The day predeſtin'd to reward his woes.

At length his Ithaca is given by fate,
Where yet new labours his arrival wait;
At length their rage the hoſtile powers reſtrain,
All but the ruthleſs monarch of the main.
But now the God, remote, a heavenly gueſt,
In Æthiopia grac'd the genial feaſt
(A race divided, whom with ſloping rays
The riſing and deſcending ſun ſurveys);
There on the world s extremeſt verge, rever'd
With hecatombs and prayer in pomp preferr'd,
Diſtant he lay: while in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus, Jove conven'd the Gods:
Th' aſſembly thus the Sire ſupreme addreſt,
Ægyſthus' fate revolving in his breaſt,
Whom young Oreſtes to the dreary coaſt
Of Pluto ſent, a blood-polluted ghoſt.
Perverſe mankind! whoſe wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on abſolute decree;
All to the dooming Gods their guilt tranſlate,
And follies are miſcall'd the crimes of fate.
When to his luſt Ægyſthus gave the rein,
Did Fate, or we, th' adulterous act conſtrain?
Did Fate, or we, when great Atrides dy'd,
Urge the bold traitor to the regicide?
Hermes I ſent, while yet his ſoul remain'd
Sincere from royal blood, and faith profan'd;
To warn the wretch, that young Oreſtes, grown
To manly years, ſhould re-aſſert the throne.
Yet, impotent of mind, and uncontrol'd,
He plung'd into the gulf which heaven foretold.

Here

... her azure eyes:
thou! from whom the whole creation ſ
he ſource of power on earth deriv'd to kin
is death was equal to the direful deed;
may the man of blood be doom'd to blee
t grief and rage alternate wound my bre
brave Ulyſſes, ſtill by Fate oppreſt.
idſt an iſle, around whoſe rocky ſhore
foreſts murmur, and the ſurges roar,
blameleſs hero from his wiſh'd-for home
ddeſs guards in her inchanted dome:
s her ſire, to whoſe far-piercing eye
vonders of the deep expanded lie;
ternal columns which on earth he rears
the ſtarry vault, and prop the ſpheres.)
fair daughter is the chief confin'd,
othes to dear delight his anxious mind:
leſs all her ſoft careſſes prove,
ſh from his breaſt his country's lo...
he ſmoke fr...

Daughter! what words have paſs'd thy lips unweigh'd?
(Reply'd the Thunderer to the martial maid)
Deem not unjuſtly by my doom oppreſt
Of human race the wiſeſt and the beſt.
Neptune, by prayer repentant rarely won,
Afflicts the chief, t' avenge his giant-ſon,
Whoſe viſual orb Ulyſſes robb'd of light!
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might!
Him young Thoöſa bore (the bright increaſe
Of Phorcys, dreaded in the ſounds and ſeas):
Whom Neptune ey'd with bloom of beauty bleſt,
And in his cave the yielding nymph compreſt.
For this, the God conſtrains the Greek to roam,
A hopeleſs exile from his native home,
From death alone exempt—but ceaſe to mourn!
Let all combine t' atchieve his wiſh'd return:
Neptune aton'd, his wrath ſhall now refrain,
Or thwart the ſynod of the Gods in vain.
Father and king ador'd! Minerva cry'd,
Since all who in th' Olympian bower reſide
Now make the wandering Greek their public care,
Let Hermes to th' Atlantick * iſle repair;
Bid him, arriv'd in bright Calypſo's court,
The ſanction of th' aſſembled powers report:
That wiſe Ulyſſes to his native land
Muſt ſpeed, obedient to their high command.
Meantime Telemachus, the blooming heir
ſea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:

'Tis

* Ogygia.

'Tis mine, to form his green, unpractis'd years,
In ſage debates; ſurrounded with his peers,
To ſave the ſtate; and timely to reſtrain
The bold intruſion of the ſuitor-train:
Who croud his palace, and with lawleſs power
His herds and flocks in feaſtful rites devour.
To diſtant Sparta, and the ſpacious waſte
Of ſandy Pyle, the royal youth ſhall haſte.
There, warm with filial love, the cauſe enquire
That from his realm retards his god-like ſire:
Delivering early to the voice of fame
The promiſe of a great, immortal name.
She ſaid: the ſandals of celeſtial mould,
Fledg'd with ambroſial plumes, and rich with gold,
Surround her feet; with theſe ſublime ſhe ſails
Th' aerial ſpace, and mounts the winged gales:
O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to ſoar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy javelin bore,
Ponderous and vaſt; which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.
From high Olympus prone her flight ſhe bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca deſcends.
Her lineaments divine, the grave diſguiſe
Of Mentes' form conceal'd from human eyes
(Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land):
A glittering ſpear wav'd awful in her hand.
There in the portal plac'd, the heaven-born maid
Enormous riot and miſ-rule ſurvey'd.
On hides of beeves, before the palace gate,
(Sad ſpoils of luxury) the ſuitors ſate.

With rival art, and ardour in their mien,
At cheſs they vie, to captivate the queen;
Divining of their loves. Attending nigh,
A menial train the flowing bowl ſupply:
Others, apart, the ſpacious hall prepare,
And form the coſtly feaſt with buſy care.
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing celeſtial ſweet, with god-like grace
Amid the circle ſhines: but hope and fear
(Painful viciſſitude!) his boſom tear.
Now, imag'd in his mind, he ſees reſtor'd
In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord;
The proud oppreſſors fly the vengeful ſword.
While his fond ſoul theſe fancied triumphs ſwel
The ſtranger gueſt, the royal youth beheld:
Griev'd that a viſitant ſo long ſhould wait
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate;
Inſtant he flew with hoſpitable haſte,
And the new friend with courteous air embrac'
Stranger! whoe'er thou art, ſecurely reſt,
Affianc'd in my faith, a friendly gueſt:
Approach the dome, the ſocial banquet ſhare,
And then the purpoſe of thy ſoul declare.
Thus affable and mild, the prince precedes,
And to the dome th' unknown Celeſtial leads.
The ſpear receiving from her hand, he plac'd
Againſt a column, fair with ſculpture grac'd;
Where ſeemly rang'd in peaceful order ſtood
Ulyſſes' arms, now long diſus'd to blood.
He led the Goddeſs to the ſovereign ſeat,
Her feet ſupported with a ſtool of ſtate

rple carpet ſpread the pavement wide);
lrew his ſeat, familiar to her ſide;
om the ſuitor-train, a brutal crowd,
inſolence, and wine, elate and loud:
the free gueſt, unnoted, might relate,
y conſcious, of his father's fate.
olden ewer a maid obſequious brings,
iſh'd from the cool, tranſlucent ſprings;
opious water the bright vaſe ſupplies
r laver, of capacious ſize:
waſh. The tables in fair order ſpread,
reap the glittering caniſters with bread:
of various kinds allure the taſte,
oiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!
us wines th' attending herald brought;

Indulge my rising grief, whilst these (my friend)
With song and dance the pompous revel end.
Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays,
When for the dear delight another pays.
His treasur'd flocks these cormorants consume,
Whose bones, defrauded of a regal tomb
And common turf, lie naked on the plain,
Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main.
Should he return, that troop so blithe and bold,
With purple robes inwrought, and stiff with gold,
Precipitant in fear would wing their flight,
And curse their cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.
But, ah, I dream!—th' appointed hour is fled!
And hope, too long with vain delusion fed,
Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!
With venial freedom let me now demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land:
Sincere, from whence began thy course, recite,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?
Now first to me this visit dost thou deign,
Or number'd in my father's social train?
All who deserv'd his choice he made his own,
And, curious much to know, he far was known.
My birth I boast (the blue-eyed Virgin cries)
From great Anchialus, renown'd and wise:
Mentes my name; I rule the Taphian race,
Whose bounds the deep circumfluent waves embrace:
A dutcous people, and industrious isle,
To naval arts inur'd, and stormy toil.

Freighted

Freighted with iron from my native land,
I ſteer my voyage to the Brutian ſtrand;
To gain by commerce, for the labour'd maſs,
A juſt proportion of refulgent braſs.
Far from your capital my ſhip reſides
At Reithrus, and ſecure at anchor rides;
Where waving groves on airy Neion grow,
Supremely tall, and ſhade the deeps below.
Thence to reviſit your imperial dome,
An old hereditary gueſt I come:
Your father's friend. Laertes can relate
Our faith unſpotted, and its early date;
Who, preſt with heart-corroding grief and years,
To the gay court a rural ſhade prefers,
Where, ſole of all his train, a matron ſage
Supports with homely food his drooping age,
With feeble ſteps from marſhaling his vines
Returning ſad, when toilſome day declines.
With friendly ſpeed, induc'd by erring fame,
To hail Ulyſſes' ſafe return, I came;
But ſtill the frown of ſome celeſtial Power
With envious joy retards the bliſsful hour.
Let not your ſoul be ſunk in ſad deſpair;
He lives, he breathes this heavenly vital air,
Among a ſavage race, whoſe ſhelfy bounds
With ceaſeleſs roar the foaming deep ſurrounds.
The thoughts which roll within my raviſh'd breaſt,
To me, no ſeer, th' inſpiring Gods ſuggeſt;
Nor ſkill'd, nor ſtudious, with prophetic eye
To judge the winged omens of the ſky.

Yet hear this certain ſpeech, nor deem it vain;
Though adamantine bonds the chief reſtrain,
The dire reſtraint his wiſdom will defeat,
And ſoon reſtore him to his regal ſeat.
But, generous youth! ſincere and free declare,
Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?
For ſure Ulyſſes in your look appears,
The ſame his features, if the ſame his years.
Such was that face, on which I dwelt with joy
Ere Greece aſſembled ſtemm'd the tides to Troy;
But, parting then for that detected ſhore,
Our eyes, unhappy! never greeted more.
To prove a genuine birth (the prince replies)
On female truth aſſenting faith relies;
Thus manifeſt of right, I build my claim
Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame,
Ulyſſes' ſon: but happier he, whom fate
Hath plac'd beneath the ſtorms which toſs the great
Happier the ſon, whoſe hoary ſire is bleſt
With humble affluence, and domeſtic reſt!
Happier than I, to future empire born,
But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!
To whom, with aſpect mild, the gueſt divine:
Oh true deſcendant of a ſcepter'd line!
The Gods a glorious fate from anguiſh free
To chaſte Penelope's increaſe decree.
But ſay, yon joyful troop ſo gaily dreſt,
Is this a bridal or a friendly feaſt!
Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,
Unſeemly flown with inſolence and wine;

Unwelcome revelers, whoſe lawleſs joy
Pains the ſage ear, and hurts the ſober eye?
Magnificence of old (the prince replied)
Beneath our roof with virtue could reſide;
Unblam'd abundance crown'd the royal board,
What time this dome rever'd her prudent lord;
Who now (ſo heaven decrees) is doom'd to mourn,
Bitter conſtraint! erroneous and forlorn.
Better the chief, on Ilion's hoſtile plain,
Had fall'n ſurrounded with his warlike train;
Or ſafe return'd, the race of glory paſt,
New to his friends' embrace, had breath'd his laſt!
Then grateful Greece with ſtreaming eyes would raiſe
Hiſtoric marbles, to record his praiſe;
His praiſe, eternal on the faithful ſtone,
Had with tranſmiſſive honour grac'd his ſon.
Now ſhatch'd by harpies to the dreary coaſt,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory loſt:
Vaniſh'd at once! unheard-of, and unknown!
And I his heir in miſery alone.
Nor for a dear, loſt father only flow
The filial tears, but woe ſucceeds to woe:
To tempt the ſpouſeleſs queen with amorous wiles,
Reſort the nobles from the neighbouring iſles;
From Samos, circled with the Ionian main,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus' ſylvan reign:
Ev'n with preſumptuous Hope her bed t' aſcend,
The lords of Ithaca their right pretend.
She ſeems attentive to their pleaded vows,
Her heart deteſting what her ear allows.

They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My ſtores in riotous expence devour,
In feaſt and dance the mirthful months employ
And meditate my doom, to crown their joy.
With tender pity touch'd, the Goddeſs cried:
Soon may kind heaven a ſure relief provide!
Soon may your ſire diſcharge the vengeance due,
And all your wrongs the proud oppreſſors rue!
Oh! in that portal ſhould the chief appear,
Each hand tremendous with a brazen ſpear,
In radiant panoply his limbs incas'd
(For ſo of old my father's court he grac'd,
When ſocial mirth unbent his ſerious ſoul,
O'er the full banquet, and the ſprightly bowl);
He then from Ephyré, the fair domain
Of Ilus, ſprung from Jaſon's royal ſtrain,
Meaſur'd a length of ſeas, a toilſome length, in va
For, voyaging to learn the direful art
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;
Obſervant of the Gods, and ſternly juſt,
Ilus refus'd t' impart the baneful truſt:
With friendlier zeal my father's ſoul was fir'd,
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon deſir'd.
Appear'd he now with ſuch heroic port,
As then conſpicuous at the Taphian court;
Soon ſhould yon boaſters ceaſe their haughty ſtrif
Or each atone his guilty love with life.
But of his wiſh'd return the care reſign;
Be future vengeance to the powers divine.
My ſentence hear: with ſtern diſtaſte avow'd,
To their — ſtricts drive the ſuitor-crowd:

When next the morning warms the purple eaſt,
Convoke the peerage, and the Gods atteſt;
The ſorrows of your inmoſt ſoul relate;
And form ſure plans to ſave the ſinking ſtate.
Should ſecond love a pleaſing flame inſpire,
And the chaſte queen connubial rites require;
Diſmiſs'd with honour, let her hence repair
To great Icarius, whoſe paternal care
Will guide her paſſion, and reward the choice
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Inſtant, to foreign realms prepare to ſail,
To learn your father's fortunes: Fame may prove,
Or omen'd voice, (the meſſenger of Jove)
Propitious to the ſearch. Direct your toil
Through the wide ocean firſt to ſandy Pyle;
Of Neſtor, hoary ſage, his doom demand:
Thence ſpeed your voyage to the Spartan ſtrand;
For young Atrides to th' Achaian coaſt
Arriv'd the laſt of all the victor hoſt.
If yet Ulyſſes views the light; forbear,
Till the fleet hours reſtore the circling year.
But if his ſoul hath wing'd the deſtin'd flight,
Inhabitant of deep diſaſtrous night;
Homeward with pious ſpeed repaſs the main,
To the pale ſhade funereal rites ordain,
Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,
A hero's honours let the hero have.
With decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,
For the chaſte queen ſelect an equal lord.

Then let revenge your daring mind employ,
By fraud or force the ſuitor-train deſtroy,
And, ſtarting into manhood, ſcorn the boy.
Haſt thou not heard how young Oreſtes, fir'd
With great revenge, immortal praiſe acquir'd
His virgin-ſword, Ægyſthus' veins imbrued;
The murderer fell, and blood aton'd for blood:
O greatly bleſs'd with every blooming grace!
With equal ſteps the paths of glory trace;
Join to that royal youth's your rival name,
And ſhine eternal in the ſphere of Fame.—
But my aſſociates now my ſtay deplore,
Impatient on the hoarſe-reſounding ſhore.
Thou, heedful of advice, ſecure proceed;
My praiſe the precept is, be thine the deed.

The counſel of my friend (the youth rejoin'd
Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.
So fathers ſpeak (perſuaſive ſpeech and mild)
Their ſage experience to the favourite child.
But, ſince to part, for ſweet refection due
The genial viands let my train renew:
And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give.

Defer the promis'd boon, (the Goddeſs cries,
Celeſtial azure brightening in her eyes)
And let me now regain the Reithrian port:
From Temeſé return'd, your royal court
I ſhall reviſit; and that pledge receive;
And gifts, memorial of our friendſhip, leave.

Abrupt, with eagle-ſpeed ſhe cut the ſky;
Inſtant inviſible to mortal eye.

The mirthful train diſperſing quit the court,
And to their ſeveral domes to reſt reſort.
A towering ſtructure to the palace join'd;
To this his ſteps the thoughtful prince inclin'd;
In his pavilion there, to ſleep repairs;
The lighted torch, the ſage Euryclea bears;
(Daughter of Ops, the juſt Piſenor's ſon,
For twenty beeves by great Laertes won;
In roſy prime with charms attractive grac'd,
Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaſte,
With dear eſteem: too wiſe, with jealous ſtrife
To taint the joys of ſweet, connubial life.
Sole with Telemachus her ſervice ends,
A child ſhe nurs'd him, and a man attends.)
Whilſt to his couch himſelf the prince addreſt,
The duteous dame receiv'd the purple veſt:
The purple veſt with decent care diſpos'd,
The ſilver ring ſhe pull'd, the door reclos'd;
The bolt, obedient to the ſilken cord,
To the ſtrong ſtaple's inmoſt depth reſtor'd,
Secur'd the valves. There wrapt in ſilent ſhade,
Penſive, the rules the Goddeſs gave, he weigh'd;
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no reſt he knows,
And in his raptur'd ſoul the viſion glows.

Inſtinct divine! nor blame ſevere his choice,
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice:
For novel lays attract our raviſh'd ears;
But old, the mind with inattention hears;
Patient permit the ſadly pleaſing ſtrain;
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,
And in the public woe forget your own;
You weep not for a periſh'd lord, alone.
What Greeks, now wandering in the Stygian gloo
With your Ulyſſes ſhar'd an equal doom!
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil
And various labours of the loom, beguile;
There rule, from palace-cares remote and free;
That care to man belongs, and moſt to me.
Mature beyond his years the queen admires
His ſage reply, and with her train retires.
Then ſwelling ſorrows burſt their former bounds,
With echoing grief afreſh the dome reſounds;
Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
In ſlumber clos'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
Meantime, rekindled at the royal charms,
Tumultuous love each beating boſom warms;
Intemperate rage a wordy war began;
But bold Telemachus aſſum'd the man.
Inſtant (he cry'd) your female diſcord end,
Ye deedleſs boaſters! and the ſong attend;
Obey that ſweet compulſion, nor profane
With diſſonance the ſmooth melodious ſtrain.
Pacific now prolong the jovial feaſt;
But when the dawn reveals the roſy eaſt,

I, to the peers aſſembled, ſhall propoſe
The firm reſolve, I here in few diſcloſe:
No longer live the cankers of my court;
All to your ſeveral ſtates with ſpeed reſort;
Waſte in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feaſt, and late carouſe.
But if, to honour loſt, 'tis ſtill decreed
For you my bowl ſhall flow, my flock ſhall ble
Judge and revenge my right, impartial Jove!—
By him and all th' immortal thrones above,
(A ſacred oath) each proud oppreſſor, ſlain,
Shall with inglorious gore this marble ſtain.
Aw'd by the prince, thus haughty, bold, and
Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the

ARGUMENT.

THE COUNCIL OF ITHACA.

TELEMACHUS, in the aſſembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injuſtice done him by the ſuitors, and inſiſts upon their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exciting the people to declare againſt them. The ſuitors endeavour to juſtify their ſtay, at leaſt till he ſhall find the queen to the court of Icarius her father; which he refuſes. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the ſky, which an Augur expounds to the ruin of the ſuitors. Telemachus then demands a veſſel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to enquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas, in the ſhape of Mentor (an ancient friend of Ulyſſes), helps him to a ſhip, aſſiſts him in preparing neceſſaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night; which concludes the ſecond day from the opening of the Poem.

The Scene continues in the palace of Ulyſſes in Ithaca.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

His eldeſt * hope in arms to Ilion came,
By great Ulyſſes taught the path to fame;
But (hapleſs youth) the hideous Cyclops tore
His quivering limbs, and quaff'd his ſpouting gore.
Three ſons remain'd: to climb with haughty fires
The royal bed, Eurynomus aſpires:
The reſt with duteous love his griefs aſſwage,
And eaſe the fire of half the cares of age.
Yet ſtill his Antiphus he loves, he mourns,
And, as he ſtood, he ſpoke and wept by turns:
Since great Ulyſſes ſought the Phrygian plains,
Within theſe walls inglorious ſilence reigns.
Say then, ye peers, by whoſe commands we meet!
Why here once more in ſolemn council ſit?
Ye young, ye old, the weighty cauſe diſcloſe:
Arrives ſome meſſage of invading foes?
Or ſay, does high neceſſity of ſtate
Inſpire ſome patriot, and demand debate!
The preſent ſynod ſpeaks its author wiſe;
Aſſiſt him, Jove, thou regent of the ſkies!
He ſpoke. Telemachus with tranſport glows,
Embrac'd the omen, and majeſtic roſe
(His royal hand th' imperial ſcepter ſway'd);
Then thus, addreſſing to Ægyptius, ſaid:
Reverend old man! lo here confeſt he ſtands
By whom ye meet; my grief your care demands.
No ſtory I unfold of public woes,
Nor bear advices of impending foes:
Peace the bleſt land, and joys inceſſant crown;
Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.

Foe

* Antiphus.

For my loſt ſire continual ſorrows ſpring,
The great, the good; your father, and your king.
Yet more; our houſe from its foundation bows,
Our foes are powerful, and your ſons the foes:
Hither, unwelcome to the queen, they come;
Why ſeek they not the rich Icarian dome!
If ſhe muſt wed, from other hands require
The dowry: is Telemachus her ſire?
Yet through my court the noiſe of revel rings,
And waſtes the wiſe frugality of kings.
Scarce all my herds their luxury ſuffice;
Scarce all my wine their midnight hours ſupplies.
Safe in my youth, in riot ſtill they grow,
Nor in the helpleſs orphan dread a foe.
But come it will, the time when manhood grants
More powerful advocates than vain complaints.
Approach that hour! inſufferable wrong
Cries to the Gods, and vengeance ſleeps too long.
Riſe then, ye Peers! with virtuous anger riſe;
Your fame revere, but moſt th' avenging ſkies.
By all the deathleſs powers that reign above,
By righteous Themis and by thundering Jove,
(Themis, who gives to councils, or denies;
Succeſs; and humbles, or confirms the wiſe)
Riſe in my aid! ſuffice the tears that flow
For my loſt ſire, nor add new woe to woe.
If e'er he bore the ſword to ſtrengthen ill,
Or, having power to wrong, betray'd the will,
On me, on me your kindled wrath aſſwage,
And bid the voice of lawleſs riot rage.

If ruin to our royal race ye doom,
Be you the ſpoilers, and our wealth conſume.
Then might we hope redreſs from juſter laws,
And raiſe all Ithaca to aid our cauſe:
But while your ſons commit th' unpuniſh'd wrong
You make the arm of violence too ſtrong.

While thus he ſpoke, with rage and grief he fro
And daſh'd th' imperial ſceptre to the ground.
The big round tear hung trembling in his eye:
The ſynod griev'd, and gave a pitying ſigh,
Then ſilent ſate—at length Antinoüs burne
With haughty rage, and ſternly thus returns:

O inſolence of youth! whoſe tongue affords
Such railing eloquence, and war of words.
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
Thy erring voice diſplays thy mother's ſhame.
Eluſive of the bridal day, ſhe gives
Fond hope to all, and all with hopes deceives.
Did not the ſun, through heaven's wide azure rol
For three long years the royal fraud behold?
While ſhe, laborious in deluſion ſpread
The ſpacious loom, and mix'd the various thread
Where as to life the wondrous figures riſe,
Thus ſpoke th' inventive queen, with artful ſighs

" Though cold in death Ulyſſes breathes no m
" Ceaſe yet a while to urge the bridal hour;
" Ceaſe, till to great Laërtes I bequeath
" A taſk of grief, his ornaments of death.
" Leſt when the Fates his royal aſhes claim,
" The Grecian matrons taint my ſpotleſs fame;

" V

"When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,
"Shall want in death a ſhroud to grace his ſhade."
Thus ſhe: at once the generous train complies,
Nor fraud miſtruſts in Virtue's fair diſguiſe.
The work ſhe ply'd; but, ſtudious of delay,
By night revers'd the labours of the day.
While thrice the ſun his annual journey made,
The conſcious lamp the midnight fraud ſurvey'd;
Unheard, unſeen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid unfolds th' amazing tale.
We ſaw, as unperceiv'd we took our ſtand,
The backward labours of her faithleſs hand.
Then urg'd, ſhe perfects her illuſtrious toils;
A wondrous monument of female wiles!

But you, oh peers! and thou, oh prince! give ear
(I ſpeak aloud, that every Greek may hear):
Diſmiſs the queen: and if her ſire approves,
Let him eſpouſe her to the peer ſhe loves:
Bid inſtant to prepare the bridal train,
Nor let a race of princes wait in vain.
Though with a grace divine her ſoul is bleſt,
And all Minerva breathes within her breaſt,
In wondrous arts than woman more renown'd,
And more than woman with deep wiſdom crown'd;
Though Tyro nor Mycene match her name,
Nor great Alcmena (the proud boaſts of Fame)
Yet, thus by heaven adorn'd, by heaven's decree,
She ſhines with fatal excellence to thee:
With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feaſt,
Till righteous heaven reclaim her ſtubborn breaſt.

What though from pole to pole reſounds her
The ſon's deſtruction waits the mother's fame
For, till ſhe leaves thy court, it is decreed,
Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed.
While yet he ſpeaks, Telemachus replies
Ev'n Nature ſtarts, and what ye aſk denies.
Thus, ſhall I thus repay a mother's cares,
Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years
While ſad on foreign ſhores Ulyſſes treads,
Or glides a ghoſt with unapparent ſhades;
How to Icarius in the bridal hour
Shall I, by waſte undone, refund the dower?
How from my father ſhould I vengeance dread?
How would my mother curſe my hated head?
And while in wrath to vengeful fiends ſhe cries,
How from their hell would vengeful fiends ariſe
Abhorr'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow
The earth's diſgrace, and human-kind my foe.
If this diſpleaſe, why urge ye here your ſtay?
Haſte from the court, ye ſpoilers, haſte away;
Waſte in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feaſt, and late carouſe.
But if, to honour loſt, 'tis ſtill decreed
For you my bowl ſhall flow, my flocks ſhall ble
Judge and aſſert my right, impartial Jove!
By him, and all th' immortal hoſt above,
(A ſacred oath) if heaven the power ſupply,
Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die.
With that, two eagles from a mountain's heig
By Jove's command direct their rapid flight,

Swift they descend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind,
Above th' assembled peers they wheel on high,
And clang their wings, and hovering beat the sky;
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And, shrieking loud, denounce approaching Fate,
They cuff, they tear; their cheeks and neck they rend,
And from their plumes huge drops of blood descend:
Then, sailing o'er the domes and towers, they fly
Full tow'rd the east, and mount into the sky.
The wondering rivals gaze with cares oppress,
And chilling horrors freeze in every breast.
Till, big with knowledge of approaching woes,
The prince of augurs, Halitherses, rose:
Prescient he view'd th' aërial tracks, and drew
A sure presage from every wing that flew.
Ye sons (he cry'd) of Ithaca, give ear,
Hear all! but chiefly you, oh rivals! hear.
Destruction sure o'er all your heads impends;
Ulysses comes, and death his steps attends.
Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
We and our guilty Ithaca must bleed.
Why cease we then the wrath of heaven to stay?
Be humbled all, and lead, ye Great! the way.
For, lo! my words no fancy'd woes relate:
I speak from science, and the voice is fate.
When great Ulysses sought the Phrygian shores
To shake with war proud Ilion's lofty towers,
Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:
Heaven seal'd my words, and you those deeds behold.

I ſee (I cry'd) his woes, a countleſs train;
I ſee his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
How twice ten years from ſhore to ſhore he roams:
Now twice ten years are paſt, and now he comes!
To whom Eurymachus—Fly, dotard, fly!
With thy wife dreams, and fables of the ſky.
Go prophecy at home; thy ſons adviſe:
Here thou art ſage in vain—I better read the ſkies.
Unnumber'd birds glide through th' aërial way,
Vagrants of air, and unforeboding ſtray.
Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below,
Ulyſſes lies: oh, wert thou laid as low!
Then would that buſy head no broils ſuggeſt,
Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breaſt.
From him ſome bribe thy venal tongue requires,
And intereſt, not the God, thy voice inſpires.
His guideleſs youth, if thy experienc'd age
Miſlead fallacious into idle rage,
Vengeance deſerv'd thy malice ſhall repreſs,
And but augment the wrongs thou would'ſt redreſs.
Telemachus may bid the queen repair
To great Icarius, whoſe paternal care
Will guide her paſſion, and reward her choice,
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Till ſhe retires, determin'd we remain,
And both the prince and augur threat in vain:
His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
Move not the brave, or only move their hate.
Threat on, O Prince! elude the bridal day,
, till all thy ſtores in waſte decay.

True,

True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:
But never from this nobler ſuit we ceaſe;
For wealth and beauty leſs than virtue pleaſe.
To whom the youth: Since then in vain I tell
My numerous woes, in ſilence let them dwell.
But Heaven, and all the Greeks, have heard my wrongs:
To Heaven, and all the Greeks, redreſs belongs.
Yet this I aſk, (nor be it aſk'd in vain)
A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;
The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
And ſeek my royal ſire from ſhore to ſhore:
If, or to Fame his doubtful fate be known,
Or to be learn'd from oracles alone?
If yet he lives; with patience I forbear,
Till the fleet hours reſtore the circling year:
But if already wandering in the train
Of empty ſhades; I meaſure back the main,
Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
And yield his conſort to the nuptial bed.
He ceas'd; and while abaſh'd the peers attend,
Mentor aroſe, Ulyſſes' faithful friend:
[When fierce in arms he ſought the ſcenes of war,
"My friend, (he cry'd) my palace be thy care;
"Years roll'd on years my god-like ſire decay,
"Guard thou his age, and his beheſts obey."]
Stern as he roſe, he caſt his eyes around,
That flaſh'd with rage; and as he ſpoke, he frown'd:
O never, never more! let king be juſt,
Be mild in power, or faithful to his truſt!

Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,
Oppreſs, deſtroy, and be the ſcourge of God;
Since he who like a father held his reign,
So ſoon forgot, was juſt and mild in vain!
True, while my friend is griev'd, his griefs I ſhare;
Yet now the rivals are my ſmalleſt care:
They, for the mighty miſchiefs they deviſe,
Ere long ſhall pay—their forfeit lives the price.
But againſt you, ye Greeks! ye coward train,
Gods! how my ſoul is mov'd with juſt diſdain!
Dumb ye all ſtand, and not one tongue affords
His injur'd prince the little aid of words.
While yet he ſpoke, Leocritus rejoin'd:
O pride of words, and arrogance of mind!
Would'ſt thou to riſe in arms the Greeks adviſe?
Join all your powers! in arms, ye Greeks, ariſe!
Yet would your powers in vain our ſtrength oppoſe:
The valiant few o'ermatch an hoſt of foes.
Should great Ulyſſes ſtern appear in arms,
While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms;
Though to his breaſt his ſpouſe with tranſport flies,
Torn from her breaſt, that hour, Ulyſſes dies.
But hence retreating to your domes repair;
To arm the veſſel, Mentor! be thy care,
And, Halitherſes! thine: be each his friend;
Ye lov'd the father: go, the ſon attend.
But yet, I truſt, the boaſter means to ſtay
Safe in the court, nor tempt the watery way.
with a ruſhing ſound, th' aſſembly bend,
ir ſteps: the rival rout aſcend

The

The royal dome; while ſad the prince explores
The neighbouring main, and ſorrowing treads the ſhores.
There, as the waters o'er his hands he ſhed,
The royal ſuppliant to Minerva pray'd:
O Goddeſs! who deſcending from the ſkies
Vouchſaf'd thy preſence to my wondering eyes,
By whoſe commands the raging deeps I trace,
And ſeek my ſire through ſtorms and rolling ſeas!
Hear from thy heavens above, oh, warriour-maid!
Deſcend once more, propitious to my aid.
Without thy preſence, vain is thy command:
Greece, and the rival train, thy voice withſtand.
Indulgent to his prayer the Goddeſs took
Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor ſpoke:
O prince, in early youth divinely wiſe,
Born, the Ulyſſes of thy age to riſe!
If to the ſon the father's worth deſcends,
O'er the wide wave ſucceſs thy ways attends:
To tread the walks of death, he ſtood prepar'd;
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.
Were not wiſe ſons deſcendent of the wiſe,
And did not heroes from brave heroes riſe:
Vain were my hopes: few ſons attain the praiſe
Of their great ſires, and moſt their ſires diſgrace.
But ſince thy veins paternal virtue fires,
And all Penelope thy ſoul inſpires:
Go, and ſucceed! the rivals aims deſpiſe;
For never, never, wicked man was wiſe.
Blind they rejoice, though now, ev'n now they fall;
Death haſtes amain: one hour o'erwhelms them all!

And lo, with ſpeed we plough the watery way;
My power ſhall guard thee, and my hand convey:
The winged veſſel ſtudious I prepare,
Through ſeas and realms companion of thy care.
Thou to the court aſcend: and to the ſhores
(When night advances) bear the naval ſtores;
Bread, that decaying man with ſtrength ſupplies,
And generous wine, which thoughtful ſorrow flies.
Meanwhile the mariners, by my command,
Shall ſpeed aboard, a valiant choſen band.
Wide o'er the bay, by veſſel veſſel rides;
The beſt I chuſe to waft thee o'er the tides.
She ſpoke: to his high dome the prince returns,
And, as he moves, with royal anguiſh mourns.
'Twas riot all, among the lawleſs train;
Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay ſlain.
Arriv'd, his hand the gay Antinous preſt,
And, thus deriding, with a ſmile addreſt:
Grieve not, oh, daring prince! that noble heart:
Ill ſuits gay youth the ſtern heroic part.
Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy ſoul,
Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl.
Studious to eaſe thy grief, our care provides
The bark, to waft thee o'er the ſwelling tides.
Is this, returns the prince, for mirth a time?
When lawleſs gluttons riot, mirth 's a crime;
The luſcious wines, diſhonour'd, loſe their taſte;
The ſong is noiſe, and impious is the feaſt.
Vice it to have ſpent with ſwift decay
The wealth of kings, and made my youth a prey.

But

But now the wiſe inſtructions of the ſage,
And manly thoughts inſpir'd by manly age,
Teach me to ſeek redreſs for all my woe,
Here, or in Pyle—in Pyle, or here, your foe.
Deny your veſſels, ye deny in vain;
A private voyager I paſs the main.
Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow
And where on earth I live, I live your foe.
He ſpoke and frown'd, nor longer degn'd to
Sternly his hand withdrew, and ſtrode away.
Mean time, o'er all the dome, they quaff, feaſt,
Deriſive taunts were ſpread from gueſt to gueſt,
And each in jovial mood his mate addreſt:

Here ruddy braſs and gold refulgent blaz'd;
There poliſh'd cheſts embroider'd veſtures grac'd;
Here jars of oil breath'd forth a rich perfume;
There caſks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome
(Pure flavorous wine, by Gods in bounty given,
And worthy to exalt the feaſts of heaven).
Untouch'd they ſtood, till, his long labours o'er,
The great Ulyſſes reach'd his native ſhore.
A double ſtrength of bars ſecur'd the gates:
Faſt by the door the wiſe Euryclea waits;
Euryclea, who, great Ops! thy lineage ſhar'd,
And watch'd all night, all day; a faithful guard.
To whom the prince: O thou, whoſe guardian care
Nurs'd the moſt wretched king that breathes the air;
Untouch'd and ſacred may theſe veſſels ſtand,
Till great Ulyſſes views his native land.
But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd;
Next theſe in worth, and firm thoſe urns be ſeal'd;
And twice ten meaſures of the choiceſt flour
Prepar'd, ere yet deſcends the evening hour.
For when the favouring ſhades of night ariſe,
And peaceful ſlumbers cloſe my mother's eyes,
Me from our coaſt ſhall ſpreading ſails convey;
To ſeek Ulyſſes through the watery way.
While yet he ſpoke, ſhe fill'd the walls with cries,
And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.
Oh whither, whither flies my ſon? ſhe cry'd,
To realms, that rocks and roaring ſeas divide?

In

In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd,
And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.
The watery way ill-fated if thou try,
All, all muſt periſh, and by fraud you die!
Then ſtay, my child! ſtorms beat, and rolls the main;
Oh, beat thoſe ſtorms, and roll the ſeas in vain!
Far hence (reply'd the prince) thy fears be driven:
Heaven calls me forth; theſe counſels are of Heaven.
But, by the powers that hate the perjur'd, ſwear,
To keep my voyage from the royal ear,
Nor uncompell'd the dangerous truth betray,
Till twice ſix times deſcends the lamp of day:
Leſt the ſad tale a mother's life impair,
And grief deſtroy what time a while would ſpare.
Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes
Atteſts th' all-ſeeing Sovereign of the ſkies.
Then ſtudious ſhe prepares the choiceſt flour.
The ſtrength of wheat, and wines an ample ſtore.
While to the rival train the prince returns,
The martial Goddeſs with impatience burns;
Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and ſize,
With ſpeed divine from ſtreet to ſtreet ſhe flies,
She bids the mariners prepar'd, to ſtand,
When night deſcends, embody'd on the ſtrand.
Then to Noëmon ſwift ſhe runs, ſhe flies,
And aſks a bark: the chief a bark ſupplies.
And now, declining with his ſloping wheels,
Down ſunk the ſun behind the weſtern hills.

The

The Goddeſs ſhov'd the veſſel from the ſhores,
And ſtow'd within its womb the naval ſtores.
Full in the openings of the ſpacious main
It rides; and now deſcends the ſailor-train.
Next, to the court, impatient of delay,
With rapid ſtep the Goddeſs urg'd her way:
There every eye with ſlumberous chains ſhe bound,
And daſh'd the flowing goblet to the ground.
Drowſy they roſe, with heavy fumes oppreſt,
Reel'd from the palace, and retir'd to reſt.
Then thus, in Mentor's reverend form array'd,
Spoke to Telemachus the martial maid.
Lo! on the ſeas, prepar'd the veſſel ſtands,
Th' impatient mariner thy ſpeed demands.
Swift as ſhe ſpoke, with rapid pace ſhe leads;
The footſteps of the Deity he treads.
Swift to the ſhore they move: along the ſtrand
The ready veſſel rides, the ſailors ready ſtand.
He bids them bring their ſtores; th' attendi
train
Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.
The Prince and Goddeſs to the ſtern aſcend;
To the ſtrong ſtroke at once the rowers bend.
Full from the weſt ſhe bids freſh breezes blow;
The ſable billows foam and roar below.
The chief his orders gives; th' obedient band
With due obſervance wait the chief's command;
With ſpeed the maſt they rear, with ſpeed unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind.

High o'er the roaring waves the ſpreading ſails
Bow the tall maſt, and ſwell before the gales;
The crooked keel the parting ſurge divides,
And to the ſtern retreating roll the tides.
And now they ſhip their oars, and crown with wine
The holy goblet to the powers divine:
Imploring all the Gods that reign above,
But chief the blue-eyed progeny of Jove.
Thus all the night they ſtem the liquid way,
And end their voyage with the morning ray.

THE THIRD BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE INTERVIEW OF TELEMACHUS AND NESTOR.

TELEMACHUS, guided by Pallas in the ſhape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Neſtor and his ſons are ſacrificing on the ſea-ſhore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occaſion of his coming; and Neſtor relates what paſt in their return from Troy, how their fleets were ſeparated, and he never ſince heard of Ulyſſes. They diſcourſe concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Oreſtes, and the injuries of the ſuitors. Neſtor adviſes him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaus. The ſacrifice ended with the night, Minerva vaniſhes from them in the form of an eagle: Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they ſacrifice a bullock to Minerva; and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Piſiſtratus.

The ſcene lies on the ſea-ſhore of Pylos.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK III.

THE sacred sun, above the waters rais'd,
Through heaven's eternal, brazen portals blaz'd,
And wide o'er earth diffus'd his chearing ray,
To gods and men to give the golden day.
Now on the coast of Pyle the vessel falls,
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.
There, suppliant to the monarch of the flood,
At nine green theatres the Pylians stood,

Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
And ſure he will: for Wiſdom never lies.
Oh, tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide,
(The youth with prudent modeſty reply'd)
How ſhall I meet, or how accoſt the ſage,
Unſkill'd in ſpeech, nor yet mature of age?
Awful th' approach, and hard the taſk appears,
To queſtion wiſely men of riper years.
To whom the martial Goddeſs thus rejoin'd:
Search, for ſome thoughts, thy own ſuggeſting mind;
And others, dictated by heavenly power,
Shall riſe ſpontaneous in the needful hour.
For nought unproſperous ſhall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with heaven thy friend.
She ſpoke, and led the way with ſwifteſt ſpeed:
As ſwift, the youth purſued the way ſhe led;
And join'd the band before the ſacred fire,
Where ſate, encompaſt with his ſons, the ſire.
The youth of Pylos, ſome on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, ſome prepar'd the food.
In friendly throngs they gather to embrace
Their unknown gueſts, and at the banquet place.
Piſiſtratus was firſt, to graſp their hands,
And ſpread ſoft hides upon the yellow ſands;
Along the ſhore th' illuſtrious pair he led,
Where Neſtor ſate with youthful Thraſymed.
To each a portion of the feaſt he bore,
And held the golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then firſt approaching to the elder gueſt,
latent Goddeſs in theſe words addreſt:

Whoe'er

Whoe'er thou art, whom Fortune brings to keep
The rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
The firſt it fits, oh ſtranger! to prepare
Thee due libation and the ſolemn prayer:
Then give thy friend to ſhed the ſcared wine:
Though much thy younger, and his years like mine,
He too, I deem, implores the Powers divine:
For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want; a miſerable race!
He ſpake, and to her hand prefer'd the bowl:
A ſecret pleaſure touch'd Athena's ſoul,
To ſee the preference due to ſacred age
Regarded ever by the juſt and ſage.
Of Ocean's king ſhe then implores the grace:
Oh, thou! whoſe arms this ample globe embrace,
Fulfil our wiſh, and let thy glory ſhine
On Neſtor firſt, and Neſtor's royal line;
Next grant the Pylian ſtates their juſt deſires,
Pleas'd with their hecatomb's aſcending fires;
Laſt deign Telemachus and me to bleſs,
And crown our voyage with deſir'd ſucceſs.
Thus ſhe; and, having paid the rite divine,
Gave to Ulyſſes' ſon the roſy wine.
Suppliant he pray'd. And, now the victims dreſt,
They draw, divide, and celebrate the feaſt.
The banquet done, the narrative old man,
Thus mild, the pleaſing conference began:
Now, gentle gueſts! the genial banquet o'er,
It fits to aſk you, what your native ſhore,

And whence your race? on what adventure, ſay,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Relate, if buſineſs, or the thirſt of gain,
Engage your journey o'er the pathleſs main:
Where ſavage pirates ſeek through ſeas unknown
The lives of others, venturous of their own.
Urg'd by the precepts by the Goddeſs given,
And fill'd with confidence infus'd from heaven,
The youth, whom Pallas deſtin'd to be wiſe
And fam'd among the ſons of men, replies:
Inquir'ſt thou, father! from what coaſt we came?
(Oh, grace and glory of the Grecian name!)
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'er-arching ſhades and pendent woods,
Us to theſe ſhores our filial duty draws,
A private ſorrow, not a public cauſe.
My ſire I ſeek, where-e'er the voice of Fame
Has told the glories of his noble name,
The great Ulyſſes; fam'd from ſhore to ſhore
For valour much, for hardy ſuffering more.
Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall
In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.
Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone
Has Jove reſerv'd, unheard-of, and unknown;
Whether in fields by hoſtile fury ſlain,
Or ſunk by tempeſts in the gulphy main?
Of this to learn, oppreſt with tender fears,
Lo! at thy knee his ſuppliant ſon appears.
Or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
We learnt his fate, the whole dark ſtory clear:

And,

And, oh! whate'er heaven deſtin'd to betide,
Let neither flattery ſmooth, nor pity hide.
Prepar'd I ſtand: he was but born to try
The lot of man; to ſuffer and to die.
Oh then, if ever through the ten years war
The wiſe, the good Ulyſſes claim'd thy care;
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy ſword,
True in his deed, and conſtant to his word;
Far as thy mind through backward time can ſee,
Search all thy ſtores of faithful memory:
'Tis ſacred Truth I aſk, and aſk of thee.
To him experienc'd Neſtor thus rejoin'd:
O friend! what ſorrows doſt thou bring to mind?
Shall I the long, laborious ſcene review,
And open all the wounds of Greece anew?
What toils by ſea! where dark in queſt of prey
Dauntleſs we rov'd, Achilles led the way:
What toils by land! where mix'd in fatal fight
Such numbers fell, ſuch heroes ſunk to night:
There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
There wiſe Patroclus, fill an early grave:
There too my ſon—ah, once my beſt delight,
Once ſwift of foot, and terrible in fight;
In whom ſtern courage with ſoft virtue join'd,
A faultleſs body, and a blameleſs mind:
Antilochus—what more can I relate?
How trace the tedious ſeries of our fate?
Not added years on years my taſk could cloſe,
The long hiſtorian of my country's woes:
Back to thy native iſlands might'ſt thou ſail,
And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.

Nine painful years on that deteſted ſhore;
What ſtratagems we form'd, what toils we bore!
Still labouring on, till ſcarce at laſt we found
Great Jove propitious, and our conqueſt crown'd.
Far o'er the reſt thy mighty father ſhin'd,
In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.
Art thou the ſon of that illuſtrious ſire?
With joy I graſp thee, and with love admire.
So like your voices, and your words ſo wiſe,
Who finds thee younger muſt conſult his eyes.
Thy ſire and I were one; nor vary'd ought
In public ſentence, or in private thought;
Alike to council or th' aſſembly came,
With equal ſouls, and ſentiments the ſame.
But when (by Wiſdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
And in their ſhips the conquering Greeks return'd
'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,
And turn th' event, confounding human pride:
Some he deſtroy'd, ſome ſcatter'd as the duſt,
(Not all were prudent, and not all were juſt).
Then Diſcord, ſent by Pallas from above,
Stern daughter of the great avenger Jove,
The brother-kings inſpir'd with fell debate;
Who call'd to council all th' Achaian ſtate,
But call'd untimely (not the ſacred rite
Obſerv'd, nor heedful of the ſetting light,
Nor herald ſworn the ſeſſion to proclaim).
Sour with debauch, a reeling tribe they came.
To theſe the cauſe of meeting they explain,
And Menelaüs moves to croſs the main;

Not ſo the King of Men: he will'd to ſtay;
Theſe ſacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh, blind to Fate!
The Gods not lightly change their love, or hate.
With ireful taunts each other they oppoſe,
Till in loud tumult all the Greeks aroſe.
Now different counſels every breaſt divide,
Each burns with rancour to the adverſe ſide:
Th' unquiet night ſtrange projects entertain'd
(So Jove, that urg'd us to our fate, ordain'd).
We with the riſing morn our ſhips unmoor'd,
And brought our captives and our ſtores aboard;
But half the people with reſpect obey'd
The King of Men, and at his bidding ſtay'd.
Now on the wings of winds our courſe we keep
(For God had ſmooth'd the waters of the deep);
For Tenedos we ſpread our eager oars,
There land, and pay due victims to the Powers:
To bleſs our ſafe return we join in prayer;
But angry Jove diſpers'd our vows in air,
And rais'd new diſcord. Then (ſo Heaven decreed)
Ulyſſes firſt and Neſtor diſagreed:
Wiſe as he was, by various counſels ſway'd,
He there, though late, to pleaſe the monarch, ſtay'd.
But I, determin'd, ſtem the foamy floods,
Warn'd of the coming fury of the Gods.
With us, Tydides fear'd, and urg'd his haſte:
And Menelaüs came, but came the laſt.
He join'd our veſſels in the Leſbian bay,
While yet we doubted of our watery way;

If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,
(The safer road) beside the Pyrian isle;
Or the straight course to rocky Chios plow,
And anchor under Mimas' shaggy brow?
We sought direction of the Power divine:
The God propitious gave the guiding sign;
Through the mild seas he bid our navy steer,
And in Eubœa shun the woes we fear.
The whistling winds already wak'd the sky;
Before the whistling winds the vessels fly,
With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,
And reach Gerestus at the point of day.
There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune slain,
High-flaming please the monarch of the main.
The fourth day shone, when all their labours o'
Tydides' vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore.
But I to Pylos scud before the gales,
The Gods still breathing on my swelling sails;
Separate from all, I safely landed here;
Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I sate,
And ask'd each voyager each hero's fate;
Curious to know, and willing to relate.

Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land
Beneath Achilles' warlike son's command.
Those, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
And those whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
Had led, securely croft the dreadful main.
How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coast,
And how his life by fraud and force he lost,

And how the murderer paid his forfeit breath;
What lands ſo diſtant from that ſcene of death
But trembling heard the fame? and, heard, admire
How well the ſon appeas'd his ſlaughter'd ſire!
Ev'n to th' unhappy, that unjuſtly bleed,
Heaven gives poſterity, t' avenge the deed.
So fell Ægyſthus; and may'ſt thou, my friend,
(On whom the virtues of thy ſire deſcend)
Make future times thy equal act adore,
And be what brave Oreſtes was before!

The prudent youth reply'd: O thou the grace
And laſting glory of the Grecian race!
Juſt was the vengeance, and to lateſt days
Shall long poſterity reſound the praiſe.
Some God this arm with equal proweſs bleſs!
And the proud ſuitors ſhall its force confeſs:
Injurious men! who while my ſoul is ſore
Of freſh affronts, are meditating more.
But Heaven denies this honour to my hand,
Nor ſhall my father repoſſeſs the land:
The father's fortune never to return,
And the ſad ſon's to ſuffer and to mourn!

Thus he; and Neſtor took the word: My ſon,
Is it then true, as diſtant rumours run,
That crouds of rivals for thy mother's charms
Thy palace fill with inſults and alarms?
Say, is the fault, through tame ſubmiſſion, thine?
Or, leagued againſt thee, do thy people join,
Mov'd by ſome oracle, or voice divine?
And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate
An hour of vengeance for th' afflicted ſtate;

Wher

When great Ulyſſes ſhall ſuppreſs theſe harms,
Ulyſſes ſingly, or all Greece in arms.
But if Athena, war's triumphant maid,
The happy ſon will, as the father, aid,
(Whoſe fame and ſafety was her conſtant care
In every danger and in every war:
Never on man did heavenly favour ſhine
With rays ſo ſtrong, diſtinguiſh'd, and divine,
As thoſe with which Minerva mark'd thy ſire)
So might ſhe love thee, ſo thy ſoul inſpire!
Soon ſhould their hopes in humble duſt be laid,
And long oblivion of the bridal bed.

Ah! no ſuch hope (the prince with ſighs replies)
Can touch my breaſt; that bleſſing Heaven denies.
Ev'n by celeſtial favour were it given,
Fortune or Fate would croſs the will of Heaven.

What words are theſe, and what imprudence thine?
(Thus interpos'd the martial Maid divine)
Forgetful youth! but know, the Power above
With eaſe can ſave each object of his love;
Wide as his will extends his boundleſs grace:
Nor loſt in time, nor circumſcrib'd by place.
Happier his lot, who, many ſorrows paſt,
Long labouring gains his natal ſhore at laſt;
Than who, too ſpeedy, haſtes to end his life
By ſome ſtern ruffian, or adulterous wife.
Death only is the lot which none can miſs,
And all is poſſible to Heaven, but this.
The beſt, the deareſt favourite of the ſky
Muſt taſte that cup, for man is born to die.

Thus

Thus check'd, reply'd Ulyſſes' prudent heir:
Mentor, no more—the mournful thought forbear;
For he no more muſt draw his country's breath,
Already ſnatch'd by fate, and the black doom of death!
Paſs we to other ſubjects; and engage
On themes remote the venerable ſage
(Who thrice has ſeen the periſhable kind
Of men decay, and through three ages ſhin'd
Like Gods majeſtic, and like Gods in mind.
For much he knows, and juſt concluſions draws,
From various precedents, and various laws.
O ſon of Neleus! awful Neſtor, tell
How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell?
By what ſtrange fraud Ægyſthus wrought, relate
(By force he could not) ſuch a hero's fate?
Liv'd Menelaüs not in Greece! or where
Was then the martial brother's pious care?
Condemn'd perhaps ſome foreign ſhore to tread;
Or ſure Ægyſthus had not dar'd the deed.
To whom the full of days: Illuſtrious youth!
Attend (though partly thou haſt gueſt) the truth.
For had the martial Menelaüs found
The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground;
Nor earth had hid his carcaſe from the ſkies,
Nor Grecian virgins ſkriek'd his obſequies.
But fowls obſcene diſmember'd his remains,
And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.
While us the works of bloody Mars employ'd,
The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;
He, ſtretch'd at eaſe in Argos' calm receſs,
(Whoſe ſtately ſteeds luxuriant paſtures bleſs)

With

With flattery's inſinuating art
Sooth'd the frail queen, and poiſon'd all her heart.
At firſt, with worthy ſhame and decent pride,
The royal dame his lawleſs luſt deny'd.
For Virtue's image yet poſſeſt her mind,
Taught by a maſter of the tuneful kind:
Atrides, parting from the Trojan war,
Conſign'd the youthful conſort to his care.
True to his charge, the bard preſerv'd her long
In honour's limits; ſuch the power of ſong.
But when the Gods theſe objects of their hate
Dragg'd to deſtruction, by the links of fate;
The bard they baniſh'd from his native ſoil,
And left all helpleſs in a deſert iſle:
There he, the ſweeteſt of the ſacred train,
Sung dying to the rocks, but ſung in vain.
Then Virtue was no more; her guard away,
She fell, to luſt a voluntary prey.
Ev'n to the temple ſtalk'd th' adulterous ſpouſe,
With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
With images, with garments, and with gold;
And odorous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.
Meantime from flaming Troy we cut the way,
With Menelaüs, through the curling ſea.
But when to Sunium's ſacred point we came,
Crown'd with the temple of th' Athenian dame;
Atrides' pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd
(Phrontes, of all the ſons of men admir'd
To ſteer the bounding bark with ſteady toil,
When the ſtorm thickens, and the billows boil);

While

While yet he exercis'd the ſteerman's art,
Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
Ev'n with the rudder in his hand he fell.
To pay whoſe honours to the ſhades of hell,
We check'd our haſte, by pious office bound,
And laid our old companion in the ground.
And now, the rites diſcharg'd, our courſe we keep
Far on the gloomy boſom of the deep:
Soon as Malæa's miſty tops ariſe,
Sudden the Thunderer blackens all the ſkies,
And the winds whiſtle, and the ſurges roll
Mountains on mountains, and obſcure the pole.
The tempeſt ſcatters and divides our fleet;
Part the ſtorm urges on the coaſt of Crete,
Where, winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
The ſtreams of Jardan iſſue to the main.
There ſtands a rock, high eminent and ſteep,
Whoſe ſhaggy brow o'erhangs the ſhady deep,
And views Gortyna on the weſtern ſide;
On this rough Auſter drove th' impetuous tide:
With broken force the billows roll'd away,
And heav'd the fleet into the neighbouring bay;
Thus ſav'd from death, they gain'd the Phæſtan ſhores,
With ſhatter'd veſſels, and diſabled oars:
But five tall barks the winds and waters toſt,
Far from their fellows, on th' Ægyptian coaſt.
There wander'd Menelaus through foreign ſhores,
Amaſſing gold, and gathering naval ſtores;
While curſt Ægyſthus the deteſted deed
By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.

Seven

Seven years the traitor rich Mycenæ ſway'd,
And his ſtern rule the groaning land obey'd;
The eighth, from Athens, to his realm reſtor'd,
Oreſtes brandiſh'd the revenging ſword,
Slew the dire pair, and gave to funeral flame
The vile aſſaſſin, and adulterous dame.
That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs ceaſe,
Return'd Atrides to the coaſt of Greece,
And ſafe to Argos' port his navy brought,
With gifts of price and ponderous treaſure fraught.
Hence warn'd, my ſon, beware! nor idly ſtand
Too long a ſtranger to thy native land;
Left heedleſs abſence wear thy wealth away,
While lawleſs feaſters in thy palace ſway;
Perhaps may ſeize thy realm, and ſhare the ſpoil,
And thou return, with diſappointed toil,
From thy vain journey, to a rifled iſle.
Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more,
And ſeek Atrides on the Spartan ſhore.
He, wandering long, a wider circle made,
And many-languag'd nations has ſurvey'd;
And meaſur'd tracts unknown to other ſhips
Amid the monſtrous wonders of the deeps;
(A length of ocean and unbounded ſky,
Which ſcarce the ſea-fowl in a year o'erfly).
Go then; to Sparta take the watery way,
Thy ſhip and ſailors but for orders ſtay;
Or, if by land thou chuſe thy courſe to bend,
My ſteeds, my chariots, and my ſons, attend:
Thee to Atrides they ſhall ſafe convey,
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.

Urge him with truth to frame his free replies,
And ſure he will; for Menalaus is wiſe.
Thus while he ſpeaks, the ruddy ſun deſcends,
And twilight grey her evening ſhade extends.
Then thus the blue-ey'd Maid: O full of days!
Wiſe are thy words, and juſt are all thy ways.
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,
Sacred to Neptune and the Powers divine.
The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
And ſoft approach the balmy hours of ſleep:
Nor fits it to prolong the heavenly feaſt,
Timeleſs, indecent, but retire to reſt.
So ſpake Jove's daughter, the celeſtial Maid.
The ſober train attended and obey'd.
The ſacred heralds on their hands around
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets crown'd:
From bowl to bowl the holy beverage flows;
While to the final ſacrifice they roſe.
The tongues they caſt upon the fragrant flame,
And pour, above, the conſecrated ſtream.
And now, their thirſt by copious draughts allay'd,
The youthful hero and th' Athenian Maid
Propoſe departure from the finiſh'd rite,
And in their hollow bark to paſs the night:
But this the hoſpitable ſage deny'd.
Forbid it Jove! and all the Gods! he cry'd,
Thus from my walls the much-lov'd ſon to ſend
Of ſuch a hero, and of ſuch a friend!
Me, as ſome needy peaſant, would ye leave,
Whom Heaven denies the bleſſing to relieve?

Me

Me would you leave, who boaſt imperial ſway.
When beds of royal ſtate invite your ſtay?
No—long as life this mortal ſhall inſpire,
Or as my children imitate their ſire,
Here ſhall the wandering ſtranger find his home,
And hoſpitable rites adorn the dome.
Well haſt thou ſpoke, (the blue-ey'd Maid reply'd)
Belov'd old man! benevolent as wiſe.
Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
And let thy words Telemachus perſuade:
He to thy palace ſhall thy ſteps purſue;
I to the ſhip to give the orders due,
Preſcribe directions, and confirm the crew.
For I alone ſuſtain their naval cares,
Who boaſt experience from theſe ſilver hairs;
All youths the reſt, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.
There in the veſſel ſhall I paſs the night;
And ſoon as morning paints the fields of light,
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold,
A debt, contracted in the days of old.
But this thy gueſt, receiv'd with friendly care,
Let thy ſtrong courſers ſwift to Sparta bear;
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy ſon companion of his way.
Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And ſoars an eagle through the liquid ſkies.
Viſion divine! the throng'd ſpectators gaze
In holy wonder fix'd, and ſtill amaze.
But chief the reverend ſage admir'd; he took
The hand of young Telemachus, and ſpoke:

Oh, happy youth! and favour'd of the ſkies,
Diſtinguiſh'd care of guardian Deities!
Whoſe early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.
For, lo! none other of the court above
Than ſhe, the daughter of almighty Jove,
Pallas herſelf, the war-triumphant maid,
Confeſt is thine, as once thy father's aid.
So guide me, Goddeſs! ſo propitious ſhine
On me, my conſort, and my royal line!
A yearling bullock to thy name ſhall ſmoke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
Whoſe budding honours ductile gold adorns.
Submiſſive thus the hoary ſire preferr'd
His holy vow: the favouring Goddeſs heard.
Then, ſlowly riſing, o'er the ſandy ſpace
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,
(A long proceſſion) timely marching home
In comely order to the regal dome.
There when arriv'd, on thrones around him plac'd,
His ſons and grandſons the wide circle grac'd.
To theſe the hoſpitable ſage, in ſign
Of ſocial welcome, mix'd the racy wine
(Late from the mellowing caſk reſtor'd to light,
By ten long years refin'd, and roſy-bright).
To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And ſprinkled large libations on the ground.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy ſleep repairs.

Deep in a rich alcove the prince was laid,
And ſlept beneath the pompous colonade;
Faſt by his ſide Piſiſtratus lay ſpread,
(In age his equal) on a ſplendid bed:
But in an inner court, ſecurely clos'd,
The reverend Neſtor and his queen repos'd.
When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre purpled o'er the lawn;
The old man early roſe, walk'd forth, and ſate
On poliſh'd ſtone before his palace-gate:
With unguents ſmooth the lucid marble ſhone,
Where ancient Neleus ſate, a ruſtic throne;
But he deſcending to th' infernal ſhade,
Sage Neſtor fill'd it, and the ſceptre ſway'd.
His ſons around him mild obeiſance pay,
And duteous take the orders of the day.
Firſt Echephron and Stratius quit their bed:
Then Perſeus, Aretus, and Thraſymed;
The laſt Piſiſtratus aroſe from reſt:
They came, and near him plac'd the ſtranger-gu
To theſe the ſenior thus declar'd his will:
My ſons! the dictates of your ſire fulfil.
To Pallas, firſt of Gods, prepare the feaſt,
Who grac'd our rites, a more than mortal gueſt.
Let one, diſpatchful, bid ſome ſwain to lead
A well-fed bullock from the graſſy mead;
One ſeek the harbour where the veſſels moor,
And bring thy friends, Telemachus! aſhore
(Leave only two the galley to attend);
Another to Laerceus muſt we ſend,

... with circumfuſile gol
he reſt may here the pious duty ſhare,
nd bid the handmaids for the feaſt prep
ne ſeats to range, the fragrant wood to
nd limpid waters from the living ſpring
He ſaid, and buſy each his care beſtow'
ready at the gates the bullock low'd,
ready came the Ithacenſian crew,
he dextrous ſmith the tools already drew
is ponderous hammer, and his anvil foun
nd the ſtrong tongs to turn the metal rou
or was Minerva abſent from the rite,
e view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the ſigl
ith reverend hand the king preſents the go
hich round th' intorted horns the gilder ro
wrought, as Pallas might with pride beh
ing Aretus from forth his bridal bower
ught the full laver, o'er their hands to p
caniſters of conſecrated flour.
ius and Echen

Strong Thraſymed diſcharg'd the ſpeeding blow
Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
Down ſunk the heavy beaſt: the females round,
Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a ſhrilling ſound.
Nor ſcorn'd the queen the holy choir to join
(The firſt-born ſhe, of old Clymenus' line;
In youth by Neſtor lov'd, of ſpotleſs fame,
And lov'd in age, Eurydice her name).
From earth they rear him, ſtruggling now with death;
And Neſtor's youngeſt ſtops the vents of breath.
The ſoul for ever flies: on all ſides round
Streams the black blood, and ſmokes upon the ground.
The beaſt they then divide, and diſunite
The ribs and limbs, obſervant of the rite:
On theſe, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.
The ſacred ſage before his altar ſtands,
Turns the burnt-offering with his holy hands,
And pours the wine, and bids the flames aſpire:
The youth with inſtruments ſurround the fire.
The thighs now ſacrific'd, and entrails dreſt,
Th' aſſiſtants part, transfix, and broil the reſt.
While theſe officious tend the rites divine,
The laſt fair branch of the Neſtorean line,
Sweet Polycaſte, took the pleaſing toil
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
O'er his fair limbs a flowery veſt he threw,
And iſſued, like a God, to mortal view.
His former ſeat beſide the king he found
(His people's father with his peers around);

All

All plac'd at eaſe the holy banquet join,
And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.
The rage of thirſt and hunger now ſuppreſt,
The monarch turns him to his royal gueſt;
And for the promis'd journey bids prepare
The ſmooth-hair'd horſes, and the rapid car.
Obſervant of his word; the word ſcarce ſpoke,
The ſons obey, and join them to the yoke.
Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
And preſents, ſuch as ſuit the ſtate of kings.
The glittering ſeat Telemachus aſcends;
His faithful guide Piſiſtratus attends;
With haſty hand the ruling reins he drew:
He laſh'd the courſers, and the courſers flew.
Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and ſmok'd along the field.
The towers of Pylos ſink, its views decay,
Fields after fields fly back, till cloſe of day:
Then ſunk the ſun, and darken'd all the way.
To Pheræ now, Diocleus' ſtately ſeat
(Of Alpheus's race), the weary youths retreat.
His houſe affords the hoſpitable rite,
And pleas'd they ſleep (the bleſſing of the night).
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre purpled o'er the lawn;
Again they mount, their journey to renew,
And from the ſounding portico they flew.
Along the waving fields their way they hold,
The fields receding as the chariot roll'd:
Then ſlowly ſunk the ruddy globe of light,
And o'er the ſhaded landſcape ruſh'd the night.

THE FOURTH B OF THE ODYSS

ARGUMENT.

THE CONFERENCE WITH MENELAUS.

TELEMACHUS with Piſiſtratus arriving at Sparta, is hoſpitably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the cauſe of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befel the Greeks ſince the deſtruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return; from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulyſſes is detained in the iſland of Calypſo.

In the mean time the ſuitors conſult to deſtroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is apprized of this; but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the ſhape of her ſiſter Ipthima.

THE

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK IV.

AND now proud Sparta with their wheels reſounds,
Sparta whoſe walls a range of hills ſurrounds:
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends;
Where fate Atrides 'midſt his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's power,
To bleſs his ſons and daughters nuptial hour.
That day, to great Achilles' ſon reſign'd,
Hermione, the faireſt of the kind,
Was ſent to crown the long-protracted joy,
Eſpous'd before the final doom of Troy:
With ſteeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
Attend the nymph to Phthia's diſtant reign.
Meanwhile at home, to Megapenthes' bed
The virgin-choir Alector's daughter led.
Brave Megapenthes, from a ſtol'n amour
To great Atrides' age his hand-maid bore:
To Helen's bed the Gods alone aſſign
Hermione, t' extend the regal line;
On whom a radiant pomp of Graces wait,
Reſembling Venus in attractive ſtate.
While this gay friendly troop the king ſurround,
With feſtival and mirth the roofs reſound:
A bard amid the joyous circle ſings
High airs, attemper'd to the vocal ſtrings;

Whilſt, warbling to the varied ſtrain, advance
Two ſprightly youths to form the bounding dance.
'Twas then, that, iſſuing through the palace gate,
The ſplendid car roll'd flow in regal ſtate:
On the bright eminence young Neſtor ſhone,
And faſt beſide him great Ulyſſes' ſon:
Grave Eteoneus ſaw the pomp appear,
And, ſpeeding, thus addreſs'd the royal ear:
Two youths approach, whoſe ſemblant features prove
Their blood devolving from the ſource of Jove.
Is due reception deign'd, or muſt they bend
Their doubtful courſe to ſeek a diſtant friend?
Inſenſate! (with a ſigh the king replies)
Too long, miſ-judging, have I thought thee wiſe:
But ſure relentleſs folly ſteels thy breaſt,
Obdurate to reject the ſtranger-gueſt;
To thoſe dear hoſpitable rites a foe,
Which in my wanderings oft reliev'd my woe:
Fed by the bounty of another's board,
Till pitying Jove my native realm reſtor'd—
Straight be the courſers from the car releaſt,
Conduct the youths to grace the genial feaſt.
The ſeneſchal rebuk'd in haſte withdrew;
With equal haſte a menial train purſue:
Part led the courſers, from the car enlarg'd,
Each to a crib with choiceſt grain ſurcharg'd;
Part in a portico, profuſely grac'd
With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd:
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vaſt delight;

Reſplendent as the blaze of ſummer-noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend;
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, deſcend;
Where a bright damſel-train attend the gueſts
With liquid odours, and embroider'd veſts.
Refreſh'd, they wait them to the bower of ſtate,
Where circled with his peers Atrides ſate:
Thron'd next the king, a fair attendant brings
The pureſt product of the cryſtal ſprings;
High on a maſſy vaſe of ſilver mold,
The burniſh'd laver flames with ſolid gold;
In ſolid gold the purple vintage flows,
And on the board a ſecond banquet roſe.
When thus the king with hoſpitable port:—
Accept this welcome to the Spartan court;
The waſte of nature let the feaſt repair,
Then your high lineage and your names declare:
Say from what ſcepter'd anceſtry ye claim,
Recorded eminent in deathleſs fame?
For vulgar parents cannot ſtamp their race
With ſignatures of ſuch majeſtic grace.
Ceaſing, benevolent he ſtraight aſſigns
The royal portion of the choiceſt chines
To each accepted friend: with grateful haſte
They ſhare the honours of the rich repaſt.
Suffic'd, ſoft-whiſpering thus to Neſtor's ſon,
His head reclin'd, young Ithacus begun:
View'ſt thou unmov'd, O ever-honour'd moſt!
Theſe prodigies of art, and wondrous coſt!

Above,

Above, beneath, around the palace ſhines
The ſumleſs treaſure of exhauſted mines:
The ſpoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And ſtudded amber darts a golden ray:
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above,
My wonder dictates, is the dome of Jove.

The monarch took the word, and grave reply'd:
Preſumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride
Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove conteſt,
Unchang'd, immortal, and ſupremely bleſt!
With all my affluence, when my woes are weigh'd,
Envy will own the purchaſe dearly paid.
For eight ſlow-circling years by tempeſt toſt,
From Cyprus to the far Phœnician coaſt
(Sidon the capital), I ſtretch'd my toil
Through regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.
Next, Æthiopia's utmoſt bound explore,
And the parch'd borders of th' Arabian ſhore:
Then warp my voyage on the ſouthern gales,
O'er the warm Libyan wave to ſpread my ſails:
That happy clime! where each revolving year
The teeming ewes a triple offſpring bear;
And two fair creſcents of tranſlucent horn
The brows of all their young increaſe adorn:
The ſhepherd ſwains, with ſure abundance bleſt,
On the fat flock and rural dainties feaſt;
Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
But every ſeaſon fills the foaming pail.
Whilſt, heaping unwiſh'd wealth, I diſtant roam;
The beſt of brothers, at his natal home,

By

By the dire fury of a traitreſs wife,
Ends the ſad evening of a ſtormy life:
Whence with inceſſant grief my ſoul annoy'd,
Theſe riches are poſſeſs'd, but not enjoy'd!
My wars, the copious theme of every tongue,
To you, your fathers have recorded long:
How favouring Heaven repaid my glorious toils
With a ſack'd palace, and barbaric ſpoils.
Oh! had the Gods ſo large a boon deny'd,
And life, the juſt equivalent, ſupply'd
To thoſe brave warriors, who, with glory fir'd,
Far from their country in my cauſe expir'd!
Still in ſhort intervals of pleaſing woe,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
I to the glorious dead, for ever dear!
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
But, oh! Ulyſſes—deeper than the reſt
That ſad idea wounds my anxious breaſt!
My heart bleeds freſh with agonizing pain;
The bowl and taſteful viands tempt in vain,
Nor ſleep's ſoft power can cloſe my ſtreaming eyes,
When imag'd to my ſoul his ſorrows riſe.
No peril in my cauſe he ceas'd to prove,
His labours equal'd only by my love:
And both alike to bitter fortune born,
For him to ſuffer, and for me to mourn!
Whether he wanders on ſome friendleſs coaſt,
Or glides in Stygian gloom a penſive ghoſt,
No fame reveals; but, doubtful of his doom,
His good old ſire with ſorrow to the tomb

Dec[line]

Declines his trembling ſteps; untimely care
Withers the blooming vigour of his heir;
And the chaſte partner of his bed and throne
Waſtes all her widow'd hours in tender moan.
While thus pathetic to the prince he ſpoke,
From the brave youth the ſtreaming paſſion broke:
Studious to veil the grief, in vain repreſt,
His face he ſhrouded with his purple veſt:
The conſcious monarch pierc'd the coy diſguiſe,
And view'd his filial love with vaſt ſurprize:
Dubious to preſs the tender theme, or wait
To hear the youth enquire his father's fate.
In this ſuſpence bright Helen grac'd the room;
Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume.
So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
The ſilver-ſhafted Goddeſs of the chace!
The ſeat of majeſty Adraſte brings,
With art illuſtrious, for the pomp of kings;
To ſpread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
Of ſofteſt woof, is bright Alcippe's care.
A ſilver caniſter, divinely wrought,
In her ſoft hands the beauteous Phylo brought;
To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vaſe
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace:
For Polybus her lord (whoſe ſovereign ſway
The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey),
When to that court Atrides came, careſt
With vaſt munificence th' imperial gueſt:
Two lavers from the richeſt ore refin'd,
With ſilver tripods, the kind hoſt aſſign'd;

And

And bounteous from the royal treaſure told
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
Alcandra, conſort of his high command,
A golden diſtaff gave to Helen's hand;
And that rich vaſe, with living ſculpture wro
Which heap'd with wool the beauteous Phylo
The ſilken fleece impurpled for the loom,
Rival'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
The ſovereign ſeat then Jove-born Helen pre
And pleaſing thus her ſcepter'd lord addreſs'
Who grace our palace now, that friendly
Speak they their lineage, or their names dec
Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontrol'd,
Hear me the bodings of my breaſt unfold.
With wonder wrapt, on yonder cheek I tra

Diſmay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,
Above reſtraint the tide of ſorrow roſe:
Cautious to let the guſhing grief appear,
His purple garment veil'd the falling tear.
See there confeſt, Piſiſtratus replies,
The genuine worth of Ithacus the wiſe!
Of that heroic ſire the youth is ſprung,
But modeſt awe hath chain'd his timorous tongue,
Thy voice, O king! with pleas'd attention heard,
Is like the dictates of a God rever'd.
With him at Neſtor's high command I came,
Whoſe age I honour with a parent's name.
By adverſe deſtiny conſtrain'd to ſue
For counſel and redreſs, he ſues to you.
Whatever ill the friendleſs orphan bears,
Bereav'd of parents in his infant years,
Still muſt the wrong'd Telemachus ſuſtain,
If, hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain:
Affianc'd in your friendly power alone,
The youth would vindicate the vacant throne.
Is Sparta bleſt, and theſe deſiring eyes
View my friend's ſon? (the king exulting cries)
Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,
Whoſe ſword was ſacred to the man he lov'd:
Mirrour of conſtant faith, rever'd, and mourn'd!—
When Troy was ruin'd, had the chief return'd,
No Greek an equal ſpace had e'er poſſeſt,
Of dear affection in my grateful breaſt.
I, to confirm the mutual joys we ſhar'd,
For his abode a capital prepar'd;

Argos

Argos the ſeat of ſovereign rule I choſe;
Fair in the plan the future palace roſe,
Where my Ulyſſes and his race might reign,
And portion to his tribes the wide domain.
To them my vaſſals had reſign'd a ſoil,
With teeming plenty to reward their toil.
There with communtual zeal we both had ſtrove
In acts of dear benevolence and love:
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,
And death alone diſſolv'd the friendly band!
Some envious Power the bliſsful ſcene deſtroys;
Vaniſh'd are all the viſionary joys:
The ſoul of friendſhip to my hope is loſt,
Fated to wander from his natal coaſt!
He ceas'd; a guſt of grief began to riſe,
Faſt ſtreams a tide from beauteous Helen's eyes;
Faſt for the ſire the filial ſorrows flow;
The weeping monarch ſwells the mighty woe:
Thy cheeks, Piſiſtratus, the tears bedew,
While pictur'd to thy mind appear'd in view
Thy martial * brother: on the Phrygian plain
Extended pale, by ſwarthy Memnon ſlain!
But ſilence ſoon the ſon of Neſtor broke,
And, melting with fraternal pity, ſpoke:
Frequent, O king, was Neſtor wont to raiſe
And charm attention with thy copious praiſe:
To crown thy various gifts, the ſage aſſign'd
The glory of a firm capacious mind:

* *Antilochus.*

With that ſuperior attribute control
This unavailing impotence of ſoul.
Let not your roof with echoing grief reſound,
Now for the feaſt the friendly bowl is crown'd;
But when, from dewy ſhade emerging bright,
Aurora ſtreaks the ſky with orient light,
Let each deplore his dead: the rites of woe
Are all, alas! the living can beſtow:
O'er the congenial duſt injoin'd to ſhear
The graceful curl, and drop the tender tear.
Then, mingling in the mournful pomp with you,
I 'll pay my brother's ghoſt a warrior's due,
And mourn the brave Antilochus, a name
Not unrecorded in the rolls of Fame:
With ſtrength and ſpeed ſuperior form'd, in fight
To face the foe, or intercept his flight:
Too early ſnatch'd by Fate, ere known to me!
I boaſt a witneſs of his worth in thee.
Young and mature! (the monarch thus rejoins,)
In thee renew'd the ſoul of Neſtor ſhines:
Form'd by the care of that conſummate ſage.
In early bloom an oracle of age.
Whene'er his influence Jove vouchſafes to ſhower
To bleſs the natal, and the nuptial hour;
From the great ſire tranſmiſſive to the race,
The boon devolving gives diſtinguiſh'd grace.
Such, happy Neſtor! was thy glorious doom;
Around thee, full of years, thy offspring bloom,
Expert of arms, and prudent in debate;
The gifts of heaven to guard thy hoary ſtate.

But now let each becalm his troubled breaſt,
Waſh, and partake ſerene the friendly feaſt.
To move thy ſuit, Telemachus, delay,
Till Heaven's revolving lamp reſtores the day.
He ſaid, Aſphalion ſwift the laver brings;
Alternate all partake the grateful ſprings:
Then from the rites of purity repair,
And with keen guſt the ſavory viands ſhare.
Meantime, with genial joy to warm the ſoul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inſpiring bowl:
Temper'd with drugs of ſovereign uſe, t' aſſuage
The boiling boſom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,
And dry the tearful ſluices of Deſpair:
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted mind
All ſenſe of woe delivers to the wind.
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling ſon, oppreſs'd by ruffian-force,
Fell breathleſs at his feet, a mangled corſe;
From morn to eve, impaſſive and ſerene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful ſcene.
Theſe drugs, ſo friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who ſway'd the ſceptre, where prolific Nile
With various ſimples clothes the fatten'd ſoil.
With wholeſome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom taints the plain;
From Pæon ſprung, their patron-god imparts
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.

The beverage now prepar'd t' inſpire the feaſt,
The circle thus the beauteous queen addreſt:
Thron'd in omnipotence, ſupremeſt Jove
Tempers the fates of human race above;
By the firm ſanction of his ſovereign will,
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
To feaſtful mirth be this white hour aſſign'd,
And ſweet diſcourſe, the banquet of the mind.
Myſelf, aſſiſting in the ſocial joy,
Will tell Ulyſſes' bold exploit in Troy:
Sole witneſs of the deed I now declare;
Speak you (who ſaw) his wonders in the war.
Seam'd o'er with wounds, which his own ſabre gave,
In the vile habit of a village-ſlave,
The foe deceiv'd, he paſs'd the tented plain,
In Troy to mingle with the hoſtile train.
In this attire ſecure from ſearching eyes,
Till haply piercing through the dark diſguiſe
The chief I challeng'd; he, whoſe practis'd wit
Knew all the ſerpent mazes of deceit,
Eludes my ſearch: but when his form I view'd
Freſh from the bath with fragrant oils renew'd,
His limbs in military purple dreſs'd;
Each brightening grace the genuine Greek confeſs'd.
A previous pledge of ſacred faith obtain'd,
Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,
To keep his ſtay conceal'd; the chief declar'd
The plans of war againſt the town prepar'd.
Exploring then the ſecrets of the ſtate,
He learn'd what beſt might urge the Dardan fate:

And,

And, safe returning to the Grecian host,
Sent many a shade to Pluto's dreary coast.
Loud grief resounded through the towers of Troy,
But my pleas'd bosom glow'd with secret joy:
For then, with dire remorse and conscious shame,
I view'd th' effects of that disastrous flame,
Which, kindled by th' imperious queen of love,
Constrain'd me from my native realm to rove:
And oft in bitterness of soul deplor'd
My absent daughter, and my dearer lord;
Admir'd among the first of human race,
For every gift of mind, and manly grace.

Right well, reply'd the king, your speech displays
The matchless merit of the chief you praise:
Heroes in various climes myself have found,
For martial deeds, and depth of thought renown'd:
But Ithacus, unrival'd in his claim,
May boast a title to the loudest fame:
In battle calm, he guides the rapid storm,
Wise to resolve, and patient to perform.
What wondrous conduct in the chief appear'd,
When the vast fabrick of the steed we rear'd!
Some Dæmon, anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urg'd you with great Deïphobus to come,
T' explore the fraud; with guile oppos'd to guile,
Slow-pacing thrice around th' insidious pile;
Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
Your accent varying as their spouses spoke:
The pleasing sounds each latent warrior warm'd,
But most Tydides' and my heart alarm'd;

To quit the ſteed we both impatient preſs,
Threatening to anſwer from the dark receſs.
Unmov'd the mind of Ithacus remain'd:
And the vain ardours of our love reſtrain'd:
But Anticlus, unable to control,
Spoke loud the language of his yearning ſoul:
Ulyſſes ſtraight, with indignation fir'd,
(For ſo the common care of Greece requir'd)
Firm to his lips his forceful hands apply'd,
Till on his tongue the fluttering murmurs dy'd.
Meantime Minerva, from the fraudful horſe,
Back to the court of Priam bent your courſe.
Inclement Fate! Telemachus replies,
Frail is the boaſted attribute of wiſe:
The leader, mingling with the vulgar hoſt,
Is in the common maſs of matter loſt!
But now let ſleep the painful waſte repair
Of ſad reflection, and corroding care.
He ceas'd; the menial fair that round her wait,
At Helen's beck prepare the room of ſtate;
Beneath an ample portico, they ſpread
The downy fleece to form the ſlumberous bed;
And o'er ſoft palls of purple grain, unfold
Rich tapeſtry, ſtiff with inwoven gold:
Then, through th' illumin'd dome, to balmy reſt
Th' obſequious herald guides each princely gueſt:
While to his regal bower the king aſcends,
And beauteous Helen on her lord attends.
Soon as the morn, in orient purple dreſt,
Unbarr'd the portal of the roſeate eaſt,

The

The monarch roſe; magnificent to view,
Th' imperial mantle o'er his veſt he threw:
The glittering zone athwart his ſhoulder caſt,
A ſtarry faulchion low-depending grac'd;
Claſp'd on his feet th' embroider'd ſandals ſhine;
And forth he moves, majeſtic and divine:
Inſtant to young Telemachus he preſs'd,
And thus benevolent his ſpeech addreſs'd:
Say, royal youth, ſincere of ſoul, report
What cauſe hath led you to the Spartan court?
Do public or domeſtic cares conſtrain
This toilſome voyage o'er the ſurgy main?
O highly-favour'd delegate of Jove!
(Replies the prince) inflam'd with filial love,
And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
A ſuppliant to your royal court I come.
Our ſovereign ſeat a lewd uſurping race
With lawleſs riot and miſrule diſgrace;
To pamper'd inſolence devoted fall
Prime of the flock, and choiceſt of the ſtall:
For wild ambition wings their bold deſire,
And all to mount th' imperial bed aſpire.
But proſtrate I implore, oh king! relate
The mournful ſeries of my father's fate:
Each known diſaſter of the man diſcloſe,
Born by his mother to a world of woes!
Recite them! nor in erring pity fear
To wound with ſtoried grief the filial ear:
If e'er Ulyſſes, to reclaim your right,
Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,

Is death thy choice, or miſery thy boaſt,
That here inglorious on a barren coaſt
Thy brave aſſociates droop, a meagre train
With famine pale, and aſk thy care in vain?
Struck with the kind reproach, I ſtraight reply;
Whate'er thy title in thy native ſky,
A Goddeſs ſure! for more than mortal grace
Speaks the deſcendant of ætherial race:
Deem not, that here of choice my fleet remains;
Some heavenly power averſe my ſtay conſtrains:
O, piteous of my fate, vouchſafe to ſhew
(For what 's ſequeſter'd from celeſtial view?)
What power becalms th' innavigable ſeas?
What guilt provokes him, and what vows appeaſe?
I ceas'd, when affable the Goddeſs cry'd;
Obſerve, and in the truths I ſpeak confide:
Th' oraculous ſeer frequents the Pharian coaſt,
From whoſe high bed my birth divine I boaſt:
Proteus, a name tremendous o'er the main,
The delegate of Neptune's watery reign.
Watch with inſidious care his known abode;
There faſt in chains conſtrain the various God:
Who bound, obedient to ſuperior force,
Unerring will preſcribe your deſtin'd courſe.
If, ſtudious of your realms, you then demand
Their ſtate, ſince laſt you left your natal land;
Inſtant the God obſequious will diſcloſe
Bright tracks of glory, or a cloud of woes.
She ceas'd, and ſuppliant thus I made reply:
O Goddeſs! on thy aid my hopes rely;

Dictate

Dictate propitious to my duteous ear,
What arts can captivate the changeful ſeer?
For perilous th' aſſay, unheard the toil,
T' elude the preſcience of a God by guile.
Thus to the Goddeſs mild my ſuit I end.
Then ſhe: Obedient to my rule, attend:
When through the zone of Heaven the mounted ſun
Hath journey'd half, and half remains to run;
The ſeer, while zephyrs curl the ſwelling deep,
Baſks on the breezy ſhore, in grateful ſleep,
His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,
The Phocæ ſwift ſurround his rocky cave,
Frequent and full; the conſecrated train
Of * her, whoſe azure trident awes the main:
There wallowing warm, th' enormous herd exhales
An oily ſteam, and taints the noon-tide gales.
To that receſs, commodious for ſurprize,
When purple light ſhall next ſuffuſe the ſkies,
With me repair; and from thy warriour band
Three choſen chiefs of dauntleſs ſoul command:
Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil;
For ſtrong the God, and perfected in guile.
Stretch'd on the ſhelly ſhore, he firſt ſurveys
The flouncing herd aſcending from the ſeas;
Their number ſumm'd, repos'd in ſleep profound
The ſcaly charge their guardian God ſurround:
So with his battening flocks the careful ſwain
Abides, pavilion'd on the graſſy plain.
With powers united, obſtinately bold
Invade him, couch'd amid the ſcaly fold:

Inſtant

* Amphitrite.

Inſtant he wears, elufive of the rape,
The mimic force of every ſavage ſhape:
Or glides with liquid lapſe a murmuring ſtream,
Or, wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb.
Yet ſtill retentive, with redoubled might,
Through each vain paſſive form conſtrain his flight.
But when, his native ſhape reſum'd, he ſtands
Patient of conqueſt, and your cauſe demands;
The cauſe that urg'd the bold attempt declare,
And ſoothe the vanquiſh'd with a victor's prayer.
The bands relax'd, implore the ſeer to ſly
What godhead interdicts the watery way?
Who ſtraight, propitious, in prophetic ſtrain
Will teach you to repaſs th' unmeaſur'd main.
She ceas'd, and, bounding from the ſhelfy ſhore,
Round the deſcending nymph the waves redounding roar.

High wrapt in wonder of the future deed,
With joy impetuous, to the port I ſpeed:
The wants of nature with repaſt ſuffice,
Till night with grateful ſhade involv'd the ſkies,
And ſhed ambroſial dews. Faſt by the deep,
Along the tented ſhore, in balmy ſleep,
Our cares were loſt. When o'er the eaſtern lawn,
In ſaffron robes, the daughter of the dawn
Advanc'd her roſy ſteps: before the bay,
Due ritual honours to the Gods I pay;
Then ſeek the place the ſea-born nymph aſſign'd,
With three aſſociates of undaunted mind.

Arriv'd,

Arriv'd, to form along th' appointed ſtrand
For each a bed, the ſcoops the hilly ſand:
Then, from her azure car, the finny ſpoils
Of four vaſt Phocæ takes, to veil her wiles;
Beneath the finny ſpoils, extended prone,
Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to ſhun
New from the corſe, the ſcaly frauds diffuſe
Unſavory ſtench of oil, and brackiſh ooze;
But the bright ſea-maid's gentle power imple
With nectar'd drops the ſickening ſenſe reſto

Thus till the ſun had travel'd half the ſki
Ambuſh'd we lie, and wait the bold empriſe
When, thronging thick to buſk in open air,
The flocks of Ocean to the ſtrand repair:
Couch'd on the ſunny ſand, the monſters flee

And laſt, ſublime his ſtately growth he rears,
A tree, and well-diſſembled foliage wears.
Vain efforts! with ſuperior power compreſs'd,
Me with reluctance thus the ſeer addreſs'd:
Say, ſon of Atreus, ſay what God inſpir'd
This daring fraud, and what the boon deſir'd?
I thus; O thou, whoſe certain eye foreſees
The fix'd event of Fate's remote decrees;
After long woes, and various toil endur'd,
Still on this deſert iſle my fleet is moor'd;
Unfriended of the gales. All-knowing! ſay,
What Godhead interdicts the watery way?
What vows repentant will the power appeaſe,
To ſpeed a proſperous voyage o'er the ſeas?
To Jove (with ſtern regard the God replies)
And all th' offended ſynod of the ſkies,
Juſt hecatombs with due devotion ſlain,
Thy guilt abſolv'd, a proſperous voyage gain.
To the firm ſanction of thy fate attend!
An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend,
Nor ſight of natal ſhore, nor regal dome
Shalt yet enjoy, but ſtill art doom'd to roam.
Once more the Nile, who from the ſecret ſource
Of Jove's high ſeat deſcends with ſweepy force,
Muſt view his billows white beneath thy oar,
And altars blaze along his ſanguine ſhore.
Then will the Gods, with holy pomp ador'd,
To thy long vows a ſafe return accord.
He ceas'd: heart-wounded with afflictive pain,
Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main,

A ſhelfy

A ſhelfy tract and long!) O ſeer, I cry,
To the ſtern ſanction of th' offended ſky
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to ſay,
What fate propitious, or what dire diſmay,
Suſtain thoſe peers, the reliques of our hoſt,
Whom I with Neſtor on the Phrygian coaſt
Embracing left? Muſt I the warriours weep,
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monſtrous deep?
Or did the kind domeſtic friend deplore
The breathleſs heroes on their native ſhore?
Preſs not too far, reply'd the God; but ceaſe
To know, what known will violate thy peace:
Too curious of their doom! with friendly woe
Thy breaſt will heave, and tears eternal flow.
Part live! the reſt, a lamentable train!
Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremoſt in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whoſe arms with conqueſt in thy cauſe were crown'd,
Fell by diſaſtrous fate; by tempeſts toſt,
A third lives wretched on a diſtant coaſt.
By Neptune reſcued from Minerva's hate,
On Gyræ, ſafe Oïlean Ajax ſate,
His ſhip o'erwelm'd; but, frowning on the floods,
Impious he roar'd defiance to the Gods;
To his own proweſs all the glory gave,
The Power defrauding who vouchſaf'd to ſave.
This heard the raging Ruler of the main;
His ſpear, indignant for ſuch high diſdain,
He lanch'd; dividing with his forky mace
Th' aërial ſummit from the marble baſe;

The

The rock ruſh'd ſea-ward with impetuous roar
Ingulf'd, and to th' abyſs the boaſter bore.
By Juno's guardian aid, the watery waſt,
Secure of ſtorms, your royal brother paſt:
Till coaſting nigh the cape, where Malea ſhrouds
Her ſpiry cliffs amid ſurrounding clouds;
A whirling guſt tumultuous from the ſhore
Acroſs the deep his labouring veſſel bore.
In an ill-fated hour the coaſt he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyeſtes reign'd;
But, when his hoary honours bow'd to Fate,
Ægyſthus govern'd in paternal ſtate.
The ſurges now ſubſide, the tempeſt ends;
From his tall ſhip the King of Men deſcends:
There fondly thinks the Gods conclude his toil!
Far from his own domain ſalutes the ſoil:
With rapture oft' the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him thus exulting on the diſtant ſtrand
A ſpy diſtinguiſh'd from his airy ſtand,
To bribe whoſe vigilance, Ægyſthus told
A mighty ſum of ill-perſuading gold:
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale career;
And now, admoniſh'd by his eye, to court
With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.
Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
The miniſters of blood in dark ſurprize:
And twenty youths in radiant mail incas'd,
Cloſe ambuſh'd nigh the ſpacious hall he plac'd.

Then

Then bids prepare the hoſpitable treat:
Vain ſhews of love to veil his felon-hate!
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars
A train of courſers and triumphal cars
Magnificent he leads! the royal gueſt,
Thoughtleſs of ill, accepts the fraudful feaſt
The troop, forth iſſuing from the dark receſs
With homicidal rage the king oppreſs!
So, whilſt he feeds luxurious in the ſtall,
The ſovereign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,
Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:
Mix'd with the brave, the baſe invaders blee
Ægyſthus ſole ſurvives to boaſt the deed.
He ſaid: chill horrors ſhook my ſhivering

He ſaid: new thoughts my beating heart employ,
My gloomy ſoul receives a gleam of joy.
Fair hope revives; and eager I addreſt
The preſcient Godhead to reveal the reſt.
The doom decreed of thoſe diſaſtrous two
I 've heard with pain, but, oh! the tale purſue;
What third brave ſon of Mars the Fates conſtrain
To roam the howling deſart of the main:
Or, in eternal ſhade if cold he lies,
Provoke new ſorrow from theſe grateful eyes.
That chief (rejoin'd the God) his race derives
From Ithaca, and wondrous woes ſurvives;
Laertes' ſon: girt with circumfluous tides,
He ſtill calamitous conſtraint abides.
Him in Calypſo's cave of late I view'd,
When ſtreaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
But vain his prayer, his arts are vain, to move
Th' enamour'd Goddeſs, or elude her love:
His veſſel ſunk, and dear companions loſt,
He lives reluctant on a foreign coaſt.
But oh, belov'd by Heaven! reſerv'd to thee
A happier lot the ſmiling Fates decree:
Free from that law, beneath whoſe mortal ſway
Matter is chang'd, and varying forms decay;
Elyſium ſhall be thine; the bliſsful plains
Of utmoſt earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.
Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year:
Stern winter ſmiles on that auſpicious clime:
The fields are florid with unfading prime;

From

From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy ſnow:
But from the breezy deep the bleſt inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the weſtern gale.
This grace peculiar will the Gods afford
To thee the ſon of Jove, and beauteous Helen's lord.
He ceas'd, and, plunging in the vaſt profound,
Beneath the God the whirling billows bound.
Then ſpeeding back, involv'd in various thought,
My friends attending at the ſhore I ſought.
Arriv'd, the rage of hunger we control,
Till night with ſilent ſhade inveſts the pole;
Then loſe the cares of life in pleaſing reſt.—
Soon as the morn reveals the roſeate eaſt,
With ſails we wing the maſts, our anchors weigh,
Unmoor the fleet, and ruſh into the ſea.
Rang'd on the banks, beneath our equal oars
White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.
Then, ſteering backward from the Pharian Iſle,
We gain the ſtream of Jove-deſcended Nile:
There quit the ſhips, and on the deſtin'd ſhore
With ritual hecatombs the Gods adore:
Their wrath aton'd, to Agamemnon's name
A cenotaph I raiſe of deathleſs fame.
Theſe rites to piety and grief diſcharg'd,
The friendly Gods a ſpringing gale enlarg'd:
The fleet ſwift tilting o'er the ſurges flew,
Till Grecian cliffs appear'd, a bliſsful view!
Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate
A ſtory, fruitful of diſaſtrous fate:

And now, young prince, indulge my fond requeſt;
Be Sparta honour'd with his royal gueſt,
Till, from his eaſtern goal, the joyous ſun
His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.
Meantime my train the friendly gifts prepare,
Three ſprightly courſers, and a poliſh'd car:
With theſe, a goblet of capacious mould,
Figur'd with art to dignify the gold,
(Form'd for libation to the Gods) ſhall prove
A pledge and monument of ſacred love.

My quick return, young Ithacus rejoin'd,
Damps the warm wiſhes of my raptur'd mind:
Did not my fate my needful haſte conſtrain,
Charm'd by your ſpeech, ſo graceful and humane,
Loſt in delight the circling year would roll,
While deep attention fix'd my liſtening ſoul.
But now to Pyle permit my deſtin'd way,
My lov'd aſſociates chide my long delay:
In dear remembrance of your royal grace,
I take the preſent of the promis'd vaſe;
The courſers, for the champaign ſports, retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain:
Horrid with cliffs, our meagre land allows
Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browze,
But neither mead nor plain ſupplies, to feed
The ſprightly courſer, or indulge his ſpeed:
To ſea-ſurrounded realms the Gods aſſign
Small tract of fertile lawn, the leaſt to mine.

His hand the king with tender paſſion preſs'd,
And, ſmiling, thus the royal youth addreſs'd:

O early worth! a ſoul ſo wiſe, and young,
Proclaims you from the ſage Ulyſſes ſprung,
Selected from my ſtores, of matchleſs price
An urn ſhall recompence your prudent choice:
Not mean the maſſy mould of ſilver, grac'd
By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold enchas'd;
A pledge the ſcepter'd power of Sidon gave,
When to his realm I plough'd the orient wave.
Thus they alternate; while with artful care
The menial train the regal feaſt prepare:
The firſtlings of the flock are doom'd to die;
Rich fragrant wines the chearing bowl ſupply;
A female band the gift of Ceres bring;
And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.
Meanwhile, in Ithaca, the ſuitor-powers
In active games divide their jovial hours:
In areas vary'd with moſaic art,
Some whirl the diſk, and ſome the javelin dart.
Aſide, ſequeſter'd from the vaſt reſort,
Antinous ſate ſpectator of the ſport;
With great Eurymachus, of worth confeſt,
And high deſcent, ſuperior to the reſt;
Whom young Noëmon lowly thus addreſt:
My ſhip equipp'd within the neighbouring port,
The prince, departing for the Pylian court,
Requeſted for his ſpeed; but, courteous, ſay
When ſteers he home, or why this long delay?
For Elis I ſhould ſail with utmoſt ſpeed,
T' import twelve mares which there luxurious feed,

And twelve young mules, a ſtrong laborious race,
New to the plough, unpractis'd in the trace.
Unknowing of the courſe to Pyle deſign'd,
A ſudden horror ſeiz'd on either mind:
The prince in rural bower they fondly thought,
Numbering his flocks and herds, not far remote.
Relate, Antinous cries, devoid of guile,
When ſpread the prince his ſail for diſtant Pyle?
Did choſen chiefs acroſs the gulfy main
Attend his voyage, or domeſtic train?
Spontaneous did you ſpeed his ſecret courſe,
Or was the veſſel ſeiz'd by fraud or force?
With willing duty, not reluctant mind,
(Noëmon cry'd) the veſſel was reſign'd.
Who, in the balance, with the great affairs
Of courts, preſume to weigh their private cares?
With him, the peerage next in power to you:
And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,
Or ſome celeſtial in his reverend form,
Safe from the ſecret rock and adverſe ſtorm,
Pilots the courſe: for when the glimmering ray
Of yeſter dawn diſclos'd the tender day,
Mentor himſelf I ſaw, and much admir'd.—
Then ceas'd the youth, and from the court retir'd.
Confounded and appall'd, th' unfiniſh'd game
The ſuitors quit, and all to council came.
Antinous firſt th' aſſembled peers addreſt,
Rage ſparkling in his eyes, and burning in his breaſt:
O ſhame to manhood! ſhall one daring boy
The ſcheme of all our happineſs deſtroy?

Fly,

Fly unperceiv'd, ſeducing half the flower
Of nobles, and invite a foreign power?
The ponderous engine rais'd to cruſh us all,
Recoiling, on his head is ſure to fall.
Inſtant prepare me, on the neighbouring ſtrand,
With twenty choſen mates a veſſel mann'd;
For ambuſh'd cloſe beneath the Samian ſhore
His ſhip returning ſhall my ſpies explore:
He ſoon his raſhneſs ſhall with life atone,
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own.
With vaſt applauſe the ſentence all approve;
Then riſe, and to the feaſtful hall remove:
Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
Who heard the conſult of the dire divan:
Before her dome the royal matron ſtands,
And thus the meſſage of his haſte demands:
What will the ſuitors? muſt my ſervant-train
Th' allotted labours of the day refrain,
For them to form ſome exquiſite repaſt?
Heaven grant this feſtival may prove their laſt!
Or, if they ſtill muſt live, from me remove
The double plague of luxury and love!
Forbear, ye ſons of Inſolence! forbear,
In riot to conſume a wretched heir.
In the young ſoul illuſtrious thought to raiſe,
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulyſſes' praiſe?
Have not your fathers oft' my lord deſin'd,
Gentle of ſpeech, beneficent of mind?
Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
Or in their tyrant-minions veſt the power:

Ulyſſes let no partial favours fall,
The people's parent, he protected all:
But abſent now, perfidious and ingrate!
His ſtores ye ravage, and uſurp his ſtate.
He thus: O were the woes you ſpeak the worſt!
They form a deed more odious and accurſt;
More dreadful than your boding ſoul diviner:
But pitying Jove avert the dire deſigns!
The darling object of your royal care
Is mark'd to periſh in a deathful ſnare;
Before he anchors in his native port,
From Pyle re-ſailing and the Spartan court;
Horrid to ſpeak! in ambuſh is decreed
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!
Sudden ſhe ſunk beneath the weighty woes,
The vital ſtreams a chilling horror froze:
The big round tear ſtands trembling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents dye.
At length, in tender language, interwove
With ſighs, ſhe thus expreſs'd her anxious love:
Why raſhly would my ſon his fate explore,
Ride the wild waves, and quit the ſafer ſhore?
Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave
A blank oblivion, and untimely grave?
'Tis not, reply'd the ſage, to Medon given
To know, if ſome inhabitant of Heaven
In his young breaſt the daring thought inſpir'd;
Or if, alone with filial duty fir'd,
The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
Studious to learn his abſent father's doom.

The ſage retir'd: unable to control
The mighty griefs that ſwell her labouring ſoul,
Rolling convulſive on the floor, is ſeen
The piteous object of a proſtrate queen.
Words to her dumb complaint a pauſe ſupplies,
And breath, to waſte in unavailing cries.
Around their ſoveregn wept the menial fair,
To whom ſhe thus addreſs'd her deep deſpair:
Behold a wretch whom all the Gods conſign
To woe! Did ever ſorrows equal mine?
Long to my joys my deareſt lord is loſt,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boaſt:
Now from my fond embrace, by tempeſts torn,
Our other column of the ſtate is borne:
Nor took a kind adieu, nor ſought conſent!—
Unkind confederates in his dire intent!
Ill ſuits it with your ſhews of duteous zeal,
From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal:
Though at the ſolemn midnight hour he roſe,
Why did you fear to trouble my repoſe?
He either had obey'd my fond deſire,
Or ſeen his mother, pierc'd with grief, expire.
Bid Dolius quick attend, the faithful ſlave
Whom to my nuptial train Icarius gave,
To tend the fruit-groves: with inceſſant ſpeed
He ſhall this violence of death decreed
To good Laertes tell. Experienc'd age
May timely intercept the ruffian-rage.
Convene the tribes, the murderous plot reveal,
And to their power to ſave his race appeal,

Then

Then Euryclea thus: My deareſt dread!
Though to the ſword I bow this hoary head,
Or if a dungeon be the pain decreed,
I own me conſcious of th' unpleaſing deed:
Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implor'd,
With wine and viands I the veſſel ſtor'd:
A ſolemn oath, impos'd, the ſecret ſeal'd,
Till the twelfth dawn the light of heaven reveal'd.
Dreading th' effect of a fond mother's fear,
He dar'd not violate your royal ear.
But bathe, and, in imperial robes array'd,
Pay due devotions to the * martial Maid,
And reſt aſſianc'd in her guardian aid.
Send not to good Laertes, nor engage
In toils of ſtate the miſeries of age:
'Tis impious to ſurmiſe, the Powers divine
To ruin doom the Jove-deſcended line:
Long ſhall the race of juſt Arceſius reign,
And iſles remote enlarge his old domain.
The queen her ſpeech with calm attention hears,
Her eyes reſtrain the ſilver-ſtreaming tears:
She bathes, and, rob'd, the ſacred dome aſcends:
Her pious ſpeed a female train attends:
The ſalted cakes in caniſters are laid,
And thus the queen invokes Minerva's aid:
Daughter divine of Jove, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreaded ſhield!
If e'er Ulyſſes to thy fane preferr'd
The beſt and choiceſt of his flock and herd;
Hear,

* Minerva.

Hear, Goddeſs, hear, by thoſe oblations won;
And for the pious ſire preſerve the ſon:
His wiſh'd return with happy power befriend,
And on the ſuitors let thy wrath deſcend.
She ceas'd; ſhrill extaſies of joy declare
The favouring Goddeſs preſent to the prayer:
The ſuitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice
A ſignal of her hymenæal choice:
Whilſt one moſt jovial thus accoſts the board;
"Too late the queen ſelects a ſecond lord:
"In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
"When o'er her ſon diſaſtrous death impends."
Thus he, unſkill'd of what the Fates provide!
But with ſevere rebuke Antinous cry'd:
Theſe empty vaunts will make the voyage vain;
Alarm not with diſcourſe the menial train:
The great event with ſilent hope attend;
Our deeds alone our counſel muſt commend.
His ſpeech thus ended ſhort, he frowning roſe,
And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour choſe:
Down to the ſtrand he ſpeeds with haughty ſtrides,
Where anchor'd in the bay the veſſel rides,
Replete with mail and military ſtore,
In all her tackle trim to quit the ſhore.
The deſperate crew aſcend, unfurl the ſails
(The ſea-ward prow invites the tardy gales);
Then take repaſt, till Heſperus diſplay'd
His golden circlet in the weſtern ſhade.
Meantime the queen, without reflection due,
Heart-wounded, to the bed of ſtate withdrew;

In her ſad breaſt the prince's fortunes roll,
And hope and doubt alternate ſeize her ſoul.
So when the woodman's toil her cave ſurrounds,
And with the hunter's cry the grove reſounds;
With grief and rage the mother-lion ſtung,
Fearleſs herſelf, yet trembles for her young.
While penſive in the ſilent ſlumberous ſhade,
Sleep's gentle powers her drooping eyes invade;
Minerva, life-like, on imbodied air
Impreſs'd the form of Iphthima the fair
(Icarius' daughter ſhe, whoſe blooming charms
Allur'd Eumelus to her virgin-arms;
A ſcepter'd lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
Of Theſſaly, wide ſtretch'd his ample reign);
As Pallas will'd, along the ſable ſkies,
To calm the queen, the phantom-ſiſter flies.
Swift on the regal dome deſcending right,
The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.
Cloſe to her head the pleaſing viſion ſtands,
And thus performs Minerva's high commands.
O why, Penelope, this cauſeleſs fear,
To render ſleep's ſoft bleſſing unſincere?
Alike devote to ſorrow's dire extreme
The day-reflection, and the midnight dream!
Thy ſon the Gods propitious will reſtore,
And bid thee ceaſe his abſence to deplore.
To whom the queen (whilſt yet her penſive mind
Was in the ſilent gates of ſleep confin'd)
O ſiſter, to my ſoul for ever dear,
Why this firſt viſit to reprove my fear?

How

How in a realm ſo diſtant ſhould you know
From what deep ſource my deathleſs ſorrows flow?
To all my hope my royal lord is loſt,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boaſt:
And, with conſummate woe to weigh me down,
The heir of all his honours and his crown,
My darling ſon is fled! an eaſy prey
To the fierce ſtorms, or men more fierce than they:
Who, in a league of blood aſſociates ſworn,
Will intercept th' unwary youth's return.
Courage reſume, the ſhadowy form reply'd,
In the protecting care of heaven confide:
On him attends the blue-eyed martial Maid;
What earthly can implore a ſurer aid?
Me now the guardian Goddeſs deigns to ſend,
To bid thee patient his return attend.
The queen replies: If in the bleſt abodes
A Goddeſs, thou haſt commerce with the Gods;
Say, breathes my lord the bliſsful realm of light,
Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night?
Enquire not of his doom, the phantom cries,
I ſpeak not all the counſel of the ſkies:
Nor muſt indulge with vain diſcourſe, or long,
The windy ſatisfaction of the tongue.
Swift through the valves the viſionary fair
Repaſs'd, and viewleſs mix'd with common air.
The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes:
With florid joy her heart dilating glows:
The viſion, manifeſt of future fate,
Makes her with hope her ſon's arrival wait.

Mean-

Meantime the ſuitors plough the watery plain,
Telemachus in thought already ſlain!
When ſight of leſſening Ithaca was loſt,
Their ſail directed for the Samian coaſt,
A ſmall but verdant iſle appear'd in view,
And Aſteris th' advancing pilot knew:
An ample port the rocks projected form,
To break the rolling waves, and ruffling ſtorm:
That ſafe receſs they gain with happy ſpeed,
And in cloſe ambuſh wait the murderous deed.

THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE DEPARTURE OF ULYSSES FROM CALYPSO.

PALLAS in a council of the Gods complains of the detention of Ulyſſes in the iſland of Calypſo; whereupon Mercury is ſent to command his removal. The ſeat of Calypſo deſcribed. She conſents with much difficulty; and Ulyſſes builds a veſſel with his own hands, on which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempeſt, in which he is ſhipwrecked, and in the laſt danger of death: till Leucothea, a Sea Goddeſs, aſſiſts him, and, after innumerable perils, he gets aſhore on Phæacia.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK V.

THE ſaffron morn, with early bluſhes ſpread,
Now roſe refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of Heaven with ſacred light.
Then met th' eternal ſynod of the ſky,
Before the God who thunders from on high,
Supreme in might, ſublime in majeſty.
Pallas, to theſe, deplores th' unequal fates
Of wiſe Ulyſſes, and his toils relates:
Her hero's danger touch'd the pitying Power,
The nymph's ſeducements, and the magic bower.
Thus ſhe began her plaint: Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the bliſsful ſeats above!
Let kings no more with gentle mercy ſway,
Or bleſs a people willing to obey,
But cruſh the nations with an iron rod,
And every monarch be the ſcourge of God:
If from your thoughts Ulyſſes you remove,
Who rul'd his ſubjects with a father's love.
Sole in an iſle, encircled by the main,
Abandon'd, baniſh'd from his native reign,
Unbleſt he ſighs, detain'd by lawleſs charms,
And preſs'd unwilling in Calypſo's arms.

Nor friends are there, nor veſſels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeaſurable way.
And now fierce traitors, ſtudious to deſtroy
His only ſon, their ambuſh'd fraud employ;
Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To ſacred Pylos and to Sparta came.
What words are theſe, (reply'd the Power who forms
The clouds of night, and darkens Heaven with ſtorms)
Is not already in thy ſoul decreed,
The chief's return ſhall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot wiſdom do? Thou may'ſt reſtore
The ſon in ſafety to his native ſhore;
While the fell foes, who late in ambuſh lay,
With fraud defeated, meaſure back their way.
Then thus to Hermes the command was given:
Hermes, thou choſen meſſenger of heaven!
Go, to the nymph be theſe our orders borne:
'Tis Jove's decree, Ulyſſes ſhall return:
The patient man ſhall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding Gods:
In twice ten days ſhall fertile Sheria find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold Phæacians there, whoſe haughty line
Is mix'd with Gods, half human, half divine,
The chief ſhall honour as ſome heavenly gueſt,
And ſwift tranſport him to his place of reſt.
His veſſels loaded with a plenteous ſtore
Of braſs, of veſtures, and reſplendent ore
(A richer prize than if his joyful iſle
Receiv'd him charg'd with Ilion's noble ſpoil).

His friends, his country, he ſhall ſee, though late;
Such is our ſovereign will, and ſuch is fate.
He ſpoke. The God who mounts the winged winds
Faſt to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high through fields of air his flight ſuſtain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main.
He graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye:
Then ſhoots from heaven to high Pieria's ſteep,
And ſtoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So watery fowl, that ſeek their fiſhy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
Now ſailing ſmooth the level ſurface ſweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
Till now the diſtant iſland roſe in view:
Then, ſwift aſcending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot, in which the nymph he found
(The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty crown'd);
She ſate, and ſung: the rocks reſound her lays;
The cave was brighten'd with a riſing blaze:
Cedar and frankincenſe, an odorous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the iſle;
While ſhe with work and ſong the time divides,
And through the loom the golden ſhuttle guides.
Without the grot a various ſylvan ſcene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,
And nodding cypreſs form'd a fragrant ſhade;

On whoſe high branches, waving with the ſtorm,
The birds of broadeſt wing their manſion form,
The chough, the ſea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And ſcream aloft, and ſkim the deeps below.
Depending vines the ſhelving cavern ſcreen,
With purple cluſters bluſhing through the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts diſtil;
And every fountain pours a ſeveral rill,
In mazy windings wandering down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.
A ſcene, where if a God ſhould caſt his ſight,
A God might gaze, and wander with delight!
Joy touch'd the meſſenger of heaven: he ſtay'd
Entranc'd, and all the bliſsful haunt ſurvey'd.
Him, entering in the cave, Calypſo knew;
For Powers celeſtial to each other's view
Stand ſtill confeſt, though diſtant far they lie
To habitants of earth, or ſea, or ſky.
But ſad Ulyſſes, by himſelf apart,
Pour'd the big ſorrows of his ſwelling heart;
All on the lonely ſhore he ſate to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the reſtleſs deep;
Tow'rd his lov'd coaſt he roll'd his eyes in vain,
Till, dimm'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.
Now graceful ſeated on her ſhining throne,
To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun:
God of the golden wand! on what beheſt
Arriv'ſt thou here, an unexpected gueſt?
Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;
'Tis mine, with joy and duty to obey.

Till

Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taſte the dainties of my bower.
Thus having ſpoke, the nymph the table ſpread
(Ambroſial cates, with nectar roſy-red);
Hermes the hoſpitable rite partook,
Divine refection! then, recruited, ſpoke:
What mov'd this journey from my native ſky,
A Goddeſs aſks, nor can a God deny:
Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command,
Unwilling, have I trod this pleaſing land;
For who, ſelf-mov'd, with weary wing would ſweep
Such length of ocean and unmeaſur'd deep:
A world of waters! far from all the ways
Where men frequent, or ſacred altars blaze?
But to Jove's will ſubmiſſion we muſt pay;
What power ſo great, to dare to diſobey?
A man, he ſays, a man reſides with thee,
Of all his kind moſt worn with miſery:
The Greeks (whoſe arms for nine long years employ'd
Their force in Ilion, in the tenth deſtroy'd)
At length embarking in a luckleſs hour,
With conqueſt proud, incens'd Minerva's power:
Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd
With ſtorms purſued them through the liquid world.
There all his veſſels ſunk beneath the wave!
There all his dear companions found their grave!
Sav'd from the jaws of death by Heaven's decree,
The tempeſt drove him to theſe ſhores and thee.
Him, Jove now orders to his native lands
Straight to diſmiſs; ſo deſtiny commands:

Impatient fate his near return attends,
And calls him to his country and his friends.
Ev'n to her inmoſt ſoul the Goddeſs ſhook;
Then thus her anguiſh and her paſſion broke:
Ungracious Gods! with ſpite and envy curſt!
Still to your own æthereal race the worſt!
Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
And love, the only ſweet of life, deſtroy.
Did ever Goddeſs by her charms engage
A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
So when Aurora ſought Orion's love,
Her joys diſturb'd your bliſsful hours above,
Till, in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
Had pierc'd the hapleſs hunter to the heart.
So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
Saw ſtately Ceres to her paſſion yield,
Scarce could Iäſion taſte her heavenly charms,
But Jove's ſwift lightning ſcorch'd him in her arms.
And is it now my turn, ye mighty powers!
Am I the envy of your bliſsful bowers?
A man, an outcaſt to the ſtorm and wave,
It was my crime to pity, and to ſave;
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
And ſunk his brave companions in the main.
Alone, abandon'd, in mid-ocean toſt,
The ſport of winds, and driven from every coaſt,
Hither this man of miſeries I led,
Receiv'd the friendleſs, and the hungry fed;
Nay promis'd (vainly promis'd) to beſtow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.

'Tis

'Tis paſt—and Jove decrees he ſhall remove;
Gods as we are, we are but ſlaves to Jove.
Go then he may (he muſt, if He ordain,
Try all thoſe dangers, all thoſe deeps, again):
But never, never ſhall Calypſo ſend
To toils like theſe, her huſband and her friend.
What ſhips have I, what ſailors to convey,
What oars to cut the long laborious way?
Yet, I'll direct the ſafeſt means to go:
That laſt advice is all I can beſtow.
To her, the Power who bears the charming rod:
Diſmiſs the Man, nor irritate the God;
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,
For what ſo dreadful as the wrath of Jove?
Thus having ſaid, he cut the cleaving ſky,
And in a moment vaniſh'd from her eye.
The nymph, obedient to divine command,
To ſeek Ulyſſes, pac'd along the ſand.
Him penſive on the lonely beach ſhe found,
With ſtreaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native ſhore:
For now the ſoft enchantreſs pleas'd no more:
For now, reluctant, and conſtrain'd by charms,
Abſent he lay in her deſiring arms,
In ſlumber wore the heavy night away,
On rocks and ſhores conſum'd the tedious day;
There ſate all deſolate, and ſigh'd alone,
With echoing ſorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the reſtleſs main,
Till, dimm'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.

Here, on his muſing mood the Goddeſs preſt,
Approaching ſoft; and thus the chief addreſt:
Unhappy man! to waſting woes a prey,
No more in ſorrows languiſh life away:
Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—
Go, fell the timber of yon lofty grove,
And form a raft, and build the riſing ſhip,
Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.
To ſtore the veſſel, let the care be mine,
With water from the rock, and roſy wine,
And life-ſuſtaining bread, and fair array,
And proſperous gales to waft thee on the way.
Theſe, if the Gods with my deſires comply,
(The Gods, alas! more mighty far than I,
And better ſkill'd in dark events to come)
In peace ſhall land thee at thy native home.
With ſighs, Ulyſſes heard the words ſhe ſpoke,
Then thus his melancholy ſilence broke:
Some other motive, Goddeſs! ſways thy mind,
(Some cloſe deſign, or turn of womankind)
Nor my return the end, nor this the way,
On a ſlight raft to paſs the ſwelling ſea,
Huge, horrid, vaſt! where ſcarce in ſafety ſails
The beſt-built ſhip, though Jove inſpire the gales.
The bold propoſal how ſhall I fulfil;
Dark as I am, unconſcious of thy will?
Swear then thou mean'ſt not what my ſoul forebodes;
Swear by the ſolemn oath that binds the Gods.
Him, while he ſpoke, with ſmiles Calypſo ey'd,
And gently graſp'd his hand, and thus reply'd:

This

This ſhows thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought,
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wiſe!
But hear, O earth! and hear ye ſacred ſkies!
And thou, O Styx! whoſe formidable floods
Glide through the ſhades, and bind th' atteſting Gods!
No form'd deſign, no meditated end,
Lurks in the counſel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the perſuaſion, and ſincere my aim;
The ſame my practice, were my fate the ſame.
Heaven has not curſt me with a heart of ſteel,
But given the ſenſe, to pity, and to feel.
Thus having ſaid, the Goddeſs march'd before:
He trod her footſteps in the ſandy ſhore.
At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their ſtate;
He fill'd the throne where Mercury had ſate,
For him, the nymph a rich repaſt ordains,
Such as the mortal life of man ſuſtains;
Before herſelf were plac'd the cates divine,
Ambroſial banquet, and celeſtial wine.
Their hunger ſatiate, and their thirſt repreſt,
Thus ſpoke Calypſo to her god-like gueſt:
Ulyſſes! (with a ſigh ſhe thus began)
O ſprung from Gods! in Wiſdom more than man!
Is then thy home the paſſion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part?
Farewell! and ever joyful may'ſt thou be,
Nor break the tranſport with one thought of me.
But ah, Ulyſſes! wert thou given to know
What Fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;

Thy heart might ſettle in this ſcene of eaſe,
And ev'n theſe ſlighted charms might learn to pleaſe.
A willing Goddeſs and immortal life
Might baniſh from thy mind an abſent wife.
Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
Leſs ſoft my feature, leſs auguſt my frame?
Or ſhall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heavenly fair?
  Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)
Againſt Ulyſſes ſhall thy anger riſe?
Lov'd and ador'd, oh Goddeſs! as thou art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a human heart.
Though well I ſee thy graces far above
The dear, though mortal, object of my love,
Of youth eternal well the difference know,
And the ſhort date of fading charms below;
Yet every day, while abſent thus I roam,
I languiſh to return and die at home.
Whate'er the Gods ſhall deſtine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the watery war,
'Tis mine to maſter with a conſtant mind;
Enur'd to perils, to the worſt reſign'd.
By ſeas, by wars, ſo many dangers run;
Still I can ſuffer: their high will be done!
  Thus while he ſpoke, the beamy ſun deſcends,
And riſing night her friendly ſhade extends.
To the cloſe grot the lonely pair remove,
And ſlept delighted with the gifts of love.
When roſy morning call'd them from their reſt,
Ulyſſes rob'd him in the cloak and veſt.

The

The nymph's fair head a veil tranſparent grac'd,
Her ſwelling loins a radiant zone embrac'd
With flowers of gold: an under robe, unbound,
In ſnowy waves flow'd glittering on the ground.
Forth iſſuing thus, ſhe gave him firſt to wield
A weighty ax with trueſt temper ſteel'd,
And double edg'd; the handle ſmooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's eaſy grain;
And next, a wedge to drive with ſweepy ſway:
Then to the neighbouring foreſt led the way.
On the lone iſland's utmoſt verge there ſtood
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whoſe leafleſs ſummits to the ſkies aſpire,
Scorch'd by the ſun, or ſear'd by heavenly fire
(Already dry'd). Theſe pointing out to view,
The nymph juſt ſhew'd him, and with tears withdrew.
Now toils the hero; trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him, and the foreſt groan:
Sudden, full twenty on the plain are ſtrow'd,
And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.
At equal angles theſe diſpos'd to join,
He ſmooth'd and ſquar'd them, by the rule and line.
(The wimbles for the work Calypſo found)
With thoſe he pierc'd them, and with clinchers bound.
Long and capacious as a ſhipwright forms
Some bark's broad bottom to out-ride the ſtorms,
So large he built the raft: then ribb'd it ſtrong
From ſpace to ſpace, and nail'd the planks along;
Theſe form'd the ſides: the deck he faſhion'd laſt;
Then o'er the veſſel rais'd the taper maſt,

With

With croſſing ſail-yards dancing in the wind;
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd
(With yielding oſiers fenc'd, to break the force
Of ſurging waves, and ſteer the ſteady courſe).
Thy loom, Calypſo! for the future ſails
Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales.
With ſtays and cordage laſt he rigg'd the ſhip,
And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep.
Four days were paſt, and now the work complete,
Shone the fifth morn: when from her ſacred ſeat
The nymph diſmiſt him, (odorous garments given)
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of Heaven:
Then fill'd two goat-ſkins with her hands divine,
With water one, and one with ſable wine:
Of every kind, proviſions heav'd aboard;
And the full decks with copious viands ſtor'd.
The Goddeſs, laſt, a gentle breeze ſupplies,
To curl old ocean, and to warm the ſkies.
And now, rejoicing in the proſperous gales,
With beating heart, Ulyſſes ſpreads his ſails;
Plac'd at the helm he ſate, and mark'd the ſkies,
Nor clos'd in ſleep his ever-watchful eyes.
There view'd the Pleiads, and the Northern Team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the ſky
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye:
Who ſhines exalted on th' æthereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Far on the left thoſe radiant fires to keep
The nymph directed, as he ſail'd the deep.

Full

Full ſeventeen nights he cut the foamy way:
The diſtant land appear'd the following day;
Then ſwell'd to ſight Phæacia's duſky coaſt,
And woody mountains, half in vapours loſt
That lay before him, indiſtinct and vaſt,
Like a broad ſhield amid the watery waſte.

But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solyme's aërial brow,
The King of Ocean ſaw, and ſeeing burn'd
(From Æthiopia's happy climes return'd);
The raging monarch ſhook his azure head,
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſaid:

Heavens! how uncertain are the Powers o
Is then revers'd the ſentence of the ſky,
In one man's favour; while a diſtant gueſt

Too well, alas! the Iſland Goddeſs knew,
On the black ſea what perils ſhould enſue.
New horrors now this deſtin'd head encloſe;
Unfill'd is yet the meaſure of my woes;
With what a cloud the brows of Heaven are crown'd!
What raging winds! what roaring waters round!
'Tis Jove himſelf the ſwelling tempeſts rears;
Death, preſent death, on every ſide appears.
Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle ſlain,
Preſt, in Atrides' cauſe, the Trojan plain:
Oh! had I dy'd before that well-fought wall;
Had ſome diſtinguiſh'd day renown'd my fall
(Such as was that, when ſhowers of javelins fled
From conquering Troy around Achilles dead);
All Greece had paid me ſolemn funerals then,
And ſpread my glory with the ſons of men.
A ſhameful fate now hides my hapleſs head,
Un-wept, un-noted, and for ever dead!
A mighty wave ruſh'd o'er him as he ſpoke,
The raft it cover'd, and the maſt it broke;
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
Far on the ſwelling ſurge the chief was borne:
While by the howling tempeſt rent in twain
Flew ſail and ſail-yards rattling o'er the main.
Long preſs'd, he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,
Clogg'd by the cumbrous veſt Calypſo gave:
At length, emerging from his noſtrils wide
And guſhing mouth, effus'd the briny tide,
Ev'n then not mindleſs of his laſt retreat,
He ſeiz'd the raft, and leapt into his ſeat,

Strong

Strong with the fear of death. The rolling
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating w
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is caſt
Now to, now fro, before th' autumnal blaſt;
Together clung, it rolls around the field;
So roll'd the float, and ſo its texture held:
And now the ſouth, and now the north, bea
And now the eaſt the foamy floods obey,
And now the weſt-wind whirls it o'er the ſea.
The wandering chief, with toils on toils opp
Leucothea ſaw, and pity touch'd her breaſt
(Herſelf a mortal once, of Cadmus' ſtrain,
But now an azure ſiſter of the main).
Swift as a ſea-mew ſpringing from the flood,
All radiant on the raft the Goddeſs ſtood:

With that, her hand the ſacred veil beſtows,
Then down the deeps ſhe div'd from whence ſhe roſe;
A moment ſnatch'd the ſhining form away,
And all was cover'd with the curling ſea.
Struck with amaze, yet ſtill to doubt inclin'd,
He ſtands ſuſpended, and explores his mind.
What ſhall I do? Unhappy me! who knows
But other Gods intend me other woes?
Whoe'er thou art, I ſhall not blindly join
Thy pleaded reaſon, but conſult with mine:
For ſcarce in ken appears that diſtant iſle
Thy voice foretels me ſhall conclude my toil.
Thus then I judge; while yet the planks ſuſtain
The wild waves fury, here I fix'd remain:
But when their texture to the tempeſts yields,
I lanch adventurous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of Gods the ſtrength of man,
And take this method, ſince the beſt I can.
While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
The raging God a watery mountain roll'd;
Like a black ſheet the whelming billow ſpread,
Burſt o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, beams, diſparted fly: the ſcatter'd wood
Rolls diverſe, and in fragments ſtrows the flood.
So the rude Boreas, o'er the field new-ſhorn,
Toſſes and drives the ſcatter'd heaps of corn.
And now a ſingle beam the chief beſtrides;
There pois'd a while above the bounding tides,
His limbs diſcumbers of the clinging veſt,
And binds the ſacred cincture round his breaſt:

Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and ſhot th
All naked now, on heaving billows laid,
Stern Neptune ey'd him, and contemptuou
Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes eſ
Go, wander helpleſs on the watery way:
Thus, thus find out the deſtin'd ſhore, an
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier mer
Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath coul
Shall laſt remember'd in thy beſt of days.
This ſaid, his ſea-green ſteeds divide th
And reach high Ægæ and the towery dom
Now, ſcarce withdrawn the fierce e
power,
Jove's daughter, Pallas, watch'd the favou
Back to their caves ſhe bade the winds to

As pious children joy with vaſt delight
When a lov'd ſire revives before their ſight
(Who, lingering long has call'd on death in vain,
Fix'd by ſome dæmon to his bed of pain,
Till Heaven by miracle his life reſtore);
So joys Ulyſſes at th' appearing ſhore,
And ſees (and labours onward as he ſees)
The riſing foreſts, and the tufted trees.
And now, as near approaching as the ſound
Of human voice the liſtening ear may wound,
Amidſt the rocks he hears a hollow roar
Of murmuring ſurges breaking on the ſhore:
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To ſhield the veſſel from the rolling ſea,
But cliffs, and ſhaggy ſhores, a dreadful ſight!
All-rough with rocks, with foamy billows white.
Fear ſeiz'd his ſlacken'd limbs and beating heart;
As thus commun'd he with his ſoul apart:
Ah me! when, o'er a length of waters toſt,
Theſe eyes at laſt behold th' unhop'd-for coaſt,
No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.
Above, ſharp rocks forbid acceſs; around,
Roar the wild waves; beneath is ſea profound!
No footing ſure affords the faithleſs ſand,
To ſtem too rapid, and too deep to ſtand.
If here I enter, my efforts are vain,
Dash'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main;
Or round the iſland if my courſe I bend,
Where the ports open, or the ſhores deſcend,

Back to the ſeas the rolling ſurge may ſwee
And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.
Or ſome enormous whale the God may ſen
(For many ſuch on Amphitrite attend)
Too well the turns of moral chance I kno
And hate relentleſs of my heavenly foe.

While thus he thought, a monſtrous wa
The chief, and daſh'd him on the craggy
Torn was his ſkin, nor had the ribs been
But inſtant Pallas enter'd in his ſoul.
Cloſe to the cliff with both his hands he c
And ſtuck adherent, and ſuſpended hung;
Till the huge ſurge roll'd off: then, backw
The refluent tides, and plunge him in the
As when the Polypus from forth his cave

To this calm port the glad Ulyſſes preſt,
And hail'd the river, and its God addreſt:
Whoe'er thou art, before whoſe ſtream unknown
I bend, a ſuppliant at thy watery throne,
Hear, azure king! nor let me fly in vain
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heaven hears and pities hapleſs men like me,
For ſacred ev'n to Gods is miſery:
Let then thy waters give the weary reſt,
And ſave a ſuppliant, and a man diſtreſt.
He pray'd, and ſtraight the gentle ſtream ſubſides,
Detains the ruſhing current of his tides,
Before the wanderer ſmooths the watery way,
And ſoft receives him from the rolling ſea.
That moment, fainting as he touch'd the ſhore,
He dropt his ſinewy arms: his knees no more
Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld:
His ſwoln heart heav'd; his bloated body ſwell'd:
From mouth and noſe the briny torrent ran;
And loſt in laſſitude lay all the man,
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The ſoul ſcarce waking in the arms of death.
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief Leucothea's ſcarf unbound;
Obſervant of her word, he turn'd aſide
His head, and caſt it on the rolling tide.
Behind him far, upon the purple waves
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.
Now parting from the ſtream, Ulyſſes found
A moſſy bank, with pliant ruſhes crown'd!
The bank he preſs'd, and gently kiſs'd the ground;

Where

Where on the flowery herb as ſoft he lay,
Thus to his ſoul the ſage began to ſay:
What will ye next ordain, ye Powers on h
And yet, ah! yet, what Fates are we to try
Here by the ſtream, if I the night out-wear,
Thus ſpent already, how ſhall nature bear
The dews deſcending, and nocturnal air;
Or chilly vapours, breathing from the flood
When morning riſes?—If I take the wood,
And in thick ſhelter of innumerous boughs
Enjoy the comfort gentle ſleep allows;
Though fenc'd from cold, and though my to
What ſavage beaſts may wander in the waſte
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
To prowling bears, or lions in the way.

This ſtore, with joy the patient hero found,
And, ſunk amidſt them, heap'd the leaves around.
As ſome poor peaſant, fated to reſide
Remote from neighbours in a foreſt wide,
Studious to ſave what human wants require,
In embers heap'd, preſerves the ſeeds of fire:
Hid in dry foliage thus Ulyſſes lies,
Till Pallas pour'd ſoft ſlumbers on his eyes;
And golden dreams (the gift of ſweet repoſe)
Lull'd all his cares, and baniſh'd all his woes.

THE

SIXTH BOO

OF THE

Through the thick gloom the ſhining portals blaze;
Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a Grace.
Light as the viewleſs air, the Warrieur-Maid
Glides through the valves, and hovers round her head;
A favourite virgin's blooming form ſhe took,
From Dymas ſprung, and thus the viſion ſpoke:
Oh indolent! to waſte thy hours away!
And ſleep'ſt thou careleſs of the bridal day?
Thy ſpouſal ornament neglected lies;
Ariſe, prepare the bridal train, ariſe!
A juſt applauſe the cares of dreſs impart,
And give ſoft tranſport to a parent's heart.
Haſte, to the limpid ſtream direct thy way,
When the gay morn unveils her ſmiling ray:
Haſte to the ſtream! Companion of thy care,
Lo, I thy ſteps attend, thy labours ſhare.
Virgin, awake! the marriage-hour is nigh,
See! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs figh!
The royal car at early dawn obtain,
And order mules obedient to the rein;
For rough the way, and diſtant rolls the wave,
Where their fair veſts Phæacian virgins lave.
In pomp ride forth; for pomp becomes the Great,
And majeſty derives a grace from ſtate.
Then to the palaces of heaven ſhe ſails,
Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales:
The ſeat of Gods; the regions mild of peace,
Full joy, and calm eternity of eaſe.
There no rude winds preſume to ſhake the ſkies,
No rains deſcend, no ſnowy vapours riſe;

But

But on immortal thrones the bleſt repoſe:
The firmament with living ſplendours glows.
Hither the Goddeſs wing'd th' aerial way,
Through heaven's eternal gates that blaz'd v
Now from her roſy car Aurora ſhed
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with re
Uproſe the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the viſion of the night.
The queen ſhe ſought: the queen her hours
In curious works; the whirling ſpindle glow
With crimſon threads, while buſy damſels c
The ſnowy fleece, or twiſt the purpled wool.
Meanwhile Phæacia's peers in council ſate;
From his high dome the king deſcends in ſta
Then with a filial awe the royal maid

My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter aſks, we give.
Swift at the royal nod th' attending train
The car prepare, the mules inceſſant rein.
The blooming virgin with diſpatchful cares
Tunicks, and ſtoles, and robes imperial, bears.
The queen, aſſiduous, to her train aſſigns
The ſumptuous viands, and the flavorous wines.
The train prepare a cruiſe of curious mould,
A cruiſe of fragrance, form'd of burniſh'd gold;
Odour divine! whoſe ſoft refreſhing ſtreams
Sleek the ſmooth ſkin, and ſcent the ſnowy limbs.
Now mounting the gay ſeat, the ſilken reins
Shine in her hand: along the ſounding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone;
Around, a bevy of bright damſels ſhone.
They ſeek the ciſterns where Phæacian dames
Waſh their fair garments in the limpid ſtreams;
Where, gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a ſpacious baſon fills.
The mules unharneſs'd range beſide the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the veſtures in the cleanſing wave;
(The veſtures cleans'd o'erſpread the ſhelly ſand,
Their ſnowy luſtre whitens all the ſtrand:)
Then with a ſhort repaſt relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuſe ambroſial oil;
And, while the robes imbibe the ſolar ray,
O'er the green mead the ſporting virgins play

(Their

(Their ſhining veils unbound). Along the ſ
Toſt, and retoſt, the ball inceſſant flies.
They ſport, they feaſt; Nauſicaa lifts her voi
And, warbling ſweet, makes earth and heave
As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Täygetus' reſounding groves;
A ſylvan train the huntreſs queen ſurrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her ſhoulder ſounds
Fierce in the ſport, along the mountain's brov
They bay the boar, or chace the bounding ro
High o'er the lawn, with more majeſtic pace,
Above the nymphs ſhe treads with ſtately gra
Diſtinguiſh'd excellence the Goddeſs proves;
Exults Latona, as the virgin moves.
With equal grace Nauſicaa trod the plain

What ſounds are theſe that gather from the ſhores:
The voice of nymphs that haunt the ſylvan bowers,
The fair-hair'd Dryads of the ſhady wood;
Or azure daughters of the ſilver flood;
Or human voice? but, iſſuing from the ſhades,
Why ceaſe I ſtraight to learn what ſound invades?
Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous bends
With forceful ſtrength a branch the hero rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture ſpreads
A wreathy foliage and concealing ſhades.
As when a lion in the midnight hours,
Beat by rude blaſts, and wet with wintery ſhowers,
Deſcends terrific from the mountain's brow:
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conſcious ſtrength elate, he bends his way,
Majeſtically fierce, to ſeize his prey
(The ſteer or ſtag): or, with keen hunger bold,
Springs o'er the fence, and diſſipates the fold.
No leſs a terror, from the neighbouring groves
(Rough from the toſſing ſurge) Ulyſſes moves;
Urg'd on by want, and recent from the ſtorms;
The brackiſh ooze his manly grace deforms.
Wide o'er the ſhore with many a piercing cry
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly;
All but the nymph: the nymph ſtood fix'd alone,
By Pallas arm'd with boldneſs not her own.
Meantime in dubious thought the king awaits,
And, ſelf-conſidering, as he ſtands, debates;
Diſtant his mournful ſtory to declare,
Or proſtrate at her knee addreſs the prayer.

But

But fearful to offend, by Wiſdom ſway'd,
At aweful diſtance he accoſts the maid:
If from the ſkies a Goddeſs, or if earth
(Imperial virgin) boaſt thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend! if in that bright diſguiſe
Thou viſit earth, a daughter of the ſkies,
Hail, Dian, hail! the huntreſs of the groves
So ſhines majeſtic, and ſo ſtately moves,
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Bleſt is the father from whoſe loins you ſpru
Bleſt is the mother at whoſe breaſt you hung,
Bleſt are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To ſuch a miracle of charms ally'd:
Joyful they ſee applauding princes gaze,

Aw'd from access, I lift my suppliant hands;
For misery, O queen, before thee stands!
Twice ten tempestuous nights I roll'd, resign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heaven bade the deep to spare: but Heaven, my foe,
Spares only to inflict some mightier woe!
Inur'd to cares, to death in all its forms;
Outcast I rove, familiar with the storms!
Once more I view the face of human-kind:
Oh, let soft pity touch thy generous mind!
Unconscious of what air I breathe, I stand
Naked, defenceless, on a foreign land.
Propitious to my wants, a vest supply
To guard the wretched from th' inclement sky:
So may the Gods, who heaven and earth control,
Crown the chaste wishes of thy virtuous soul,
On thy soft hours their choicest blessings shed;
Blest with a husband be thy bridal bed;
Blest be thy husband with a blooming race,
And lasting union crown your blissful days.
The Gods, when they supremely bless, bestow
Firm union on their favourites below:
Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate;
The good exult, and Heaven is in our state.

To whom the nymph: O stranger, cease thy care;
Wise is thy soul, but man is born to bear:
Jove weighs affairs of earth, in dubious scales,
And the good suffers, while the bad prevails:
Bear, with a soul resign'd, the will of Jove;
Who breathes, must mourn: thy woes are from above.

But,

But ſince thou tread'ſt our hoſpitable ſhore,
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no mor
To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide.
Know, the Phæacian tribes this land divide
From great Alcinous' royal loins I ſpring,
A happy nation, and an happy king.

Then to her maids: Why, why, ye cowa
Theſe fears, this flight? Ye fear, and fly in
Dread ye a foe? diſmiſs that idle dread,
'Tis death with hoſtile ſteps theſe ſhores to t
Safe in the love of Heaven, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;
'Tis ours this ſon of ſorrow to relieve,
Chear the ſad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
By Jove the ſtranger and the poor are ſent;

But, nymphs, recede! ſage chaſtity denies
To raiſe the bluſh, or pain the modeſt eyes.
The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide
Active he bounds; the flaſhing waves divide:
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuſe,
And from his locks compreſs the weedy ooze;
The balmy oil, a fragrant ſhower, he ſheds;
Then, dreſt, in pomp magnificently treads.
The Warriour Goddeſs gives his frame to ſhine
With majeſty enlarg'd, and air divine:
Back from his brows a length of hair unfurls,
His hyacinthine locks deſcend in wavy curls.
As by ſome artiſt, to whom Vulcan gives
His ſkill divine, a breathing ſtatue lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And o'er the ſilver pours the fuſile gold.
So Pallas his heroic frame improves
With heavenly bloom, and like a God he moves.
A fragrance breathes around: majeſtic grace
Attends his ſteps: th' aſtoniſh'd virgins gaze.
Soft he reclines along the murmuring ſeas,
Inhaling freſhneſs from the fanning breeze.
The wondering nymph his glorious port ſurvey'd,
And to her damſels, with amazement, ſaid:
Not without care divine the ſtranger treads
This land of joy: his ſteps ſome Godhead leads:
Would Jove deſtroy him, ſure he had been driven
Far from this realm, the favourite iſle of Heaven.
Late a ſad ſpectacle of woe, he trod
The deſart ſands, and now he looks a God.

Oh,

Oh, Heaven! in my connubial hour decree
This man my ſpouſe, or ſuch a ſpouſe as he
But haſte, the viands and the bowl provide—
The maids the viands, and the bowl ſupply'
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,
And with the generous vintage thirſt aſſwag'
Now on return her care Nauſicaa bends,
The robes reſumes, the glittering car aſcend
Far blooming o'er the field: and as ſhe preſs
The ſplendid ſeat, the liſtening chief addreſs
Stranger, ariſe! the ſun rolls down the da
Lo! to the palace I direct the way:
Where in high ſtate the nobles of the land
Attend my royal ſire, a radiant band.

But the tall maſt above the veſſel rear,
Or teach the fluttering ſail to float in air.
They ruſh into the deep with eager joy,
Climb the ſteep ſurge, and through the tempeſt fly;
A proud, unpoliſh'd race—To me belongs
The care to ſhun the blaſt of ſlanderous tongues;
Leſt malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with vile cenſure taint my ſpotleſs name:
" What ſtranger this whom thus Nauſicaa leads?
" Heavens, with what graceful majeſty he treads!
" Perhaps a native of ſome diſtant ſhore,
" The future conſort of her bridal hour;
" Or rather ſome deſcendant of the ſkies;
" Won by her prayers, th' aërial bridegroom flies.
" Heaven on that hour his choiceſt influence ſhed,
" That gave a foreign ſpouſe to crown her bed!
" All, all the god-like worthies that adorn
" This realm, ſhe flies: Phæacia is her ſcorn."
And juſt the blame; for female innocence
Not only flies the guilt, but ſhuns th' offence:
Th' unguarded virgin, as unchaſte, I blame;
And the leaſt freedom with the ſex is ſhame,
Till our conſenting ſires a ſpouſe provide,
And public nuptials juſtify the bride.
But would'ſt thou ſoon review thy native plain,
Attend, and ſpeedy thou ſhalt paſs the main:
Nigh where a grove with verdant poplars crown'd,
To Pallas ſacred, ſhades the holy ground,
We bend our way: a bubbling fount diſtils
A lucid lake, and thence deſcends in rills;

Around

...aceous ice
... juice the royal vineyard pours;
there the garden yields a waſte of flowe
e lies the town, as far as to the ear
s a ſtrong ſhout along the waves of air.
e wait embower'd, while I aſcend alone
reat Alcinous on his royal throne.
riv'd, advance impatient of delay,
to the lofty palace bend thy way:
lofty palace overlooks the town,
every dome by pomp ſuperior known;
ld may point the way. With earneſt gait
hou the queen along the rooms of ſtate;
yal hand a wondrous work deſigns,
d a circle of bright damſels ſhines,
ift the threads, and part the wool diſpoſe,
with the purple orb the ſpindle glows.
a throne, amid the Scherian powers,
l father ſhares the genial hours:
e queen thy mournful tale ...

The grove they reach, where from the ſacred ſhade
To Pallas thus the penſive hero pray'd.

Daughter of Jove! whoſe arms in thunder wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield;
Forſook by thee, in vain I fought thy aid
When booming billows clos'd above my head:
Attend, unconquer'd Maid! accord my vows,
Bid the great hear, and pitying heal my woes.

This heard Minerva, but forbore to fly
(By Neptune aw'd) apparent from the ſky:
Stern God! who rag'd with vengeance unreſtrain'd,
Till great Ulyſſes hail'd his native land.

THE

SEVENTH BOO

OF THE

ARGUMENT.

THE COURT OF ALCINOUS.

THE Princeſs Nauſicaa returns to the city, and Ulyſſes ſoon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to addreſs the queen Arete. She then involves him in a miſt, which cauſes him to paſs inviſible. The palace and gardens of Alcinous deſcribed. Ulyſſes falling at the feet of the queen, the miſt diſperſes, the Phæacians admire, and receive him with reſpect. The queen enquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinous his departure from Calypſo, and his arrival on their dominions.

The ſame day continues, and the Book ends with the night.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VII.

THE patient, heavenly man thus ſuppliant pray'd;
While the ſlow mules draw on th' imperial maid:
Through the proud ſtreet ſhe moves, the public gaze:
The turning wheel before the palace ſtays.
With ready love her brothers gathering round,
Receiv'd the veſtures, and the mules unbound.
She ſeeks the bridal bower: a matron there
The riſing fire ſupplies with buſy care,
Whoſe charms in youth her father's heart inflam'd,
Now worn with age, Eurymeduſa nam'd:
The captive dame Phæacian rovers bore,
Snatch'd from Epirus, her ſweet native ſhore,
(A grateful prize) and in her bloom beſtow'd
On good Alcinous, honour'd as a God:
Nurſe of Nauſicaa from her infant years,
And tender ſecond to a mother's cares.
Now from the ſacred thicket where he lay,
To town Ulyſſes took the winding way.
Propitious Pallas, to ſecure her care,
Around him ſpread a veil of thicken'd air;
To ſhun th' encounter of the vulgar croud,
Inſulting ſtill, inquiſitive and loud.

When

When near the fam'd Phæacian walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
His ſtep a virgin met, and ſtood before:
A poliſh'd urn the ſeeming virgin bore,
And youthful ſmil'd; but in the low diſguiſe
Lay hid the Goddeſs with the azure eyes.
Show me, fair daughter, (thus the chief demands)
The houſe of him who rules theſe happy lands.
Through many woes and wanderings, lo! I come
To good Alcinous' hoſpitable dome.
Far from my native coaſt, I rove alone,
A wretched ſtranger, and of all unknown!
The Goddeſs anſwer'd, Father, I obey,
And point the wandering traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you inquire,
For faſt beſide it dwells my honour'd ſire;
But ſilent march, nor greet the common train
With queſtion needleſs, or enquiry vain,
A race of rugged mariners are theſe;
Unpoliſh'd men, and boiſterous as their ſeas:
The native iſlanders alone their care,
And hateful he who breathes a foreign air.
Theſe did the Ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main;
On canvaſs wings to cut the watery way;
No bird ſo light, no thought ſo ſwift, as they.
Thus having ſpoke, th' unknown Celeſtial leads:
The footſtep of the Deity he treads,
And [illegible] moves along the crouded ſpace,
[illegible]he rude Phæacian race.

(So

(So Pallas order'd, Pallas to their eyes
The miſt objected, and condens'd the ſkies).
The chief with wonder ſees th' extended ſtreets,
The ſpreading harbours, and the riding fleets;
He next their princes lofty domes admires,
In ſeparate iſlands crown'd with riſing ſpires;
And deep intrenchments, and high walls of ſtone,
That gird the city like a marble zone.
At length the kingly palace-gates he view'd;
There ſtop'd the Goddeſs, and her ſpeech renew'd:
My taſk is done; the manſion you inquire
Appears before you: enter, and admire.
High thron'd, and feaſting, there thou ſhalt behold
The ſceptred rulers. Fear not, but be bold:
A decent boldneſs ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and ev'n a ſtranger recommends.
Firſt to the queen prefer a ſuppliant's claim,
Alcinous' queen, Arete is her name,
The ſame her parents, and her power the ſame.
For know, from Ocean's God Nauſithous ſprung,
And Peribæa, beautiful and young
(Eurymedon's laſt hope, who rul'd of old
The race of giants, impious, proud, and bold;
Periſh'd the nation in unrighteous war,
Periſh'd the prince, and left this only heir).
Who now, by Neptune's amorous power compreſt,
Produc'd a monarch that his people bleſt,
Father and prince of the Phæacian name;
From him Rhexenor and Alcinous came.
The firſt by Phœbus' burning arrows fir'd,
New from his nuptials, hapleſs youth! expir'd.

No

No ſon ſurviv'd: Arete heir'd his ſtate,
And her, Alcinous choſe his royal mate.
With honours yet to womankind unknown,
This queen he graces, and divides the throne:
In equal tenderneſs her ſons conſpire,
And all the children emulate their ſire.
When through the ſtreet ſhe gracious deigns to move,
(The public wonder and the public love)
The tongues of all with tranſport ſound her praiſe,
The eyes of all, as on a Goddeſs, gaze.
She feels the triumph of a generous breaſt;
To heal diviſions, to relieve th' oppreſt;
In virtue rich; in bleſſing others, bleſt.
Go then ſecure, thy humble ſuit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her.
With that the Goddeſs deign'd no longer ſtay,
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way:
Forſaking Scheria's ever-pleaſing ſhore,
The winds to Marathon the Virgin bore;
Thence, where proud Athens rears her towery head,
With opening ſtreets and ſhining ſtructures ſpread,
She paſt, delighted with the well-known ſeats;
And to Erectheus' ſacred dome retreats.
Meanwhile Ulyſſes at the palace waits,
There ſtops, and anxious with his ſoul debates,
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant ſplendors gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day,
were maſſy braſs; the cornice high
own'd, in colours of the ſky:

Rich

Rich plates of gold the folding doors incaſe;
The pillars ſilver, on a brazen baſe;
Silver the lintals deep projecting o'er,
And gold, the ringlets that command the door.
Two rows of ſtately dogs, on either hand,
In ſculptur'd gold and labour'd ſilver ſtand.
Theſe Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And ſtill to live beyond the power of years.
Fair thrones within from ſpace to ſpace were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroidery blaz'd,
The work of matrons: theſe the princeſs preſt,
Day following day, a long continued feaſt.
Refulgent pedeſtals the walls ſurround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The poliſh'd ore, reflecting every ray,
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty handmaids form the houſhold train;
Some turn the mill, or ſift the golden grain;
Some ply the loom; their buſy fingers move
Like poplar-leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.
Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's iſle,
For ſailing arts and all the naval toil,
Than works of female ſkill their women's pride,
The flying ſhuttle through the threads to guide:
Pallas to theſe her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius, and induſtrious arts.
Cloſe to the gates a ſpacious garden lies,
From ſtorms defended and inclement ſkies.

Four

Four acres was th' allotted ſpace of ground,
Fenc'd with a green incloſure all around,
Tall thriving trees confeſs'd the fruitful mould;
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flouriſh round the year.
The balmy ſpirit of the weſtern gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear ſupplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs ariſe:
The ſame mild ſeaſon gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening cluſters in the ſun,
Others to tread the liquid harveſt join,
The groaning preſſes foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flower deſcry'd,
Here grapes diſcolour'd on the ſunny ſide,
And there in autumn's richeſt purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the ſcene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole proſpect crown'd;
This through the gardens leads its ſtreams around,
Viſits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town beſtows;

To

To various uſe their various ſtreams they bring,
The people one, and one ſupplies the king.
Such were the glories which the Gods ordain'd,
To grace Alcinous, and his happy land.
Ev'n from the chief who men and nations knew,
Th' unwonted ſcene ſurprize and rapture drew;
In pleaſing thought he ran the proſpect o'er,
Then haſty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace ſtand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;
Prepar'd for reſt, and offering to the * God
Who bears the virtue of the ſleepy rod.
Unſeen he glided through the joyous crowd,
With darkneſs circled, and an ambient cloud.
Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,
And proſtrate fell before th' imperial dame.
Then from around him dropt the veil of night;
Sudden he ſhines, and manifeſt to ſight,
The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppreſt;
Silent they gaze, and eye the god-like gueſt.
Daughter of great Rhexenor! (thus began,
Low at her knees the much-enduring man)
To thee, thy conſort, and this royal train,
To all that ſhare the bleſſings of your reign,
A ſuppliant bends: Oh, pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country ſend,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the Gods your better days increaſe,
And all your joys deſcend on all your race,

So

* Mercury.

So reign for ever on your country's breaſt,
Your people bleſſing, by your people bleſt!
Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the aſhes took his place.
Silence enſued. The eldeſt firſt began,
Echenus ſage, a venerable man!
Whoſe well-taught mind the preſent age ſurpaſt,
And join'd to that th' experience of the laſt.
Fit words attended on his weighty ſenſe,
And mild perſuaſion flow'd in eloquence.
O ſight (he cry'd) diſhoneſt and unjuſt!
A gueſt, a ſtranger, ſeated in the duſt!
To raiſe the lowly ſuppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle gueſt to grace,
And ſeat him fair in ſome diſtinguiſh'd place.
Let firſt the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way;
Then ſet the genial banquet in his view,
And give the ſtranger-gueſt a ſtranger's due.
His ſage advice the liſtening king obeys,
He ſtretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raiſe,
And from his ſeat Laodamas remov'd
(The monarch's offspring, and his beſt-belov'd);
There next his ſide the god-like hero ſate;
With ſtars of ſilver ſhone the bed of ſtate.
The golden ewer a beauteous handmaid brings,
Repleniſh'd from the cool tranſlucent ſprings,
Whoſe poliſh'd vaſe with copious ſtreams ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize.

The table next in regal order ſpread,
The glittering caniſters are heap'd with brea
Viands of various kinds invite the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!
Thus feaſting high, Alcinous gave the ſign,
And bade the herald pour the roſy wine.
Let all around the due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his w
He ſaid. Pontonous heard the king's com
The circling goblet moves from hand to han
Each drinks the juice that glads the heart of
Alcinous then, with aſpect mild, began:
Princes and peers, attend; while we impa
To you, the thoughts of no inhuman heart.

But if, descended from th' Olympian bowers,
Gracious approach us some immortal power;
If in that form thou com'st a guest divine:
Some high event the conscious Gods design.
As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feast,
The solemn sacrifice call'd down the guest;
Then manifest of heaven the vision stood,
And to our eyes familiar was the God.
Oft with some favour'd traveller they stray,
And shine before him all the desert way:
With social intercourse, and face to face,
The friends and guardians of our pious race.
So near approach we their celestial kind,
By justice, truth, and probity of mind:
As our dire neighbours of Cyclopean birth
Match in fierce wrong the Giant-sons of earth.

Let no such thought (with modest grace rejoin'd
The prudent Greek) possess the royal mind.
Alas! a mortal, like thyself, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure sky:
In form, ah how unlike their heavenly kind!
How more inferior in the gifts of mind!
Alas, a mortal! most oppress of those
Whom Fate has loaded with a weight of woes;
By a sad train of miseries alone
Distinguish'd long, and second now to none!
By Heaven's high will compell'd from shore to shore;
With Heaven's high will prepar'd to suffer more.
What histories of toil could I declare!
But still long-wearied nature wants repair;

Spea

Spent with fatigue, and ſhrunk with pining f
My craving bowels ſtill require repaſt.
Howe'er the noble, ſuffering mind, may grie
Its load of anguiſh, and diſdain to live;
Neceſſity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is inſolent, and will be fed.
But finiſh, oh ye peers! what you propoſe,
And let the morrow's dawn conclude my wo
Pleas'd will I ſuffer all the Gods ordain,
To ſee my ſoil, my ſon, my friends, again.
That view vouchſaf'd, let inſtant death ſurpri
With ever-during ſhade theſe happy eyes!
Th' aſſembled peers with general praiſe ap
His pleaded reaſon, and the ſuit he mov'd.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,

Yet what you ask, attend. An island lies
Beyond these tracts, and under other skies,
Ogygia nam'd, in Ocean's watery arms;
Where dwells Calypso, dreadful in her charms!
Remote from Gods or men she holds her reign,
Amid the terrours of the rolling main.
Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore
Unbleft to tread that interdicted shore:
When Jove tremendous in the sable deeps
Launch'd his red lightning at our scatter'd ships:
Then, all my fleet, and all my followers lost,
Sole on a plank, on boiling surges toss't,
Heaven drove my wreck th' Ogygian isle to find,
Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the Goddess there with open arms,
She brib'd my stay with more than human charms:
Nay, promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe:
But all her blandishments succeseless prove,
To banish from my breast my country's love.
I stay reluctant seven continued years,
And water her ambrosial couch with tears.
The eighth she voluntary moves to part,
Or urg'd by Jove, or her own changeful heart.
A raft was form'd, to cross the surging sea;
Herself supply'd the stores and rich array;
And gave the gales to waft me on the way.
In seventeen days appear'd your pleasing coast,
And woody mountains half in vapours lost.
Joy touch'd my soul: my soul was joy'd in vain,
For angry Neptune rouz'd the raging main;

The

The wild winds whiſtle, and the billows roar
The ſplitting raft the furious tempeſt tore;
And ſtorms vindictive intercept the ſhore.
Soon as their rage ſubſides, the ſeas I brave
With naked force, and ſhoot along the wave,
To reach this iſle: but there my hopes were
The ſurge impell'd me on a craggy coaſt.
I choſe the ſafer ſea, and chanc'd to find
A river's mouth impervious to the wind,
And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
Then took the ſhelter of the neighbouring w
'Twas night; and, cover'd in the foliage dee
Jove plung'd my ſenſes in the death of ſleep.
All night I ſlept, oblivious of my pain:
Aurora dawn'd and Phœbus ſhin'd in vain

Suppliant to her, ſince firſt he choſe to pray,
Why not herſelf did ſhe conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey?
Hero and king! (Ulyſſes thus reply'd)
Nor blame her faultleſs, nor ſuſpect of pride;
She bade me follow in th' attendant train,
But fear and reverence did my ſteps detain,
Left raſh ſuſpicion might alarm thy mind:
Man 's of a jealous and miſtaking kind.
Far from my ſoul (he cry'd) the Gods efface
All wrath ill-grounded, and ſuſpicion baſe!
Whate'er is honeſt, ſtranger, I approve:
And would to Phœbus, Pallas, and to Jove,
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,
Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my ſon.
In ſuch alliance could'ſt thou wiſh to join,
A palace ſtor'd with treaſures ſhould be thine.
But, if reluctant, who ſhall force thy ſtay?
Jove bids to ſet the ſtranger on his way,
And ſhips ſhall wait thee with the morning ray.
Till then, let ſlumber cloſe thy careful eyes;
The wakeful mariners ſhall watch the ſkies,
And ſeize the moment when the breezes riſe:
Then gently waft thee to the pleaſing ſhore,
Where thy ſoul reſts, and labour is no more.
Far as Eubœa though thy country lay,
Our ſhips with eaſe tranſport thee in a day.
Thither of old, earth's * giant-ſon to view,
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew:
This

* Tityus.

This land, from whence their morning courſe
Saw them returning with the ſetting ſun.
Your eyes ſhall witneſs and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dextrous, and how fleet our
When juſtly tim'd with equal ſweep they row
And ocean whitens in long tracts below.

Thus he. No word th' experienc'd man
But thus to heaven (and heavenward lifts his
O, Jove! o father! what the king accords
Do thou make perfect! ſacred be his words!
Wide o'er the world Alcinous' glory ſhine!
Let fame be his, and ah! my country mine!

Mean time Arete, for the hour of reſt,
Ordains the fleecy couch, and covering veſt:
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,

ARGUMENT.

ALCINOUS calls a council, in which it is reſolved to tranſport Ulyſſes into his country. After which, ſplendid entertainments are made, where the celebrated muſician and poet Demodocus plays and ſings to the gueſts. They next proceed to the games, the race, the wreſtling, diſcus, &c. where Ulyſſes caſts a prodigious length, to the admiration of all the ſpectators. They return again to the banquet, and Demodocus ſings the loves of Mars and Venus. Ulyſſes, after a compliment to the poet, deſires him to ſing the introduction of the wooden horſe into Troy; which ſubject provoking his tears, Alcinous enquires of his gueſt, his name, parentage, and fortunes.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VIII.

NOW fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy orient flames with d
Alcinous, and the chief, with dawning light,
Roſe inſtant from the ſlumbers of the night;
Then to the council-ſeat they bend their way
And fill the ſhining thrones along the bay.

Meanwhile Minerva, in her guardian care,

With ſtrength, the future prize of Fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.
Then from his glittering throne Alcinous roſe:
Attend, he cry'd, while we our will diſcloſe.
Your preſent aid this god-like ſtranger craves,
Toſt by rude tempeſt through a war of waves;
Perhaps from realms that view the riſing day,
Or nations ſubject to the weſtern ray.
Then grant, what here all ſons of woe obtain,
(For here affliction never pleads in vain:)
Be choſen youths prepar'd, expert to try
The vaſt profound, and bid the veſſel fly;
Launch the tall bark, and order every oar;
Then in our court indulge the genial hour.
Inſtant, you ſailors, to this taſk attend;
Swift to the palace, all ye peers aſcend;
Let none to ſtrangers honours due diſclaim:
Be there Demodocus, the Bard of Fame,
Taught by the Gods to pleaſe, when high he ſings
The vocal lay, reſponſive to the ſtrings.
Thus ſpoke the prince: th' attending peers obey,
In ſtate they move: Alcinous leads the way:
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies,
At once the ſailors to their charge ariſe:
They launch the veſſel, and unfurl the ſails,
And ſtretch the ſwelling canvaſs to the gales;
Then to the palace move: A gathering throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along:
Now all acceſſes to the dome are fill'd;
Eight boars, the choiceſt of the herd, are kill'd;

Two beeves, twelve fatlings, from the flock t
To crown the feaſt; ſo wills the bounteous k
The herald now arrives, and guides along
The ſacred maſter of celeſtial ſong:
Dear to the Muſe! who gave his days to flov
With mighty bleſſings, mix'd with mighty v
With clouds of darkneſs quench'd his viſual
But gave him ſkill to raiſe the lofty lay.
High on a radiant throne ſublime in ſtate,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he ſate:
With ſilver ſhone the throne; his lyre well ſt
To rapturous ſounds, at hand Pontonous hu
Before his ſeat a poliſh'd table ſhines,
And a full goblet foams with generous wines
His food a herald bore: and now they fed;

But when the muſic paus'd, he ceas'd to ſhed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
And, lifting to the Gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.
Tranſported with the ſong, the liſtening train
Again with loud applauſe demand the ſtrain:
Again Ulyſſes veil'd his penſive head,
Again, unmann'd, a ſhower of ſorrow ſhed:
Conceal'd he wept: the king obſerv'd alone
The ſilent tear, and heard the ſecret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O ceaſe to ſing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute th' harmonious ſtring;
Enough the feaſt has pleas'd, enough the power
Of heavenly ſong has crown'd the genial hour?
Inceſſant in the games your ſtrength diſplay;
Conteſt, ye brave, the honours of the day:
That, pleas'd, th' admiring ſtranger may proclaim
In diſtant regions the Phæacian fame:
None wield the gauntlet with ſo dire a ſway,
Or ſwifter in the race devour the way;
None in the leap ſpring with ſo ſtrong a bound,
Or firmer, in the wreſtling, preſs the ground.
Thus ſpoke the king; th' attending peers obey:
In ſtate they move, Alcinous leads the way:
His golden lyre Demodocus unſtrung,
High on a column in the palace hung:
And, guided by a herald's guardian cares,
Majeſtic to the liſts of Fame repairs.
Now ſwarms the populace; a countleſs throng,
Youth and hoar age; and man drives man along:

The games begin; ambitious of the prize,
Acroneus, Thoon, and Eretmeus riſe;
The prize Ocyalus and Prymneus claim,
Anchialus and Ponteus, chiefs of Fame:
There Proreus, Neates, Eratreus appear,
And fam'd Amphialus, Polyneus' heir:
Euryalus like Mars terrific roſe,
When clad in wrath he withers hoſts of foes
Naubolides with grace unequal'd ſhone,
Or equal'd by Laodamas alone.
With theſe came forth Ambaſineus the ſtron
And three brave ſons, from great Alcinous
Rang'd in a line the ready racers ſtand,
Start from the goal, and vaniſh o'er the ſtran

O friends, he cries, the ſtranger ſeems well ſkill'd
To try th' illuſtrious labours of the field:
I deem him brave: then grant the brave man's claim,
Invite the hero to his ſhare of Fame.
What nervous arms he boaſts! how firm his tread!
His limbs how turn'd! how broad his ſhoulders ſpread!
By age unbroke!—but all-conſuming care
Deſtroys, perhaps, the ſtrength that time would ſpare:
Dire is the ocean, dread in all its forms!
Man muſt decay, when man contends with ſtorms.
Well haſt thou ſpoke (Euryalus replies);
Thine is the gueſt, invite him thou to riſe.
Swift at the word advancing from the croud
He made obeiſance, and thus ſpoke aloud:
Vouchſafes the reverend ſtranger to diſplay
His manly worth, and ſhare the glorious day?
Father, ariſe! for thee thy part proclaims
Expert to conquer in the ſolemn games.
To fame ariſe! for what more fame can yield
Than the ſwift race, or conflict of the field?
Steal from corroding care one tranſient day,
To glory give the ſpace thou haſt to ſtay;
Short is the time, and, lo! ev'n now the gales
Call thee aboard, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.
To whom with ſighs Ulyſſes gave reply:
Ah! why th' ill-ſuiting paſtime muſt I try?
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free;
Ill the gay ſports with troubled hearts agree:
Sad from my natal hour my days have run,
A much-afflicted, much-enduring man!

Who

Who ſuppliant to the king and peers implores
A ſpeedy voyage to his native ſhores.
Wide wanders, Laodam, thy erring tongue,
The ſports of glory to the brave belong,
(Retorts Euryalus) : he boaſts no claim
Among the great, unlike the ſons of Fame.
A wandering merchant he frequents the main ;
Some mean ſea-farer in purſuit of gain ;
Studious of freight, in naval trade well ſkill'd,
But dreads th' athletic labours of the field.
Incens'd Ulyſſes with a frown replies.
O forward to proclaim thy ſoul unwiſe !
With partial hands the Gods their gifts diſpenſe ;
Some greatly think, ſome ſpeak with manly ſenſe ;
Here Heaven an elegance of form denies,
But wiſdom the defect of form ſupplies :
This man with energy of thought controls,
And ſteals with modeſt violence our ſouls,
He ſpeaks reſerv'dly, but he ſpeaks with force.
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worſe ;
In publick more than mortal he appears,
And, as he moves, the gazing croud reveres.
While others, beauteous as th' ætherial kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward ſhew Heaven gives thee to excell,
But Heaven denies the praiſe of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my generous ſoul reſents the wrong :
Skill'd in heroic exerciſe, I claim
A poſt of honour with the ſons of Fame ;

Such was my boaſt while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care ſurrounds me, and my force decays;
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,
In ſcenes of death, by tempeſt and by war.
Yet, thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the hero.—Slander ſtings the brave.
Then, ſtriding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground.
By far more ponderous, and more huge by far,
Than what Phæacia's ſons diſcharg'd in air.
Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings,
Sonorous through the ſhaded air it ſings;
Couch'd to the earth, tempeſtuous as it flies,
The croud gaze upward while it cleaves the ſkies.
Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down ruſhing, it up-turns a hill of ground.
That inſtant Pallas, burſting from a cloud,
Fix'd a diſtinguiſh'd mark, and cry'd aloud:
Ev'n he who ſightleſs wants his viſual ray
May by his touch alone award the day:
Thy ſignal throw tranſcends the utmoſt bound
Of every champion by a length of ground:
Securely bid the ſtrongeſt of the train
Ariſe to throw: the ſtrongeſt throws in vain.
She ſpoke; and momentary mounts the ſky:
The friendly voice Ulyſſes hears with joy;
Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride)
Riſe, ye Phæacians, try your force, he cried;
If with this throw the ſtrongeſt caſter vie,
Still, further ſtill, I bid the diſcus fly,

Stand

Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
Or ye, the ſwifteſt racers of the field!
Stand forth, ye wreſtlers, who theſe paſtimes grace,
I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race!
In ſuch heroic games I yield to none,
Or yield to brave Laodamas alone:
Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?
A friend is ſacred, and I ſtile him friend.
Ungenerous were the man, and baſe of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful part;
Chiefly the man, in foreign realms confin'd,
Baſe to his friend, to his own intereſt blind:
All, all your heroes I this day defy;
Give me a man that we our might may try.
Expert in every art, I boaſt the ſkill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;
Should a whole hoſt at once diſcharge the bow,
My well-aim'd ſhaft with death prevents the foe:
Alone ſuperior in the field of Troy,
Great Philoctetes taught the ſhaft to fly.
From all the ſons of earth, unrival'd praiſe
I juſtly claim; but yield to better days,
To thoſe fam'd days when great Alcides roſe,
And Eurytus, who bade the Gods be foes:
(Vain Eurytus, whoſe art became his crime,
Swept from the earth, he periſh'd in his prime;
Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,
Who boldly durſt defy the Bowyer-God).
In fighting fields as far the ſpear I throw,
As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.

Sole in the race the conteſt I decline,
Stiff are my weary joints, and I reſign;
By ſtorms and hunger worn: age well may fail,
When ſtorms and hunger both at once aſſail.
Abaſh'd, the numbers hear the god-like man,
Till great Alcinous mildly thus began:
Well haſt thou ſpoke, and well thy generous tongue
With decent pride refutes a public wrong:
Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
Fear only fools, ſecure in men of ſenſe:
Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's claim,
And bear in heroes our heroic fame;
In diſtant realms our glorious deeds diſplay,
Repeat them frequent in the genial day;
When bleſt with eaſe thy woes and wanderings end,
Teach them thy conſort, bid thy ſons attend!
How lov'd of Jove he crown'd our fires with praiſe,
How we their offspring dignify our race
Let other realms the deathful gauntlet weild,
Or boaſt the glories of th' athletic field;
We in the courſe unrival'd ſpeed diſplay,
Or thro' cærulean billows plough the way;
To dreſs, to dance, to ſing, our ſole delight,
The feaſt or bath by day, and love by night:
Riſe then, ye ſkill'd in meaſures; let him bear
Your fame to men that breathe a diſtant air:
And faithful ſay, to you the powers belong
To race, to ſail, to dance, to chant the ſong.
But, herald, to the palace ſwift repair,
And the ſoft lyre to grace our paſtimes bear.

Swift

Swift at the word, obedient to the king,
The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
Up roſe nine ſeniors, choſen to ſurvey
The future games, the judges of the day.
With inſtant care they mark a ſpacious round,
And level for the dance th' allotted ground;
The herald bears the lyre: intent to play,
The bard advancing meditates the lay,
Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band,
Graceful before the heavenly minſtrel ſtand:
Light-bounding from the earth, at once they riſe,
Their feet half-viewleſs quiver in the ſkies:
Ulyſſes gaz'd, aſtoniſh'd to ſurvey
The glancing ſplendours as their ſandals play.
Meantime the bard, alternate to the ſtrings,
The loves of Mars and Cytherea ſings;
How the ſtern God, enamour'd with her charms,
Claſp'd the gay panting Goddeſs in his arms,
By bribes ſeduc'd: and how the ſun, whoſe eye
Views the broad heavens, diſclos'd the lawleſs joy.
Stung to the ſoul, indignant through the ſkies
To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies:
Arriv'd, his ſinewy arms inceſſant place
Th' eternal anvil on the maſſy baſe.
A wondrous net he labours, to betray
The wanton lovers, as entwin'd they lay,
Indiſſolubly ſtrong! Then inſtant bears
To his immortal dome the finiſh'd ſnares.
Above, below, around, with art diſpread,
The ſure incloſure folds the genial bed;

And free, he cries, O Vulcan! free from ſhame
Thy captives; I enſure the penal claim.
Will Neptune (Vulcan then) the faithleſs truſt?
He ſuffers who gives ſurety for th' unjuſt:
But ſay, if that lewd ſcandal of the ſky,
To liberty reſtor'd, perfidious fly;
Say, ſhall thou bear the mulct? He inſtant cries,
The mulct I bear, if Mars perfidious flies.
To whom appeas'd: No more I urge delay;
When Neptune ſues, my part is to obey.
Then to the ſhares his force the God applies;
They burſt, and Mars to Thrace indignant flies:
To the ſoft Cyprian ſhores the Goddeſs moves,
To viſit Paphos and her blooming groves;
Where to the power an hundred altars riſe,
And breathing odours ſcent the balmy ſkies;
Conceal'd ſhe bathes in conſecrated bowers,
The Graces unguents ſhed, ambroſial ſhowers,
Unguents that charm the Gods! ſhe laſt aſſumes
Her wondrous robes; and full the Goddeſs blooms.
Thus ſung the bard: Ulyſſes hears with joy,
And loud applauſes rend the vaulted ſky.
Then to the ſports his ſons the king commands,
Each blooming youth before the monarch ſtands,
In dance unmatch'd! A wondrous ball is brought
(The work of Polypus, divinely wrought);
This youth with ſtrength enormous bids it fly,
And bending backward whirls it to the ſky;
His brother, ſpringing with an active bound,
At diſtance intercepts it from the ground:

The

The ball diſmiſs'd, in dance they ſkim the ſtrand,
Turn and return, and ſcarce imprint the ſand.
Th' aſſembly gazes with aſtoniſh'd eyes,
And ſends in ſhouts applauſes to the ſkies.
Then thus Ulyſſes: Happy king, whoſe name
The brighteſt ſhines in all the rolls of Fame:
In ſubjects happy! with ſurprize I gaze!
Thy praiſe was juſt; their ſkill tranſcends thy praiſe.
Pleas'd with his people's fame, the monarch hears,
And thus benevolent accoſts the peers:
Since Wiſdom's ſacred guidance he purſues,
Give to the ſtranger-gueſt a ſtranger's dues:
Twelve princes in our realm dominion ſhare,
O'er whom ſupreme, imperial power I bear:
Bring gold, a pledge of love; a talent bring,
A veſt, a robe, and imitate your king:
Be ſwift to give; that he this night may ſhare
The ſocial feaſt of joy, with joy ſincere.
And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong;
A generous heart repairs a ſlanderous tongue.
Th' aſſenting peers, obedient to the king,
In haſte their heralds ſend the gifts to bring.
Then thus Euryalus: O prince, whoſe ſway
Rules this beſt realm, repentant I obey!
Be his this ſword, whoſe blade of braſs diſplays
A ruddy gleam; whoſe hilt a ſilver blaze;
Whoſe ivory ſheath, inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's ſide.
He ſaid; and to his hand the ſword conſign'd;
And if, he cry'd, my words affect thy mind,

Far

Far from thy mind thoſe words, ye whirlwinds, bear,
And ſcatter them, ye ſtorms, in empty air:
Crown, O ye Heavens! with joy his peaceful hours
And grant him to his ſpouſe and native ſhores!
And bleſt be thou, my friend, Ulyſſes cries:
Crown him with every joy, ye favouring ſkies;
To thy calm hours continued peace afford,
And never, never may'ſt thou want this ſword!
He ſaid; and o'er his ſhoulder flung the blade.
Now o'er the earth aſcends the evening ſhade:
The precious gifts th' illuſtrious heralds bear,
And to the court th' embody'd peers repair.
Before the queen Alcinous' ſons unfold
The veſts, the robes, and heaps of ſhining gold;
Then to the radiant thrones they move in ſtate:
Aloft, the king in pomp imperial ſate.
Then ſo the queen: O partner of our reign,
O ſole belov'd! command thy menial train
A poliſh'd cheſt and ſtately robes to bear,
And healing waters for the bath prepare:
That, bath'd, our gueſt may bid his ſorrows ceaſe,
Hear the ſweet ſong, and taſte the feaſt in peace.
A bowl that flames with gold, of wondrous frame,
Ourſelf we give, memorial of our name:
To raiſe in offerings to almighty Jove,
And every God that treads the courts above.
Inſtant the queen, obſervant of the king,
Commands her train a ſpacious vaſe to bring,
The ſpacious vaſe with ample ſtreams ſuffice,
Heap high the wood, and bid the flames ariſe.

The

The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Herſelf the cheſt prepares: in order roll'd
The robes, the veſts are rang'd, and heaps of gold:
And adding a rich dreſs inwrought with art,
A gift expreſſive of her bounteous heart,
Thus ſpoke to Ithacus: To guard with bands
Inſolvable theſe gifts, thy care demands:
Leſt, in thy ſlumbers on the watery main,
The hand of rapine make our bounty vain.
Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
Clos'd with Circæan art. A train attends
Around the bath: the bath the king aſcends
(Untaſted joy, ſince that diſaſtrous hour,
He ſail'd ill-fated from Calypſo's bower):
Where, happy as the Gods that range the ſky,
He feaſted every ſenſe, with every joy.
He bathes; the damſels, with officious toil,
Shed ſweets, ſhed unguents, in a ſhower of oil:
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he ſpreads,
And to the feaſt magnificently treads.
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Nauſicaa blooming as a Goddeſs ſtands,
With wondering eyes the hero ſhe ſurvey'd,
And graceful thus began the royal maid:
Hail, god-like ſtranger! and when Heaven reſtores
To thy fond wiſh thy long-expected ſhores,
This ever-grateful in remembrance bear,
To me thou ow'ſt, to me, the vital air.

O royal

O royal Maid! Ulysses straight returns,
Whose worth the splendors of thy race adorns,
So may dread Jove, (whose arm in vengeance forms
The writhen bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,)
Restore me safe, through weary wanderings toss'd,
To my dear country's ever-pleasing coast,
As, while the spirit in this bosom glows,
To thee, my Goddess, I address my vows;
My life, thy gift I boast! He said, and sate
Fast by Alcinous on a throne of state.
Now each partakes the feast, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each his portion shares.
The bard an herald guides: the gazing throng
Pay low obeisance as he moves along:
Beneath a sculptur'd arch he sits enthron'd,
The peers encircling form an awful round.
Then, from the chine, Ulysses carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part;
This, let the master of the lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the spacious skies,
Who sacred honours to the bard denies?
The Muse the bard inspires, exalts his mind;
The Muse indulgent loves th' harmonious kind.
The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praise.
When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the Lyrist wise Ulysses said:
Oh more than man! thy soul the Muse inspires,
Or Phœbus animates with all his fires:

Fo

For who, by Phœbus uninform'd, could kn
The woe of Greece, and ſing ſo well the wo
Juſt to the tale, as preſent at the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day!
The ſong recalls paſt horrors to my eyes,
And bids proud Ilion from her aſhes riſe.
Once more harmonious ſtrike the ſounding ſt
Th' Epæan fabrick, fram'd by Pallas, ſing
How ſtern Ulyſſes, furious to deſtroy,
With latent heroes ſack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of Fame,
The God himſelf inſpires thy breaſt with fla
And mine ſhall be the taſk, henceforth to ra
In every land, thy monument of praiſe.

Full of the God, he rais'd his lofty ſtrain,

He ſung the Greeks ſtern-iſſuing from the ſteed,
How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, Deiphobus! aſcends
The Spartan king: how Ithacus attends
(Horrid as Mars), and how with dire alarms
He fights, ſubdues: for Pallas ſtrings his arms.
Thus while he ſung, Ulyſſes' griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew:
As ſome fond matron views in mortal fight
Her huſband falling in his country's right:
Frantic through claſhing ſwords ſhe runs, ſhe flies,
As ghaſtly pale he groans, and faints, and dies;
Cloſe to his breaſt ſhe grovels on the ground,
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound;
She cries, ſhe ſhrieks; the fierce inſulting foe
Relentleſs mocks her violence of woe:
To chains condemn'd, as wildly ſhe deplores;
A widow, and a ſlave on foreign ſhores.
So from the ſluices of Ulyſſes' eyes
Faſt fell the tears, and ſighs ſucceeded ſighs:
Conceal'd he griev'd: the king obſerv'd alone
The ſilent tear, and heard the ſecret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O ceaſe to ſing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful ſtring:
To every note his tears reſponſive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe:
Thy lay too deeply moves: then ceaſe the lay,
And o'er the banquet every heart be gay:
This ſocial right demands: for him the ſails,
Floating in air, invite th' impelling gales:

His are the gifts of love: the wife and good
Receive the ſtranger as a brother's blood.
But, friend, diſcover faithful what I crav
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:
Say what thy birth, and what the name you
Impos'd by parents in the natal hour?
(For from the natal hour diſtinctive names,
One common right, the great and lowly clai
Say from what city, from what regions toſt,
And what inhabitants thoſe regions boaſt?
So ſhalt thou inſtant reach the realm aſſign'd,
In wondrous ſhips ſelf-mov'd, inſtinct with
No helm ſecures their courſe, no pilot guide
Like man, intelligent, they plough the tides,
Conſcious of every coaſt, and every bay,

But this the Gods may fruſtrate or fulfill,
As ſuits the purpoſe of th' Eternal Will.
But ſay through what waſte regions haſt thou ſtray'd
What cuſtoms noted, and what coaſts ſurvey'd;
Poſſeſs'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares,
Why heav'd thy boſom, and why flow'd thy tears
Juſt are the ways of Heaven: from Heaven procee
The woes of man; Heaven doom'd the Greeks to ble
A theme of future ſong! Say then if ſlain
Some dear lov'd brother preſs'd the Phrygian plain
Or bled ſome friend, who bore a brother's part,
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF THE

ARGUMENT.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CICONS, LOTOPHAGI AND CYCLOPS.

ULYSSES begins the relation of his adventures; how after the deſtruction of Troy, he with his companions made an incurſion on the Cicons, by whom they were repulſed; and meeting with a ſtorm, were driven to the coaſt of the Lotophagi. From thence they ſailed to the land of the Cyclops, whoſe manners and ſituation are particularly characteriſed. The giant Polyphemus and his cave deſcribed; the uſage Ulyſſes and his companions met with there; and laſtly, the method and artifice by which he eſcaped.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK IX.

THEN thus Ulyſſes: Thou, whom firſt in
As firſt in virtue, theſe thy realms obey
How ſweet the products of a peaceful reign!
The heaven-taught poet, and enchanting ſtra
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feaſt,
A land rejoicing, and a people bleſt!
How goodly ſeems it ever to employ
Man's ſocial days in union and in joy:

(Theſe to the north and night's dark regions run,
Thoſe to Aurora and the riſing ſun).
Low lies our iſle, yet bleſt in fruitful ſtores;
Strong are her ſons, though rocky are her ſhores;
And none, ah! none ſo lovely to my ſight,
Of all the lands that Heaven o'erſpreads with light
In vain Calypſo long conſtrain'd my ſtay,
With ſweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly Circe ſtrove,
And added magick, to ſecure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grot,
My country's image never was forgot,
My abſent parents roſe before my ſight,
And diſtant lay contentment and delight.
Hear then the woes which mighty Jove ordain'd
To wait my paſſage from the Trojan land.
The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' ſhore,
Beneath cold Iſmarus our veſſels bore.
We boldly landed on the hoſtile place,
And ſack'd the city, and deſtroy'd the race,
Their wives made captive, their poſſeſſions ſhar'd,
And every ſoldier found a like reward.
I then adviſ'd to fly; not ſo the reſt,
Who ſtay'd to revel, and prolong the feaſt:
The fatted ſheep and ſable bulls they ſlay,
And bowls flow round, and riot waſtes the day.
Meantime the Cicons to their holds retir'd,
Call on the Cicons with new fury fir'd;
With early morn the gather'd country ſwarms,
And all the continent is bright with arms;

T

Thick as the budding leaves or riſing flowers
O'erſpread the land, when ſpring deſcends in
All expert ſoldiers, ſkill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courſer urge the war.
Now fortune changes (ſo the Fates ordain);
Our hour was come to taſte our ſhare of pain
Cloſe at the ſhips the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on r
Long as the morning ſun increaſing bright
O'er heaven's pure azure ſpread the growing
Promiſcuous death the form of war confoun
Each adverſe battle gor'd with equal wounds
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the m
Then conqueſt crown'd the fierce Ciconian t
Six brave companions from each ſhip we loſt

Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when Aurora brings,
We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings.
Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclin'd,
We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.
Then to my native country had I sail'd
But the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd.
Strong was the tide, which, by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.
Nine days our fleet th' uncertain tempest bore.
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore;
The tenth we touch'd, by various errors toss'd,
The land of Lotos and the flowery coast.
We climb the beach, and springs of water found,
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.
Three men were sent, deputed from the crew,
(An herald one) the dubious coast to view,
And learn what habitants possess the place.
They went, and found a hospitable race;
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast;
The trees around them, all their fruit produce;
Lotos, the name; divine, nectareous juice!
(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whoso tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home, nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends:
The three we sent, from off th' inchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:

The reſt in haſte forſook the pleaſing ſhore,
Or, the charm taſted, had return'd no more.
Now plac'd in order on their banks, they ſweep
The ſea's ſmooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;
With heavy hearts we labour through the tide
To coaſts unknown, and oceans yet untry'd.
The land of Cyclops firſt; a ſavage kind,
Nor tam'd by manners, nor by laws confin'd:
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and ſow;
They all their products to free nature owe.
The ſoil untill'd a ready harveſt yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,
Spontaneous wines from weighty cluſters pour,
And Jove deſcends in each prolific ſhower.
By theſe no ſtatutes and no rights are known,
No council held, no monarch fills the throne,
But high on hills, or airy cliffs they dwell,
Or deep in caves whoſe entrance leads to hell.
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
Heedleſs of others, to his own ſevere.
Oppos'd to the Cyclopean coaſts, there lay
An iſle, whoſe hills their ſubject field ſurvey;
Its name Lachæa, crown'd with many a grove,
Where ſavage goats through pathleſs thickets rove:
No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,
Or wretched hunters, through the wintery cold
Purſue their flight: but leave them ſafe to bound
From hill to hill, o'er all the deſert ground.
Nor knows the ſoil to feed the fleecy care,
Or feels the labours of the crooked ſhare;

But uninhabited, untill'd, unsown
It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.
For there no vessel with vermillion prore,
Or bark of traffic, glides from shore to shore;
The rugged race of savages, unskill'd
The seas to traverse, or the ships to build,
Gaze on the coast, nor cultivate the soil;
Unlearn'd in all th' industrious arts of toil.
Yet here all products and all plants abound,
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground;
Fields waving high with heavy crops are seen,
And vines that flourish in eternal green,
Refreshing meads along the murmuring main,
And fountains streaming down the fruitful plain.
A port there is, inclos'd on either side,
Where ships may rest, unanchor'd and unty'd;
Till the glad mariners incline to sail,
And the sea whitens with the rising gale.
High at its head, from out the cavern'd rock
In living rills a gushing fountain broke:
Around it, and above, for ever green
The bushing alders form'd a shady scene.
Hither some favouring God, beyond our thought,
Through all-surrounding shade our navy brought;
For gloomy night descended on the main,
Nor glimmer'd Phœbe in th' ethereal plain:
But all unseen the clouded island lay,
And all unseen the surge and rolling sea,
Till safe we anchor'd in the shelter'd bay:
Our sails we gather'd, cast our cables o'er,
And slept secure along the sandy shore.

Soon as again the roſy morning ſhone,
Reveal'd the landſcape and the ſcene unknow
With wonder ſeiz'd, we view the pleaſing gr
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
Rouz'd by the woodland nymphs, at early d
The mountain goats came bounding o'er the
In haſte our fellows to the ſhips repair,
For arms and weapons of the ſylvan war;
Straight in three ſquadrons all our crew we p
And bend the bow, or wing the miſſile dart
The bounteous Gods afford a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each veſſel bears away:
The royal bark had ten. Our ſhips complet
We thus ſupply'd (for twelve were all the fl

Here, till the ſetting ſun roll'd down the l
We ſat indulging in the genial rite:

Or ſuch who harbour pity in their breaſt,
Revere the Gods, and ſuccour the diſtreſt?
This ſaid, I climb'd my veſſel's lofty ſide;
My train obey'd me, and the ſhip unty'd.
In order ſeated on their banks, they ſweep
Neptune's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.
When to the neareſt verge of land we drew,
Faſt by the ſea a lonely cave we view,
High, and with darkening laurels cover'd o'er;
Where ſheep and goats lay ſlumbering round the ſhore.
Near this, a fence of marble from the rock,
Brown with o'er-arching pine and ſpreading oak.
A giant ſhepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the reſt, and ſolitary reigns,
In ſhelter thick of horrid ſhade reclin'd;
And gloomy miſchiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in ſtature, or in face;
As ſome lone mountain's monſtrous growth he ſtood,
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.
I left my veſſel at the point of land,
And cloſe to guard it, gave our crew command:
With only twelve, the boldeſt and the beſt,
I ſeek th' adventure, and forſake the reſt.
Then took a goatſkin fill'd with precious wine,
The gift of Maron of Evantheus' line
(The prieſt of Phœbus at th' Iſmarian ſhrine).
In ſacred ſhade his honour'd manſion ſtood
Amidſt Apollo's conſecrated wood;
Him, and his houſe, Heaven mov'd my mind to ſave,
And coſtly preſents in return he gave;

Seven

Seven golden talents to perfection wrought,
A silver bowl that held a copious draught,
And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,
Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine!
Which now, some ages from his race concea
The hoary sire in gratitude reveal'd;
Such was the wine: to quench whose fervent
Scarce twenty measures from the living strea
To cool one cup suffic'd: the goblet crown'd
Breath'd aromatic fragrancies around.
Of this an ample vase we heav'd aboard,
And brought another with provisions stor'd.
My soul foreboded I should find the bower
Of some fell monster, fierce with barbarous
Some rustic wretch, who liv'd in Heaven's d

Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,
Consult our safety, and put off to sea.
Their wholesome counsel rashly I declin'd,
Curious to view the mien of monstrous kind,
And try what social rites a savage lends:
Dire rites, alas! and fatal to my friends!
Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare
For his return with sacrifice and prayer.
The loaded shelves afford us full repast;
We sit expecting. Lo! he comes at last.
Near half a forest on his back he bore,
And cast the ponderous burden at the door.
It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
And sought the deep recesses of the den.
Now driv'n before him, through the arching rock,
Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th' unnumber'd flock:
Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind
(The males were penn'd in outward courts behind):
Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight
To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and clos'd the gate
(Scarce twenty-four wheel'd cars, compact and strong,
The massy load could bear, or roll along).
He next betakes him to his evening cares,
And, sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;
Of half their udders eases first the dams,
Then to the mother's teats submits the lambs.
Half the white stream to hardening cheese he prest,
And high in wicker-baskets heap'd: the rest,
Reserv'd in bowls, supply'd the nightly feast.

His

His labour done, he fir'd the pile, that gave
A ſudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.
We ſtand diſcover'd by the riſing fires;
Aſkance the giant glares, and thus inquires:
What are ye, gueſts; on what adventure,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Pirates perhaps, who ſeek through ſeas unkn
The lives of others, and expoſe your own?
His voice like thunder through the cavern
My bold companions thrilling fear confound
Appall'd at ſight of more than mortal man!
At length, with heart recover'd, I began:
From Troy's fam'd fields, ſad wanderers
Behold the relicks of the Grecian train!
Through various ſeas by various perils toſt,

Fools that ye are! (the ſavage thus replies,
His inward fury blazing at his eyes)
Or ſtrangers, diſtant far from our abodes,
To bid me reverence or regard the Gods.
Know then, we, Cyclops, are a race above
Thoſe air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd Jove:
And learn, our power proceeds with thoe and thine,
Not as he wills, but as ourſelves incline.
But anſwer, the good ſhip that brought ye o'er,
Where lies ſhe anchor'd? near or off the ſhore?
Thus he. His meditated fraud I find
(Vers'd in the turns of various human-kind);
And, cautious, thus: Againſt a dreadful rock,
Faſt by your ſhore the gallant veſſel broke,
Scarce with theſe few I 'ſcap'd; of all my train,
Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the main;
The ſcatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.
He anſwer'd with his deed. His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band;
And daſh'd like dogs againſt the ſtoney floor:
The pavement ſwims with brains and mingled gore.
Torn limb from limb, he ſpreads his horrid feaſt,
And fierce devours it like a mountain-beaſt:
He ſucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, fleſh, nor ſolid bone remains.
We ſee the death from which we cannot move,
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.
His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant ſwill'd;
Then ſtretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,
Lay ſenſeleſs, and ſupine, amidſt the flock.

To ſeize the time, and with a ſudden wound
To fix the ſlumbering monſter to the ground,
My ſoul impels me; and in act I ſtand
To draw the ſword; but wiſdom held my hand
A deed ſo raſh had finiſh'd all our fate,
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Could roll the rock. In hopeleſs grief we lay
And ſigh, expecting the return of day,
Now did the roſy-finger'd morn ariſe,
And ſhed her ſacred light along the ſkies.
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the da
And to the mother's teats ſubmits the lambs.
The taſk thus finiſh'd of his morning hours,
Two more he ſnatches, murders, and devour
Then pleas'd, and whiſtling, drives his flock
Removes the rocky mountain from the door,
And ſhuts again: with equal eaſe diſpos'd,
As a light quiver's lid is op'd and clos'd.
His giant voice the echoing region fills:

The narrower end I ſharpen'd to a ſpire;
Whoſe point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the duſt that ſtrow'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Propos'd, who firſt the venturous deed ſhould try,
In the broad orbit of his monſtrous eye
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood
When ſlumber next ſhould tame the man of blood
Juſt as I wiſh'd, the lots were caſt on four:
Myſelf the fifth. We ſtand, and wait the hour.
He comes with evening: all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock:
Not one, or male or female ſtay'd behind
(So fortune chanc'd, or ſo ſome God deſign'd);
Then heaving high the ſtone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.
Firſt down he ſits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next ſeiz'd two wretches more, and headlong caſt,
Brain'd on the rock; his ſecond dire repaſt.
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er;
Cyclop! ſince human fleſh has been thy feaſt,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digeſt;
Know hence what treaſures in our ſhip we loſt,
And what rich liquors other climates boaſt.
We to thy ſhore the precious freight ſhall bear,
If home thou ſend us, and vouchſafe to ſpare.
But oh! thus furious, thirſting thus for gore,
The ſons of men ſhall ne'er approach thy ſhore,
And never ſhalt thou taſte this nectar more.

He heard, he took, and, pouring down his
Delighted, ſwill'd the large luxurious draught.
More! give me more, he cry'd: the boon be t
Whoe'er thou art that bear'ſt celeſtial wine!
Declare thy name; not mortal is this juice,
Such as th' unbleſt Cyclopean climes produce
(Though ſure our vine the largeſt cluſter yields
And Jove's ſcorn'd thunder ſerves to drench our
But this deſcended from the bleſt abodes,
A rill of nectar, ſtreaming from the Gods.

He ſaid, and greedy graſp'd the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his ſ
His ſenſe lay cover'd with the dozy fume;
While thus my fraudful ſpeech I reaſſume:

Each drooping ſpirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.
The ſtake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and ſparkled fiery red.
Then forth the vengeful inſtrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urg'd by ſome preſent God, they ſwift let fall
The pointed torment on his viſual ball.
Myſelf above them from a riſing ground
Guide the ſharp ſtake, and twirl it round and round.
As when a ſhipwright ſtands his workmen o'er,
Who ply the wimble, ſome huge beam to bore;
Urg'd on all hands, it nimbly ſpins about,
The grain deep-piercing till it ſcoops it out:
In his broad eye ſo whirls the fiery wood;
From the pierc'd pupil ſpouts the boiling blood;
Sing'd are his brows; the ſcorching lids grow black;
The jelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.
And as when armourers temper in the ford
The keen-edg'd pole-ax, or the ſhining ſword,
The red-hot metal hiſſes in the lake,
Thus in his eye-ball hiſs'd the plunging ſtake.
He ſends a dreadful groan: the rocks around
Through all their inmoſt winding caves reſound.
Scar'd we receded. Forth, with frantic hand,
He tore, and daſh'd on earth the gory brand:
Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-ey'd race repair,
From rifted rocks and mountains bleak in air.

All haſte aſſembled, at his well-known roar,
Enquire the cauſe, and croud the cavern-door.
What hurts thee, Polypheme? what ſtrange
Thus breaks our ſlumbers, and diſturbs the nig
Does any mortal, in th' unguarded hour
Of ſleep, oppreſs thee, or by fraud or power?
Or thieves infidious the fair flock ſurprize?
Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies:
Friends, Noman kills me; Noman, in the hou
Of ſleep, oppreſſes me with fraudful power.
" If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
" Inflict diſeaſe, it fits thee to reſign:
" To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray,"
The brethren cry'd, and inſtant ſtrode away.

These three and three, with ozier bands we ty'd
(The twining bands the Cyclops bed supply'd)
The midmost bore a man; the outward two
Secur'd each side: so bound we all the crew.
One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;
In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,
And fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,
I cling implicit, and confide in Jove.
When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,
He drove to pasture all the lusty males:
The ewes still folded, with distended thighs
Unmilk'd, lay bleating in distressful cries.
But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,
He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along,
(Fool that he was) and let them safely go,
All unsuspecting of their freight below.
The master ram at last approach'd the gate,
Charg'd with his wool, and with Ulysses' fate.
Him while he past the monster blind bespoke:
What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
First thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,
First to the field and river's bank to lead,
And first with stately step at evening hour
Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bower.
Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow
Thou mov'st, as conscious of thy master's woe!
Sceft thou these lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train!)
Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord,
And would but Fate the power of speech afford,

Soon

Soon might'ſt thou tell me, where in ſecret l
The daſtard lurks, all trembling with his fe
Swung round and round, and daſh'd from ro
His batter'd brains ſhould on the pavement
No eaſe, no pleaſure, my ſad heart receives,
While ſuch a monſter as vile Noman lives.

The giant ſpoke, and through the hollow
Diſmiſs'd the ram, the father of the flock.
No ſooner freed, and through th' encloſure
Firſt I releaſe myſelf, my fellows laſt:
Fat ſheep and goats in throngs we drive befo
And reach our veſſel on the winding ſhore.
With joy the ſailors view their friends retur
And hail us living whom as dead they mou
Big tears of tranſport ſtand in every eye:

High o'er the billows flew the maſſy load,
And near the ſhip came thundering on the flood
It almoſt bruſh'd the helm, and fell before:
The whole ſea ſhook, and refluent beat the ſhore
The long concuſſion on the heaving tide
Roll'd back the veſſel to the iſland's ſide:
Again I ſhov'd her off, our fate to fly,
Each nerve we ſtretch, and every oar we ply.
Juſt 'ſcap'd impending death, when now again
We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,
Once more I raiſe my voice; my friends afraid
With mild entreaties my deſign diſſuade.
What boots the god-leſs giant to provoke,
Whoſe arm may ſink us at a ſingle ſtroke?
Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old ocean ſhook, and back his ſurges flew,
Thy ſounding voice directs his aim again;
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'ſcap'd in vain.
But I, of mind elate, and ſcorning fear,
Thus with new taunts inſult the monſter's ear.
Cyclop! if any, pitying thy diſgrace,
Aſk who diſfigur'd thus that eye-leſs face?
Say 'twas Ulyſſes, 'twas his deed, declare,
Laertes' ſon, of Ithaca the fair;
Ulyſſes, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whoſe arm Troy tumbled to the ground.
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſavage with a roar replies:
O heavens! O faith of ancient prophecies!
This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold,
(The mighty ſeer who on theſe hills grew old;

Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
Long since he menac'd, such was Fate's command;
And nam'd Ulysses as the destin'd hand.
I deem'd some god-like giant to behold,
Or lofty hero, haughty, brave, and bold;
Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean design,
Who not by strength subdued me, but by wine.
But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray
Great Neptune's blessing on the watery way:
For his I am, and I the lineage own:
Th' immortal father no less boasts the son.
His power can heal me, and re-light my eye:
And only his, of all the Gods on high.
Oh! could this arm (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
From that vast bulk dislodge thy bloody mind,
And send thee howling to the realms of night!
As sure, as Neptune cannot give thee sight.
Thus I: while raging he repeats his cries,
With hands uplifted to the starry skies:
Hear me, O Neptune! thou whose arms are hurl'd
From shore to shore, and gird the solid world.
If thine I am, nor thou my birth disown,
And if th' unhappy Cyclop be thy son;
Let not Ulysses breathe his native air,
Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair.
If to review his country be his fate,
Be it through toils and sufferings long and late;
His lost companions let him first deplore;
Some vessel, not his own, transport him o'er;
And when at home from foreign sufferings freed,
More near and deep, domestic woes succeed!

With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
And angry Neptune heard th' unrighteous prayer.
A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round: it ſung acroſs the main:
It fell, and bruſh'd the ſtern: the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the ſhore.
With all our force we kept aloof to ſea,
And gain'd the iſland where our veſſels lay.
Our fight the whole collected navy chear'd,
Who, waiting long, by turns had hop'd and fear'd.
There diſembarking on the green ſea-ſide,
We land our cattle, and the ſpoil divide:
Of theſe due ſhares to every ſailor fall;
The maſter ram was voted mine by all:
And him (the guardian of Ulyſſes' fate)
With pious mind to Heaven I conſecrate.
But the great God, whoſe thunder rends the ſkies,
Averſe, beholds the ſmoking ſacrifice;
And ſees me wandering ſtill from coaſt to coaſt;
And all my veſſels, all my people, loſt!
While thoughtleſs we indulge the genial rite,
As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite;
Till evening Phœbus roll'd away the light:
Stretch'd on the ſhore in careleſs eaſe we reſt,
Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the eaſt.
Then from their anchors all our ſhips unbind,
And mount the decks, and call the willing wind.
Now, rang'd in order on our banks, we ſweep
With haſty ſtrokes the hoarſe reſounding deep;
Blind to the future, penſive with our fears,
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears.

THE

TENTH BOO

OF THE

ARGUMENT.

ADVENTURES WITH ÆOLUS, THE LESTRIGONS AND CIRCE.

ULYSSES arrives at the iſland of Æolus, who gives him proſperous winds, and incloſes the adverſe one in a bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they ſail to the Leſtrigons, where they loſe eleven ſhips, and with one only remaining, proceed to the iſland of Circe. Eurylochus is ſent firſt with ſome companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are transformed into ſwine. Ulyſſes then undertakes the adventure, and, by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the enchantreſs, and procures the reſtoration of his men. After a year's ſtay with her he prepares at her inſtigation for his voyage to the infernal ſhades.

THE ODYSSEY

BOOK X.

AT length we reach'd Æolia's ſea-girt ſh
Where great Hippotades the ſceptre bo
A floating iſle! High-rais'd by toil divine,
Strong walls of braſs the rocky coaſt confin
Six blooming youths, in private grandeur b
And ſix fair daughters, grac'd the royal bed

His word alone the liſtening ſtorms obey,
To ſmooth the deep, or ſwell the foamy ſea.
Theſe in my hollow ſhip the monarch hung,
Securely fetter'd by a ſilver thong;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the ſwelling ſails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails!
Nine proſperous days we ply'd the labouring oar;
The tenth preſents our welcome native ſhore:
The hills diſplay the beacon's friendly light,
And riſing mountains gain upon our ſight.
Then firſt my eyes, by watchful toils oppreſt,
Comply'd to take the balmy gifts of reſt;
Then firſt my hands did from the rudder part
(So much the love of home poſſeſs'd my heart);
When, lo! on board a fond debate aroſe;
What rare device thoſe veſſels might encloſe?
What ſum, what prize from Æolus I brought?
Whilſt to his neighbour each expreſs'd his thought:
Say, whence, ye Gods, contending nations ſtrive
Who moſt ſhall pleaſe, who moſt our hero give?
Long have his coffers groan'd with Trojan ſpoils;
Whilſt we, the wretched partners of his toils,
Reproach'd by want, our fruitleſs labours mourn,
And only rich in barren fame return.
Now Æolus, ye ſee, augments his ſtore:
But come, my friends, theſe myſtic gifts explore.
They ſaid: and (oh curs'd fate) the thongs unbound:
ſhing tempeſt ſweeps the ocean round;
in the whirl, the hurried navy flew,
an widen'd, and the ſhores withdrew.

Rous'd

Rouz'd from my fatal ſleep, I long debate
If ſtill to live, or deſperate plunge to Fate:
Thus, doubting, proſtrate on the deck I lay,
Till all the coward thoughts of death gave w

Meanwhile our veſſels plough the liquid p
And ſoon the known Æolian coaſt regain,
Our groans the rocks remurmur'd to the mai
We leap'd on ſhore, and with a ſcanty feaſt
Our thirſt and hunger haſtily repreſs'd;
That done, two choſen heralds ſtraight atten
Our ſecond progreſs to my royal friend:
And him amidſt his jovial ſons we found;
The banquet ſteaming, and the goblets crow
There humbly ſtopp'd with conſcious ſhame a
Nor nearer than the gate preſum'd to draw

His baneful ſuit pollutes theſe bleſs'd abodes,
Whoſe fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.
Thus fierce he ſaid: we ſighing went our way,
And with deſponding hearts put off to ſea.
The ſailors, ſpent with toils, their folly mourn,
But mourn in vain; no proſpect of return.
Six days and nights a doubtful courſe we ſteer,
The next proud Lamos' ſtately towers appear,
And Læſtrigonia's gates ariſe diſtinct in air.
The ſhepherd, quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to ſucceed his cares, the watchful ſwain;
But he that ſcorns the chains of ſleep to wear,
And adds the herdſman's to the ſhepherd's care,
So near the paſtures, and ſo ſhort the way,
His double toils may claim a double pay.
And join the labours of the night and day.
Within a long receſs a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the ſkies;
The jutting ſhores that ſwell on either ſide
Contract its mouth, and break the ruſhing tide.
Our eager ſailors ſeize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For here retir'd the ſinking billows ſleep,
And ſmiling calmneſs ſilver'd o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refus'd to moor,
And fix'd, without, my halſers to the ſhore.
From thence we climb'd a point, whoſe airy brow
Commands the proſpect of the plains below:
No tracts of beaſts, or ſigns of men, we found,
But ſmoky volumes rolling from the ground.

Two

Two with our herald thither we command,
With ſpeed to learn what men poſſeſs'd the l
They went, and kept the wheel's ſmooth bea
Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
When lo! they met, beſide a cryſtal ſpring,
The daughter of Antiphates the king;
She to Artacia's ſilver ſtreams came down
(Artacia's ſtreams alone ſupply the town):
The damſel they approach, and aſk'd what r
The people were? who monarch of the place
With joy the maid th' unwary ſtrangers hear
And ſhew'd them where the royal dome appe
They went; but, as they entering ſaw the q
Of ſize enormous, and terrific mein
(Not yielding to ſome bulky mountain's heir

Whilſt thus their fury rages at the bay,
My ſword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh;
And charg'd my men, as they from Fate would
Each nerve to ſtrain, each bending oar to ply.
The ſailors catch the word, their oars they ſeize,
And ſweep with equal ſtrokes the ſmoky ſeas:
Clear of the rocks th' impatient veſſel flies;
Whilſt in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.
With earneſt haſte my frighted ſailors preſs,
While kindling tranſports glow'd at our ſucceſs;
But the ſad fate that did our friends deſtroy
Cool'd every breaſt, and damp'd the riſing joy.
Now dropp'd our anchors in the Æean bay,
Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the Day;
Her mother Perſe, of old Ocean's ſtrain,
Flaus from the Sun deſcended and the Main
(From the ſame lineage ſtern Æætes came
The far-fam'd brother of th' enchantreſs dame);
Goddeſs, and queen, to whom the powers belong
Of dreadful magic, and commanding ſong.
Some God directing to this peaceful bay
Silent we came, and melancholy lay,
Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights roll'd o
And now the third ſucceeding morning ſhone.
I climb'd a cliff, with ſpear and ſword in hand,
Whoſe ridge o'erlook'd a ſhady length of land:
To learn if aught of mortal works appear,
Or chearful voice of mortal ſtrike the ear?
From the high point I mark'd, in diſtant view,
A ſtream of curling ſmoke aſcending blue,

Fir

And ſpiry tops, the tufted trees above,
Of Circe's palace boſom'd in the grove.
Thither to haſte, the region to explore,
Was firſt my thought: but ſpeeding back to
I deem'd it beſt to viſit firſt my crew,
And ſend out ſpies the dubious coaſt to view
As down the hill I ſolitary go,
Some Power divine, who pities human woe,
Sent a tall ſtag, deſcending from the wood,
To cool his fervour in the cryſtal flood;
Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
Stretch'd forth, and panting in the ſunny ra
I launch'd my ſpear, and with a ſudden wou
Tranſpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the

As huge in length extended lay the beaſt;
Then waſh their hands, and haſten to the feaſt.
There, till the ſetting ſun roll'd down the light,
They ſate indulging in the genial rite.
When evening roſe, and darkneſs cover'd o'er
The face of things, we ſlept along the ſhore.
But when the roſy morning warm'd the eaſt,
My men I ſummon'd, and theſe words addreſt:
Followers and friends; attend what I propoſe:
Ye ſad companions of Ulyſſes' woes!
We know not here what land before us lies,
Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
Or where the ſun ſhall ſet, or where ſhall riſe.
Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
If any counſel, any hope remain.
Alas! from yonder promontory's brow,
I view'd the coaſt, a region flat and low;
An iſle incircled with the boundleſs flood;
A length of thickets, and entangled wood.
Some ſmoke I ſaw amid the foreſts riſe,
And all around it only ſeas and ſkies!
With broken hearts my ſad companions ſtood,
Mindful of Cyclops and his human food,
And horrid Læſtrigons, the men of blood.
Preſaging tears apace began to rain;
But tears in mortal miſeries are vain.
In equal parts I ſtraight divide my band,
And name a chief each party to command;
I led the one, and of the other ſide
Appointed brave Eurylochus the guide.

Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,
And Fortune caſts Eurylochus to go:
He march'd, with twice eleven in his train:
Penſive they march, and penſive we remain.
The palace in a woody vale they found,
High rais'd of ſtone; a ſhaded ſpace around
Where mountain wolves and bridled lions ro
(By magick tam'd) familiar to the dome.
With gentle blandiſhment our men they meet
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their
As from ſome feaſt a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, ſome morſel to receive
(Such as the good man ever us'd to give).

Eurylochus alone of all the band,
Suſpecting, fraud more prudently remain'd.
On thrones around with downy coverings grac'd,
With ſemblance fair, th' unhappy men ſhe plac'd.
Milk newly preſs'd, the ſacred flour of wheat,
And honey freſh, and Pramnian wines the treat:
But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
With drugs of force to darken all the ſoul:
Soon in the luſcious feaſt themſelves they loſt,
And drank oblivion of their native coaſt.
Inſtant her circling wand the Goddeſs waves,
To hogs transforms them, and the ſty receives.
No more was ſeen the human form divine;
Head, face, and members, briſtle into ſwine:
Still curſt with ſenſe, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.
Meanwhile the Goddeſs in diſdain beſtows
The maſt and acorn, brutal food! and ſtrows
The fruits of cornel, as their feaſt, around;
Now prone and groveling on unſavory ground.
Eurylochus, with penſive ſteps and ſlow,
Aghaſt returns; the meſſenger of woe,
And bitter fate. To ſpeak he made eſſay,
In vain eſſay'd, nor would his tongue obey,
His ſwelling heart deny'd the words their way:
But ſpeaking tears the want of words ſupply,
And the full ſoul burſts copious from his eye.
Affrighted, anxious for our fellows' fates,
We preſs to hear what ſadly he relates:
We went, Ulyſſes! (ſuch was thy command)
Through the lone thicket and the deſert land.

A palace

A palace in a woody vale we found
Brown with dark foreſts, and with ſhades ar
A voice celeſtial echo'd from the dome,
Or Nymph, or Goddeſs, chanting to the loo
Acceſs we ſought, nor was acceſs denied :
Radiant ſhe came ; the portal 's open'd wide
The Goddeſs mild invites the gueſts to ſtay :
They blindly follow where ſhe leads the way.
I only wait behind, of all the train ;
I waited long, and eyed the doors in vain :
The reſt are vaniſh'd, none repaſs'd the gate
And not a man appears to tell their fate.

I heard, and inſtant o'er my ſhoulders flu
The belt in which my weighty faulchion hu
(A beamy blade) ; then ſeiz'd the bended b
And bade him guide the way, reſolv'd to go

Till now approaching nigh the magic bower;
Where dwelt th' enchantreſs ſkill'd in herbs of power,
A form divine forth iſſued from the wood
(Immortal Hermes with the golden rod)
In human ſemblance. On his bloomy face
Youth ſmil'd celeſtial, with each opening grace.
He ſeiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began:
Ah! whither roam'ſt thou, much-enduring man?
Oh blind to fate! what led thy ſteps to rove
The horrid mazes of this magic grove!
Each friend you ſeek in yon enclоſure lies,
All loſt their form, and habitants of ſties.
Think'ſt thou by wit to model their eſcape?
Sooner ſhalt thou, a ſtranger to thy ſhape,
Fall prone their equal: firſt thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the Gods beſtow.
The plant I give, through all the direful bower
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes
The bowl ſhall ſparkle, and the banquet riſe;
Take this, nor from the faithleſs feaſt abſtain,
For temper'd drugs and poiſons ſhall be vain.
Soon as ſhe ſtrikes her wand, and gives the word,
Draw forth and brandiſh thy refulgent ſword,
And menace death: thoſe menaces ſhall move
Her alter'd mind to blandiſhment and love.
Nor ſhun the bleſſing profer'd to thy arms,
Aſcend her bed, and taſte celeſtial charms:
So ſhall thy tedious toils a reſpite find,
And thy loſt friends return to human-kind.

But

But ſwear her firſt by thoſe dread oaths that tie
The Powers below, the Bleſſed in the ſky;
Leſt to thee naked ſecret fraud be meant,
Or magic bind thee cold and impotent.
Thus while he ſpoke, the ſovereign plant he drew
Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,
And ſhew'd its nature and its wondrous power:
Black was the root, but milky-white the flower;
Moly the name, to mortals hard to find,
But all is eaſy to th' ætherial kind.
This Hermes gave; then, gliding off the glade,
Shot to Olympus from the woodland ſhade.
While, full of thought, revolving fates to come,
I ſpeed my paſſage to th' enchanted dome:
Arriv'd, before the lofty gates I ſtay'd;
The lofty gates the Goddeſs wide diſplay'd:
She leads before, and to the feaſt invites:
I follow ſadly to the magic rites.
Radiant with ſtarry ſtuds, a ſilver ſeat
Receiv'd my limbs; a footſtool eas'd my feet.
She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of ſoul;
The poiſon mantled in the golden bowl.
I took, and quaff'd it, confident in Heaven:
Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was given.
Hence to thy fellows! (dreadful ſhe began)
Go, be a beaſt!—I heard, and yet was man.
Then ſudden whirling, like a waving flame,
My beamy faulchion, I aſſault the dame.
Struck with unuſual fear, ſhe trembling cries,
She faints, ſhe falls; ſhe lifts her weeping eyes.

What art thou? ſay! from whence, from whom you came?
Oh more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing ſtrength, theſe poiſons to ſuſtain!
Nor mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.
Or art thou he? the man to come (foretold
By Hermes powerful with the wand of gold)
The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean round;
The man for wiſdom's various arts renown'd,
Ulyſſes? oh! thy threatening fury ceaſe,
Sheath thy bright ſword, and join our hands in peace;
Let mutual joys our mutual truſt combine,
And love, and love-born confidence, be thine.
And how, dread Circe! (furious I rejoin)
Can love, and love-born confidence, be mine!
Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
Transform'd to beaſts, with accents not their own.
Oh thou of fraudful heart! ſhall I be led
To ſhare thy feaſt-rites, or aſcend thy bed:
That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent,
And magick bind me, cold and impotent!
Celeſtial as thou art, yet ſtand denied;
Or ſwear that oath by which the Gods are tied,
Swear, in thy ſoul no latent frauds remain,
Swear by the vow which never can be vain.
The Goddeſs ſwore: then ſeiz'd my hand, and led
To the ſweet tranſports of the genial bed.
Miniſtrant to their queen, with buſy care
Four faithful handmaids the ſoft rites prepare;
Nymphs ſprung from fountains, or from ſhady woods,
Or the fair offſpring of the ſacred floods.

One

One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whoſe purple luſtre glow'd againſt the view:
White linen lay beneath. Another plac'd
The ſilver ſtands with golden flaſkets grac'd:
With dulcet beverage this the beaker crown'd,
Fair in the midſt, with gilded cups around:
That in the tripod o'er the kindled pile
The water pours; the bubbling waters boil:
An ample vaſe receives the ſmoking wave;
And, in the bath prepar'd, my limbs I lave:
Reviving ſweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful ſenſe of toil away.
A veſt and tunick o'er me next ſhe threw,
Freſh from the bath, and dropping balmy dew
Then led and plac'd me on the ſovereign ſeat,

Untouch'd before thee ſtand the cates divine,
And unregarded laughs the roſy wine,
Can yet a doubt or any dread remain,
When ſworn that oath which never can be vain?
I anſwer'd; Goddeſs! human is my breaſt,
By juſtice ſway'd, by tender pity preſt:
Ill fits it me, whoſe friends are ſunk to beaſts,
To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feaſts.
Me would'ſt thou pleaſe? for them thy cares employ,
And them to me reſtore, and me to joy.
With that ſhe parted; in her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magic wand.
Then, haſtening to the ſties, ſet wide the door,
Urg'd forth, and drove the briſtly herd before;
Unweildy, out they ruſh'd with general cry,
Enormous beaſts diſhoneſt to the eye.
Now touch'd by counter-charms, they change again,
And ſtand majeſtic, and recall'd to men.
Thoſe hairs, of late that briſtled every part,
Fall off; miraculous effect of art!
Till all the form in full proportion riſe,
More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.
They ſaw, they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their maſter in a long embrace:
Sad, pleaſing fight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
And ſobs of joy re-echoed through the bower:
Ev'n Circe wept, her adamantine heart
Felt pity enter, and ſuſtain'd her part.
Son of Laertes! (then the queen began)
Oh much-enduring, much-experienc'd man!

Haſte

Haſte to thy veſſel on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Unload thy treaſures, and the galley moor:
Then bring thy friends, ſecure from future harms,
And in our grottoes ſtow thy ſpoils and arms.
She ſaid: Obedient to her high command,
I quit the place, and haſten to the ſtrand.
My ſad companions on the beach I found,
Their wiſtful eyes in floods of ſorrow drown'd.
As from freſh paſtures and the dewy field
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
The lowing herds return; around them throng
With leaps and bounds their late-impriſon'd young,
Ruſh to their mothers with unruly joy,
And echoing hills return the tender cry:
So round me preſs'd, exulting at my ſight,
With cries and agonies of wild delight,
The weeping ſailors; nor leſs fierce their joy
Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.
Ah, maſter! ever honour'd, ever dear!
(Theſe tender words on every ſide I hear)
What other joy can equal thy return?
Not that lov'd country for whoſe ſight we mourn,
The ſoil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath:
But, ah! relate our loſt companions death.
I anſwer'd chearful: Haſte, your galley moor,
And bring our treaſures and our arms aſhore:
Thoſe in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
Then riſe, and follow where I lead the way.
Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come
To taſte the joys of Circe's ſacred dome.

With

With ready ſpeed the joyful crew obey:
Alone Eurylochus perſuades their ſtay.
Whither (he cry'd) ah! whither will ye run?
Seek ye to meet thoſe evils ye ſhould ſhun?
Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
In ſwine to grovel, or in lions roar,
Or wolf-like howl away the midnight hour
In dreadful watch around the magic bower?
Remember Cyclops, and his bloody deed;
The leader's raſhneſs made the ſoldiers bleed.
I heard incens'd, and firſt reſolv'd to ſpeed
My flying falchion at the rebel's head.
Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
This hand had ſtretch'd him breathleſs on the ground.
But all at once my interpoſing train
For mercy pleaded, nor could plead in vain.
Leave here the man who dares his prince deſert,
Leave to repentance and his own ſad heart,
To guard the ſhip. Seek we the ſacred ſhades
Of Circe's palace, where Ulyſſes leads.
This with one voice declar'd, the riſing train
Left the black veſſel by the murmuring main.
Shame touch'd Eurylochus's alter'd breaſt,
He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the reſt.
Meanwhile the Goddeſs, with indulgent cares
And ſocial joys, the late transform'd repairs;
The bath, the feaſt, their fainting ſoul renews;
Rich in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews:
Brightening with joy their eager eyes behold
Each other's face, and each his ſtory told;

Then guſhing tears the narrative confound,
And with their ſobs the vaulted roofs reſound.
When huſh'd their paſſion, thus the Goddeſs cries:
Ulyſſes, taught by labours to be wiſe,
Let this ſhort memory of grief ſuffice.
To me are known the various woes ye bore,
In ſtorms by ſea, in perils on the ſhore;
Forget whatever was in Fortune's power,
And ſhare the pleaſures of this genial hour.
Such be your minds as ere ye left your coaſt,
Or learn'd to ſorrow for a country loſt.
Exiles and wanderers now, where-e'er ye go
Too faithful memory renews your woe;
The cauſe remov'd, habitual griefs remain,
And the ſoul ſaddens by the uſe of pain.
Her kind entreaty mov'd the general breaſt;
Tir'd with long toil, we willing ſunk to reſt.
We ply'd the banquet, and the bowl we crown'd,
Till the full circle of the year came round.
But when the ſeaſons, following in their train,
Brought back the months, the days, and hours again;
As from a lethargy at once they riſe,
And urge their chief with animating cries:
Is this, Ulyſſes, our inglorious lot?
And is the name of Ithaca forgot?
Shall never the dear land in proſpect riſe,
Or the lov'd palace glitter in our eyes?
Melting I heard; yet till the ſun's decline
Prolong'd the feaſt, and quaff'd the roſy wine:
But when the *ſhades* came on at evening hour,
And all lay ſlumbering in the duſky bower;

I came a ſuppliant to fair Circe's bed,
The tender moment ſeiz'd, and thus I ſaid:
Be mindful, Goddeſs, of thy promiſe made;
Muſt ſad Ulyſſes ever be delay'd?
Around their lord my ſad companions mourn,
Each breaſt beats homeward, anxious to return:
If but a moment parted from thy eyes,
Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies.
Go then, (ſhe cry'd) ah, go! yet think, not I,
Not Circe, but the Fates, your wiſh deny.
Ah, hope not yet to breathe thy native air!
Far other journey firſt demands thy care;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
And view the realms of darkneſs and of death.
There ſeek the Theban bard, depriv'd of ſight;
Within, irradiate with prophetic light;
To whom Perſephone, entire and whole,
Gave to retain th' unſeparated ſoul:
The reſt are forms, of empty æther made;
Impaſſive ſemblance, and a flitting ſhade.
Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:
Penſive I ſate; my tears bedew'd the bed;
To hate the light and life my ſoul begun,
And ſaw that all was grief beneath the ſun.
Compos'd at length, the guſhing tears ſuppreſt,
And my toſt limbs now weary'd into reſt:
How ſhall I tread (I cry'd) ah, Circe! ſay,
The dark deſcent, and who ſhall guide the way?
Can living eyes behold the realms below?
What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?

Thy fated road (the magic power reply'd)
Divine Ulyſſes! aſks no mortal guide.
Rear but the maſt, the ſpacious ſail diſplay,
The northern winds ſhall wing thee on thy way.
Soon ſhalt thou reach old Ocean's utmoſt ends,
Where to the main the ſhelving ſhore deſcends;
The barren trees of Proſerpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods:
There fix thy veſſel in the lonely bay,
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:
Where Phlegeton's loud torrents, ruſhing down,
Hiſs in the flaming gulf of Acheron;
And where, ſlow-rolling from the Stygian bed,
Cocytus' lamentable waters ſpread:
Where the dark rock o'erhangs th' infernal lake,
And mingling ſtreams eternal murmurs make.
Firſt draw thy falchion, and on every ſide
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide:
To all the ſhades around libations pour,
And o'er th' ingredients ſtrow the hallow'd flour:
New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring;
And living water from the cryſtal ſpring.
Then the wan ſhades and feeble ghoſts implore,
With promis'd offerings on thy native ſhore;
A barren cow, the ſtateliеſt of the iſle,
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pile:
Theſe to the reſt; but to the ſeer muſt bleed
A ſable ram, the pride of all thy breed.
Theſe ſolemn vows and holy offerings paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead;

Be next thy care the ſable ſheep to place
Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their face:
But from th' infernal rite thine eye withdraw,
And back to Ocean glance with reverend awe.
Sudden ſhall ſkim along the duſky glades
Thin airy ſhoals, and viſionary ſhades.
Then give command the ſacrifice to haſte,
Let the ſlay'd victims in the flame be caſt,
And ſacred vows and myſtic ſong apply'd
To griſly Pluto and his gloomy bride.
Wide o'er the pool, thy falchion wav'd around
Shall drive the ſpectres from forbidden ground:
The ſacred draught ſhall all the dead forbear,
Till awful from the ſhades ariſe the ſeer.
Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate, diſplay,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy day.
So ſpeaking, from the ruddy orient ſhone
The morn, conſpicuous on her golden throne.
The Goddeſs with a radiant tunic dreſs'd
My limbs, and o'er me caſt a ſilken veſt.
Long flowing robes of pureſt white array
The nymph, that added luſtre to the day:
A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waſte was circled with a zone of gold.
Forth iſſuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouze man by man, and animate my crew.
Riſe, riſe, my mates! 'tis Circe gives command:
Our journey calls us; haſte, and quit the land.
All riſe and follow, yet depart not all,
For Fate decreed one wretched man to fall.

A you

- youngeſt of our band, a vulgar ſoul,
born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl
e, hot and careleſs, on a turret's height
/ith ſleep repair'd the long debauch of nigh
he ſudden tumult ſtirr'd him where he lay,
id down he haſten'd, but forgot the way;
ll endlong from the roof the ſleeper fell,
d ſnapp'd the ſpinal joint, and wak'd in he
he reſt crowd round me with an eager look
et them with a ſigh, and thus beſpoke:
ady, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
· hopes already touch your native ſhore:
! far otherwiſe the nymph declares,
ther journey firſt demands our cares;
ead th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
reary realms of darkneſs and of death:
k Tireſias' awful ſhade below,
ence our fortunes and our fates to know
ad companions heard:—

For swift as thought the Goddess had been there,
And thence had glided, viewless as the air:
The paths of Gods what mortal can survey?
Who eyes their motion? who shall trace their way?

THE

ELEVENTH BOO

OF THE

ARGUMENT.

THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

ULYSSES continues his narration, How he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his deſcent, and the apparition of the ſhades: his converſation with Elpenor, and with Tireſias, who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the ſtate of his family. He ſees the ſhades of the ancient heroines, afterwards of the heroes, and converſes in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a ſullen diſtance, and diſdains to anſwer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Syſiphus, Hercules; till he is deterred from further curioſity by the apparition of horrid Spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.

THE

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XI.

NOW to the ſhores we bend, a mournful
Climb the tall bark, and launch into th
At once the maſt we rear, at once unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind
Then pale and penſive ſtand, with cares oppr
And ſolemn horror ſaddens every breaſt.
A freſhening breeze the * Magic Power ſupp

The ſhip we moor on theſe obſcure abodes;
Diſbark the ſheep, an offering to the Gods;
And, hell-ward bending, o'er the beach deſcry
The doleſome paſſage to th' infernal ſky.
The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean Power,
Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.

Here open'd hell, all hell I here implor'd,
And from the ſcabbard drew the ſhining ſword;
And, trenching the black earth on every ſide,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring
Then living waters from the cryſtal ſpring;
O'er theſe was ſtrew'd the conſecrated flour,
And on the ſurface ſhone the holy ſtore.

Now the wan ſhades we hail, th' infernal God
To ſpeed our courſe, and waft us o'er the floods
So ſhall a barren heifer from the ſtall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;
So in our palace, at our ſafe return,
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the pile ſhall burn;
So ſhall a ram the largeſt of the breed,
Black as theſe regions, to Tireſias bleed.

Thus ſolemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead,
Then dy'd the ſheep; a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the caverns ſmok'd with ſtreaming blood.
When, lo! appear'd along the duſky coaſts,
Thin, airy throals of viſionary ghoſts;
Fair, penſive youths, and ſoft enamour'd maids;
And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled ſhades;

Ghaſtly with wounds the forms of warriors ſl
Stalk'd with majeſtic port, a martial train :
Theſe and a thouſand more ſwarm'd o'er the
And all the dire aſſembly ſhriek'd around.
Aſtoniſh'd at the ſight, aghaſt I ſtood,
And a cold fear ran ſhivering through my bl
Straight I command the ſacrifice to haſte,
Straight the flay'd victims to the flames are ca
And mutter'd vows, and myſtic ſong applied
To griſly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.

Now ſwift I wav'd my faulchion o'er the bl
Back ſtarted the pale throngs, and trembling
Round the black trench the gore untaſted flov
Till awful from the ſhades Tireſias roſe.

But lend me aid, I now conjure thee lend,
By the ſoft tie and ſacred name of friend!
By thy fond conſort! by thy father's cares!
By lov'd Telemachus's blooming years!
For well I know that ſoon the heavenly Powers
Will give thee back to day, and Circe's ſhores:
There pious on my cold remains attend,
There call to mind thy poor departed friend.
The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
And the poſſeſſion of a peaceful grave.
But if, unheard, in vain compaſſion plead,
Revere the Gods, the Gods avenge the dead!
A tomb along the watery margin raiſe,
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
To ſhew poſterity Elpenor was.
There high in air, memorial of my name,
Fix the ſmooth oar, and bid me live to fame.
To whom with tears; Theſe rites, O mournful ſhade,
Due to thy ghoſt, ſhall to thy ghoſt be paid.
Still as I ſpoke, the phantom ſeem'd to moan,
Tear follow'd tear, and groan ſucceeded groan.
But, as my waving ſword the blood ſurrounds,
The ſhade withdrew, and mutter'd empty ſounds.
There as the wondrous viſions I ſurvey'd,
All pale aſcends my royal mother's ſhade:
to Troy ſhe ſaw our legions paſs;
form is all Anticlea was!
e ſight, I melt with filial woe,
my cheek the pious ſorrows flow,

Yet

Yet as I ſhook my faulchion o'er the blood
Regardleſs of her ſon the parent ſtood.
When lo! the mighty Theban I behold;
To guide his ſteps, he bore a ſtaff of gold;
Awful he trod! majeſtic was his look!
And from his holy lips theſe accents brok
Why, mortal, wandereſt thou from chear
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
What angry Gods to theſe dark regions lec
Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?
But ſheath thy poinard, while my tongue rel
Heaven's ſtedfaſt purpoſe, and thy future f
While yet he ſpoke, the Prophet I obey'
And in the ſcabbard plung'd the glittering

Rob not the God; and ſo propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy ſails:
But, if his herds ye ſeize, beneath the waves
I ſee thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!
The direful wreck Ulyſſes ſcarce ſurvives!
Ulyſſes at his country ſcarce arrives!
Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours end,
New foes ariſe, domeſtic ills attend!
There foul adulterers to thy bride reſort,
And lordly gluttons riot in thy court!
But vengeance haſtes amain! Theſe eyes behold
The deathful ſcene, princes on princes roll'd!
That done, a people far from ſea explore,
Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar,
Or ſaw gay veſſel ſtem the watery plain,
A painted wonder flying on the main!
Bear on thy back an oar: with ſtrange amaze
A ſhepherd meeting thee, the oar ſurveys,
And names a van: there fix it on the plain,
To calm the God that holds the watery reign;
A three-fold offering to his altar bring,
A bull, a ram, a boar; and hail the Ocean-King.
But, home return'd, to each ethereal power
Slay the due victim in the genial hour:
So peaceful ſhalt thou end thy bliſsful days,
And ſteal thyſelf from life by ſlow decays
Unknown to pain, in age reſign thy breath,
When late ſtern Neptune points the ſhaft with death
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt,
Thy people bleſſing, by thy people bleſt!

...., and this is fate.
To whom unmov'd: If this the Gods pre
That Heaven ordains, the wife with courag
ut ſay, why yonder on the lonely ſtrands,
nmindful of her ſon, Anticlea ſtands?
Why to the ground ſhe bends her downcaſt ey
Why is ſhe ſilent, while her ſon is nigh?
he latent cauſe, O ſacred ſeer, reveal!
Nor this, replies the ſeer, will I conceal.
now, to the ſpectres, that thy beverage taſte,
ie ſcenes of life recur, and actions paſt:
ey, ſeal'd with truth, return the ſure reply;
e reſt, repell'd, a train oblivious fly.
The phantom-prophet ceas'd, and ſunk from
the black palace of eternal night.
ill in the dark abodes of death I ſtood,
n near Anticlea mov'd, and drank the blood
ght all the mother in her ſoul awakes,
owning her Ulyſſes, thus ſhe ſpeaks:
ſt thou, my ſon, alive

Source of my life, I cry'd, from earth I fly,
To ſeek Tireſias in the nether ſky,
To learn my doom; for, toſt from woe to woe,
In every land Ulyſſes finds a foe:
Nor have theſe eyes beheld my native ſhores,
Since in the duſt proud Troy ſubmits her towers.
But, when thy ſoul from her ſweet manſion fled
Say what diſtemper gave thee to the dead?
Has life's fair lamp declin'd by ſlow decays,
Or ſwift expir'd it in a ſudden blaze?
Say if my ſire, good old Laertes, lives?
If yet Telemachus, my ſon, ſurvives?
Say by his rule is my dominion aw'd,
Or cruſh'd by traitors with an iron rod?
Say if my ſpouſe maintains her royal truſt;
Though tempted, chaſte, and obſtinately juſt!
Or if no more her abſent lord ſhe wails,
But the falſe woman o'er the wife prevails?
Thus I, and thus the parent-ſhade returns:
Thee, ever thee, thy faithful conſort mourns:
Whether the night deſcends, or day prevails,
Thee ſhe by night, and thee by day bewails.
Thee in Telemachus thy realm obeys;
In ſacred groves celeſtial rites he pays,
And ſhares the banquet in ſuperior ſtate,
Grac'd with ſuch honours as become the great.
Thy ſire in ſolitude foments his care:
The court is joyleſs, for thou art not there!
No coſtly carpets raiſe his hoary head,
No rich embroidery ſhines to grace his bed:

... ...gus, his viſage pale, his dre
ıe garb of woe and habit of diſtreſs.
ıd when the autumn takes his annual ro
ıe leafy honours ſcattering on the grounc
:gardleſs of his years, abroad he lies,
s bed the leaves, his canopy the ſkies.
ıus cares on cares his painful days conſun
ıd bow his age with ſorrow to the tomb!
For thee, my ſon, I wept my life away;
r thee through hell's eternal dungeons ſtray
r came my fate by lingering pains and ſlow
· bent the ſilver-ſhafted Queen her bow;
dire diſeaſe bereav'd me of my breath;
u, thou, my ſon, wert my diſeaſe and deat
indly with my love my ſon conſpir'd,
hee I liv'd, for abſent thee expir'd.
rice in my arms I ſtrove her ſhade to binc
e through my arms ſhe ſlipp'd like empty ı
:ams, the vain illuſions of the ...
... ...

'Tis not the Queen of hell who thee deceives:
All, all are ſuch, when life the body leaves;
No more the ſubſtance of the man remains,
Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins:
Theſe the funereal flames in atoms bear,
To wander with the wind in empty air;
While the impaſſive ſoul reluctant flies,
Like a vain dream, to theſe infernal ſkies.
But from the dark dominions ſpeed thy way,
And climb the ſteep aſcent to upper day;
To thy chaſte bride the wondrous ſtory tell,
The woes, the horrors, and the laws of hell.
Thus while ſhe ſpoke, in ſwarms hell's Empreſs brings
Daughters and wives of heroes and of kings;
Thick and more thick they gather round the blood,
Ghoſt throng'd on ghoſt (a dire aſſembly) ſtood!
Dauntleſs my ſword I ſeize: the airy crew,
Swift as it flaſh'd along the gloom, withdrew:
Then ſhade to ſhade in mutual forms ſucceeds,
Her race recounts, and their illuſtrious deeds.
Tyro began, whom great Salmoneus bred;
The royal partner of ſam'd Cretheus' bed.
For fair Enipeus, as from fruitful urns
He pours his watery ſtore, the virgin burns;
Smooth flows the gentle ſtream with wanton pride,
And in ſoft mazes rolls a ſilver tide.
As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,
The monarch of the deep beholds and loves:
In her Enipeus' form and borrow'd charms,
The amorous God deſcends into her arms:

Around, a ſpacious arch of waves he throws,
And high in air the liquid mountain roſe;
Thus in ſurrounding floods conceal'd he proves
The pleaſing tranſport, and compleats his loves.
Then, ſoftly ſighing, he the fair addreſs'd,
And as he ſpoke her tender hand he preſs'd:
Hail, happy nymph! no vulgar births are ow'd
To the prolific raptures of a God:
Lo! when nine times the moon renews her horn,
Two brother heroes ſhall from thee be born;
Thy early care the future worthies claim,
To point them to the arduous paths of fame;
But in thy breaſt th' important truth conceal,
Nor dare the ſecret of a God reveal:
For know, thou Neptune view'ſt! and at my nod
Earth trembles, and the waves confeſs their God.
He added not, but mounting ſpurn'd the plain,
Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.
Now in the time's full proceſs forth ſhe brings
Jove's dread vice-gerents, in two future kings;
O'er proud Iolcos Pelias ſtretch'd his reign,
And god-like Neleus rul'd the Pylian plain:
Then, fruitful, to her Cretheus' royal bed
She gallant Pheres and fam'd Æſon bred:
From the ſame fountain Amythaon roſe,
Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble ſhout of foes.
There mov'd Antiope with haughty charms,
Who bleſt th' Almighty Thunderer in her arms:
Hence ſprung Amphion, hence brave Zethus came,
Founders of Thebes, and men of mighty name;

Though

Though bold in open field, they yet surround
The town with walls, and mound inject on mound;
Here ramparts stood, there towers rose high in air,
And here through-seven wide portals rush'd the war.
There with soft step the fair Alcmena trod,
Who bore Alcides to the Thundering God:
And Megara, who charm'd the son of Jove,
And soften'd his stern soul to tender love.
Sullen and sour with discontented mien
Jocasta frown'd, th' incestuous Theban queen;
With her own son she join'd in nuptial bands,
Though father's blood imbrued his murderous hands:
The Gods and men the dire offence detest,
The Gods with all their furies rend his breast:
In lofty Thebes he wore th' imperial crown,
A pompous wretch! accurs'd upon a throne.
The wife self-murder'd from a beam depends;
And her foul soul to blackest hell descends;
Thence to her son the choicest plagues she brings,
And his fiends haunt him with a thousand stings.
And now the beauteous Chloris I descry,
A lovely shade, Amphion's youngest joy!
With gifts unnumber'd Neleus sought her arms,
Nor paid too dearly for unequal'd charms;
Great in Orchomenos, in Pylos great,
He sway'd the sceptre with imperial state.
Three gallant sons the joyful monarch told,
Sage Nestor, Periclimenus the bold,
And Chromius last; but of the softer race,
One nymph alone, a miracle of grace.

Kings

Kings on their thrones for lovely Pero burn;
The ſire denies, and kings rejected mourn.
To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,
Whoſe arm ſhould raviſh from Phylacian fields
The herds of Iphyclus, detain'd in wrong;
Wild, furious herds, unconquerably ſtrong!
This dares a ſeer, but nought the ſeer prevails,
In beauty's cauſe illuſtriouſly he fails;
Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains
In painful dungeons, and coercive chains;
The foe at laſt, from durance where he lay,
His art revering, gave him back to day;
Won by prophetic knowledge, to fulfill
The ſtedfaſt purpoſe of th' Almighty will.
With graceful port advancing now I ſpy'd
Leda the fair, the God-like Tyndar's bride:
Hence Pollux ſprung, who wields with furious ſway
The deathful gauntlet matchleſs in the fray;
And Caſtor glorious on th' embattled plain
Curbs the proud ſteed, reluctant to the rein:
By turns they viſit this æthereal ſky,
And live alternate, and alternate die:
In hell beneath, on earth, in heaven above,
Reign the Twin-gods, the favourite ſons of Jove.
There Ephimedia trod the gloomy plain,
Who charm'd the Monarch of the boundleſs main;
Hence Ephialtes, hence ſtern Otus ſprung,
More fierce than giants, more than giants ſtrong;
The earth o'erburthen'd groan'd beneath their weight,
None but Orion e'er ſurpaſs'd their height:

The wonderous youths had ſcarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their towering head,
And full nine cubits broad their ſhoulders ſpread.
Proud of their ſtrength and more than mortal ſize,
The Gods they challenge, and affect the ſkies;
Heav'd on Olympus tottering Oſſa ſtood;
On Oſſa, Pelion nods with all his wood:
Such were they youths! had they to manhood grown,
Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne.
But, ere the harveſt of the beard began
To briſtle on the chin, and promiſe man,
His ſhafts Apollo aim'd; at once they found,
And ſtretch the giant-monſters o'er the ground.
There mournful Phædra with ſad Procris moves,
Both beauteous ſhades, both hapleſs in their loves;
And near them walk'd, with ſolemn pace and ſlow,
Sad Ariadne, partner of their woe;
The royal Minos Ariadne bred,
She Theſeus lov'd; from Crete with Theſeus fled;
Swift to the Dian iſle the hero flies,
And tow'rds his Athens bears the lovely prize;
There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
The Goddeſs aims her ſhaft, the nymph expires.
There Clymenè and Mera I behold;
There Eriphylè weeps, who looſely ſold
Her lord, her honour, for the luſt of gold.
But ſhould I all recount, the night would fail,
Unequal to the melancholy tale:
And all-compoſing reſt my nature craves,
Here in the court, or yonder on the waves;

In

In you I truſt, and in the heavenly powers,
To land Ulyſſes on his native ſhores.
He ceas'd: but left ſo charming on their e
His voice, that liſtening ſtill they ſeem'd to l
Till, riſing up, Aretè ſilence broke,
Stretch'd-out her ſnowy hand, and thus ſhe ſ
What wondrous man Heaven ſends us in c
Through all his woes the hero ſhines confeſt;
His comely port, his ample frame, expreſs
A manly air, majeſtic in diſtreſs.
He, as my gueſt, is my peculiar care,
You ſhare the pleaſure, then in bounty ſhare
To worth in miſery a reverence pay,
And with a generous hand reward his ſtay;

To whom the prince: This night with joy I ſtay,
O, monarch great in virtue as in ſway!
If thou the circling year my ſtay control,
To raiſe a bounty noble as thy ſoul;
The circling year I wait, with ampler ſtores
And fitter pomp to hail my native ſhores:
Then by my realms due homage would be paid;
For wealthy kings are loyally obey'd!
O king! for ſuch thou art, and ſure thy blood
Through veins (he cry'd) of royal fathers flow'd;
Unlike thoſe vagrants who on falſehood live,
Skill'd in ſmooth tales, and artful to deceive;
Thy better ſoul abhors the liar's part,
Wiſe is thy voice, and noble is thy heart.
Thy words like muſic every breaſt control,
Steal through the ear, and win upon the ſoul;
Soft, as ſome ſong divine, thy ſtory flows,
Nor better could the Muſe record thy woes.
But ſay, upon the dark and diſmal coaſt,
Saw'ſt thou the worthies of the Grecian hoſt?
The god-like leaders who, in battle ſlain,
Fell before Troy, and nobly preſt the plain?
And, lo! a length of night behind remains,
The evening ſtars ſtill mount th' æthereal plains.
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
Thy woes on earth, the wondrous ſcenes in hell,
Till in the vault of heaven the ſtars decay,
And the ſky reddens with the riſing day.
O worthy of the power the Gods aſſign'd,
(Ulyſſes thus replies) a king in mind!

Since yet the early hour of night allows
Time for diſcourſe, and time for ſoft repoſe,
If ſcenes of miſery can entertain,
Woes I unfold, of woes a diſmal train.
Prepare to hear of murther and of blood;
Of God-like heroes who uninjur'd ſtood
Amidſt a war of ſpears in foreign lands,
Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.
Now ſummon'd Proſerpine to hell's black hall
The heroine ſhades; they vanquiſh'd at her call.
When, lo! advanc'd the forms of heroes ſlain
By ſtern Ægyſthus, a majeſtic train;
And high above the reſt, Atrides preſt the plain.
He quaff'd the gore: and ſtraight his ſoldier knew,
And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
His arms he ſtretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,
Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:
His ſubſtance vaniſh'd, and his ſtrength decay'd,
Now all Atrides is an empty ſhade.
Mov'd at the ſight, I for a ſpace reſign'd
To ſoft affliction all my manly mind;
At laſt with tears—O what relentleſs doom,
Imperial phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
Say while the ſea, and while the tempeſt raves,
Has Fate oppreſs'd thee in the roaring waves,
Or nobly ſeiz'd thee in the dire alarms
Of war and ſlaughter, and the claſh of arms?
The ghoſt returns: O chief of human-kind
For active courage and a patient mind;
Nor while the ſea, nor while the tempeſt raves,
Has Fate oppreſs'd me on the roaring waves!

Nor nobly ſeiz'd me in the dire alarms
Of war and ſlaughter, and the claſh of arms.
Stabb'd by a murderous hand Atrides dy'd,
A foul adulterer, and a faithleſs bride;
Ev'n in my mirth and at the friendly feaſt,
O'er the full bowl, the traitor ſtabb'd his gueſt;
Thus by the gory arm of ſlaughter falls
The ſtately ox, and bleeds within the ſtalls.
But not with me the direful murther ends,
Theſe, theſe expir'd! their crime, they were my friends:
Thick as the boars, which ſome luxurious lord
Kills for the feaſt, to crown the nuptial board.
When war has thunder'd with its loudeſt ſtorms,
Death thou haſt ſeen in all her ghaſtly forms;
In duel met her, on the lifted ground,
When hand to hand they wound return for wound;
But never have thy eyes aſtoniſh'd view'd
So vile a deed, ſo dire a ſcene of blood.
Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
Glows in our veins, and opens every ſoul,
We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is dy'd,
And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tide—
Her breaſt all gore, with lamentable cries,
The bleeding innocent Caſſandra dies!
Then though pale death froze cold in every vein,
My ſword I ſtrive to wield, but ſtrive in vain;
Nor did my traitreſs wife theſe eye-lids cloſe,
Or decently in death my limbs compoſe.
O woman, woman, when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend:

And ſuch was mine! who baſely plung'd her ſword
Through the fond boſom where ſhe reign'd ador'd!
Alas! I hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome,
To meet ſoft quiet and repoſe at home;
Deluſive Hope! O wife, thy deeds diſgrace
The perjur'd ſex, and blacken all the race;
And ſhould poſterity one virtuous find,
Name Clytemneſtra, they will curſe the kind.
O injur'd ſhade, I cry'd, what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman roſe!
By woman here thou tread'ſt this mournful ſtrand,
And Greece by woman lies a deſert land.
Warn'd by my ills beware, the ſhade replies,
Nor truſt the ſex that is ſo rarely wiſe;
When earneſt to explore thy ſecret breaſt,
Unfold ſome trifle, but conceal the reſt.
But in thy conſort ceaſe to fear a foe,
For thee ſhe feels ſincerity of woe:
When Troy firſt bled beneath the Grecian arms,
She ſhone unrival'd with a blaze of charms;
Thy infant ſon her fragrant boſom preſs'd,
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breaſt;
But now the years a numerous train have ran;
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man;
Thy eyes ſhall ſee him burn with noble fire,
The ſire ſhall bleſs his ſon, the ſon his ſire:
But my Oreſtes never met theſe eyes,
Without one look the murther'd father dies;
Then from a wretched friend this wiſdom learn,
Ev'n to thy queen diſguiſ'ſt, unknown, return;

For ſince of womankind ſo few are juſt,
Think all are falſe, nor ev'n the faithful truſt.
But ſay, reſides my ſon in royal port,
In rich Orchomenhus, or Sparta's court?
Or ſay in Pyle? for yet he views the light,
Nor glides a phantom through the realms of night.
Then I: Thy ſuit is vain, nor can I ſay
If yet he breathes in realms of chearful day;
Or pale or wan beholds theſe nether ſkies.
Truth I revere: for Wiſdom never lies.
Thus in a tide of tears our ſorrows flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe;
Till ſide by ſide along the dreary coaſt
Advanc'd Achilles' and Patroclus' ghoſt,
A friendly pair! near theſe the * Pylian ſtray'd,
And towering Ajax, an illuſtrious ſhade!
War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
None but Pelides brighter ſhone in arms.
Through the thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,
And as he ſpeaks the tears deſcend in dew.
Com'ſt thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
Where the wan ſpectres walk eternal rounds;
Nor fear'ſt the dark and diſmal waſte to tread,
Throng'd with pale ghoſts familiar with the dead?
To whom with ſighs: I paſs theſe dreadful gates
To ſeek the Theban, and conſult the Fates:
For ſtill, diſtreſt, I rove from coaſt to coaſt,
Loſt to my friends, and to my country loſt.
But ſure the eye of Time beholds no name
So bleſt as thine in all the rolls of fame;

Alive

* Antilochus.

Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian God
And dead, thou rul'ſt a king in theſe abod
Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloo
Nor think vain words (he cried) can eaſe
Rather I chuſe laborioufly to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital
A ſlave to ſome poor hind that toils for br
Than reign the ſceptred monarch of the de
But ſay, if in my ſteps my ſon proceeds,
And emulates his god-like father's deeds?
If at the claſh of arms, and ſhout of foes,
Swells his bold heart, his boſom nobly glo
Say, if my ſire, the reverend Peleus, reigns
Great in his Pthia, and his throne maintai

Heavens! how he charm'd us with a flow of ſenſe,
And won the heart with manly eloquence!
He firſt was ſeen of all the peers to riſe,
The third in wiſdom where they all were wiſe;
But when, to try the fortune of the day,
Hoſt mov'd tow'rd hoſt in terrible array,
Before the van, impatient for the fight,
With martial port he ſtrode, and ſtern delight;
Heaps ſtrew'd on heaps, beneath his faulchion groan'd,
And monuments of dead deform'd the ground.
The time would fail, ſhould I in order tell
What foes were vanquiſh'd, and what numbers fell:
How, loſt through love, Eurypylus was ſlain,
And round him bled his bold Cetæan train.
To Troy no hero came of nobler line;
Or if of nobler, Memnon, it was thine.
When Ilion in the horſe receiv'd her doom,
And unſeen armies ambuſh'd in its womb;
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on Troy to pour th' impriſon'd war:
Then when the boldeſt boſom beat with fear,
When the ſtern eyes of heroes dropp'd a tear;
Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Fluſh'd in his cheek, or ſallied in his blood;
Indignant in the dark receſs he ſtands,
Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
He graſp'd his ſword, and ſhook his glittering ſpear.
And when the Gods our arms with conqueſt crown'd,
When Troy's proud bulwarks ſmok'd upon the ground,

Greece

Greece to reward her ſoldier's gallant toils
Heap'd high his navy with unnumber'd ſpoils.
Thus great in glory from the din of war
Safe he return'd, without one hoſtile ſcar;
Though ſpears in iron tempeſts rain'd around,
Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltleſs of a wound.
While yet I ſpoke, the ſhade with tranſport glow'd,
Roſe in his majeſty, and nobler trod;
With haughty ſtalk he ſought the diſtant glades
Of warrior kings, and join'd th' illuſtrious ſhades.
Now without number ghoſt by ghoſt aroſe,
All wailing with unutterable woes.
Alone, apart, in diſcontented mood,
A gloomy ſhade, the ſullen Ajax ſtood;
For ever ſad with proud diſdain he pin'd,
And the loſt arms for ever ſtung his mind;
Though on the conteſt Thetis gave the laws,
And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cauſe.
O why was I victorious in the ſtrife;
O dear-bought honour with ſo brave a life!
With him the ſtrength of war, the ſoldiers pride,
Our ſecond hope to great Achilles died!
Touch'd at the ſight, from tears I ſcarce refrain,
And tender ſorrow thrills in every vein;
Penſive and ſad I ſtand, at length accoſt
With accents mild th' inexorable ghoſt.
Still burns thy rage? and can brave ſouls reſent
Ev'n after death? Relent, great ſhade, relent!
Periſh thoſe arms which by the Gods decree
Accurs'd our army with the loſs of thee!

With

With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapleſs fate;
And ſhook aſtoniſh'd through her hundred ſtates;
Not more, when great Achilles preſs'd the ground,
And breath'd his manly ſpirit through the wound.
Oh, deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
Jove hated Greece, and puniſh'd Greece in thee!
Turn then, oh! peaceful turn, thy wrath controul,
And calm the raging tempeſt of thy ſoul.
While yet I ſpeak, the ſhade diſdains to ſtay,
In ſilence turns, and ſullen ſtalks away.
Touch'd at his ſour retreat, through deepeſt night,
Through hell's black bounds I had purſued his flight,
And forc'd the ſtubborn ſpectre to reply;
But wondrous viſions drew my curious eye;
High on a throne, tremendous to behold,
Stern Minos waves a mace of burniſh'd gold;
Around ten thouſand thouſand ſpectres ſtand
Through the wide dome of Dis, a trembling band.
Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,
Abſolves the juſt, and dooms the guilty ſouls.
There huge Orion, of portentous ſize,
Swift through the gloom a giant-hunger flies;
A ponderous mace of braſs with direful ſway
Aloft he whirls, to cruſh the ſavage prey;
Stern beaſts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now griſly forms, ſhoot o'er the lawns of hell.
There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erſpreads nine acres of infernal ground;
Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,

Inceſſant

Inceſſant gore the liver in his breaſt,
Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immo
For as o'er Panope's enamel'd plains,
Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,
With haughty love th' audacious monſter ſtr
To force the Goddeſs, and to rival Jove.

There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans (with groans all hell r
Ev'n in the circling floods refreſhment craves
And pines with thirſt amidſt a ſea of waves:
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treacherous water flies.
Above, beneath, around his hapleſs head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage ſpread;
There figs ſky-died, a purple hue diſcloſe,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glow

A ſhadowy form! for high in heaven's abodes
Himſelf reſides, a God among the Gods;
There, in the bright aſſemblies of the ſkies,
He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.
Here hovering ghoſts, like fowl, his ſhade ſurround
And clang their pinions with terrific ſound;
Gloomy as night he ſtands, in act to throw
Th' aërial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breaſt a wondrous zone is roll'd,
Where woodland monſters grin in fretted gold,
There ſullen lions fiernly ſeem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the tuſky boar,
There war and havock and deſtruction ſtood,
And vengeful murther red with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures ſhine,
Inimitably wrought with ſkill divine.
The mighty ghoſt advanc'd with awful look,
And, turning his grim viſage, ſternly ſpoke:
O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!
O taught to bear the wrongs of baſe mankind!
Such, ſuch was I! ſtill toſt from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air!
Ev'n I, who from the Lord of Thunders roſe,
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
To a baſe monarch ſtill a ſlave confin'd,
(The hardeſt bondage to a generous mind!)
Down to theſe worlds I trod the diſmal way,
And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day;
Ev'n hell I conquer'd, through the friendly aid
Of Maia's offspring and the Martial Maid.

Thus

Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to ſtay,
But, turning, ſtalk'd with giant-ſtrides away.
Curious to view the kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that live in endleſs praiſe,
Reſolv'd I ſtand; and haply had ſurvey'd
The god-like Theſeus, and Perithous' ſhade;
But ſwarms of ſpectres roſe from deepeſt hell,
With bloodleſs viſage, and with hideous yell,
They ſcream, they ſhriek; ſad groans and diſmal ſounds
Stun my ſcar'd ears, and pierce hell's utmoſt bounds.
No more my heart the diſmal din ſuſtains,
And my cold blood hangs ſhivering in my veins;
Left Gorgon, riſing from th' infernal lakes,
With horrors arm'd, and curls of hiſſing ſnakes,
Should fix me, ſtiffen'd at the monſtrous ſight,
A ſtony image, in eternal night!
Straight from the direful coaſt to purer air
I ſpeed my flight, and to my mates repair.
My mates aſcend the ſhip; they ſtrike their oars;
The mountains leſſen, and retreat the ſhores;
Swift o'er the waves we fly; the freſhening gales
Sing through the ſhrouds, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF THE DYSSE

ARGUMENT.

THE SIRENS, SCYLLA, AND CHARYBDIS.

HE relates, how after his return from the ſhades, he was ſent by Circe on his voyage, by the coaſt of the Sirens, and by the Strait of Scylla and Charybdis: the manner in which he eſcaped thoſe dangers: how, being caſt on the iſland Trinacria, his companions deſtroyed the oxen of the Sun: the vengeance that followed; how all periſhed by ſhipwreck except himſelf, who, ſwimming on the maſt of the ſhip, arrived on the iſland of Calypſo. With which his relation concludes.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XII.

THUS o'er the rolling ſurge the veſſel flies,
Till from the waves th' Ææan hills ariſe.
Here the gay morn reſides in radiant bowers,
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;
Here Phœbus riſing in th' ætherial way,
Through heaven's bright portals pours the beamy day.
At once we fix our halſers on the land,
At once deſcend, and preſs the deſert ſand;
There, worn and waſted, loſe our cares in ſleep,
To the hoarſe murmurs of the rolling deep.
Soon as the morn reſtor'd the day, we pay'd
Sepulchral honours to Elpenor's ſhade.
Now by the ax the ruſhing foreſt bends,
And the huge pile along the ſhore aſcends.
Around we ſtand a melancholy train,
And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.
Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes ſpread,
The hungry flame devours the ſilent dead.
A riſing tomb, the ſilent dead to grace,
Faſt by the roarings of the main we place;
The riſing tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it roſe the tapering oar.

Meantime the * Goddeſs our return ſurvey'd
From the pale ghoſts, and hell's tremendous ſhade.
Swift ſhe deſcends: a train of nymphs divine
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
In act to ſpeak the * Power of Magick ſtands,
And graceful thus accoſts the liſtening bands:
O ſons of woe! decreed by adverſe fates
Alive to paſs through hell's eternal gates!
All, ſoon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
More wretched you! twice number'd with the dead!
This day adjourn your cares; exalt your ſoule,
Indulge the taſte, and drain the ſparkling bowle:
And when the morn unveils her ſaffron ray,
Spread your broad ſails, and plough the liquid way;
Lo! I this night, your faithful guide, explain
Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.
The Goddeſs ſpoke; in feaſts we waſte the day,
Till Phœbus downward plung'd his burning ray;
Then ſable night aſcends, and balmy reſt
Seals every eye, and calms the troubled breaſt.
Then curious ſhe commands me to relate
The dreadful ſcenes of Pluto's dreary ſtate:
She ſat in ſilence while the tale I tell,
The wondrous viſions, and the laws of hell.
Then thus: The lot of man the Gods diſpoſe;
Theſe ills are paſt: now hear thy future woes.
O prince, attend! ſome favouring Power be kind,
And print th' important ſtory on thy mind!
Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plough the ſeas;
Their ſong is death, and makes deſtruction pleaſe.

Unbleſt

Unbleſt the man, whom muſic wins to ſtay
Nigh the curſt ſhore, and liſten to the lay;
No more that wretch ſhall view the joys of life
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife
In verdant meads they ſport; and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful ſhore.
Fly ſwift the dangerous coaſt; let every ear
Be ſtop'd againſt the ſong! 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the maſt with chains thyſelf be bound
Nor truſt thy virtue to th' enchanting ſound.
If, mad with tranſport, freedom thou demand

Scarce the fam'd Argo paſs'd theſe raging floods,
The ſacred Argo, fill'd with demigods!
Ev'n ſhe had ſunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet ſail, and puſh'd her o'er the tide.
High in the air the rock its ſummit ſhrouds,
In brooding tempeſts, and in rolling clouds;
Loud ſtorms around and miſts eternal riſe,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the ſkies.
When all the broad expanſion bright with day
Glows with th' autumnal or the ſummer ray,
The ſummer and the autumn glow in vain,
The ſky for ever lours, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the ſtep of man it ſtands,
Though borne by twenty feet, though arm'd with twenty hands;
Smooth as the poliſh of the mirrour riſe
The ſlippery ſides, and ſhoot into the ſkies.
Full in the centre of this rock diſplay'd,
A yawning cavern caſts a dreadful ſhade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.
Wide to the weſt the horrid gulf extends,
And the dire paſſage down to hell deſcends.
O fly the dreadful ſight! expand thy ſails,
Ply the ſtrong oar, and catch the nimble gales;
Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous peſt! abhorr'd by men and gods!
Hideous her voice, and with leſs terrors roar
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiend diſpreads;
Six horrid necks ſhe rears, and ſix terrific heads;

Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;
Jaggy they ſtand, the gaping den of death;
Her parts obſcene the raging billows hide;
Her boſom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
When ſtung with hunger ſhe embroils the flood,
The ſea-dog and the dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
And all the monſters of the watery way;
The ſwifteſt racer of the azure plain
Here fills her ſails and ſpreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla riſes, in her fury roars,
At once ſix mouths expands, at once ſix men devours.
Cloſe-by, a rock of leſs enormous height
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dangerous ſtreight;
Full on its crown a fig's green branches riſe,
And ſhoot a leafy foreſt to the ſkies;
Beneath, Charybdis holds her boiſtering reign
'Midſt roaring whirlpools, and abſorbs the main;
Thrice in her gulfs the boiling ſeas ſubſide,
Thrice in dire thunders ſhe refunds the tide.
Oh, if thy veſſel plough the direful waves
When ſeas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye periſh all! though he who rules the main
Lend his ſtrong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah, ſhun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly,
'Tis better ſix to loſe, than all to die.
I then: O nymph propitious to my prayer,
Goddeſs divine! my guardian power, declare,
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or, if I riſe in arms, can Scylla bleed?

Then ſhe, O worn by toils, O broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
And never, never be to Heaven reſign'd?
How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong!
Deathleſs the peſt! impenetrably ſtrong!
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!
Ev'n with a look ſhe withers all the bold!
She mocks the weak attempts of human might.
Oh fly her rage! thy conqueſt is thy flight.
If but to ſeize thy arms thou make delay,
Again the fury vindicates her prey,
Her ſix mouths yawn, and ſix are ſnatch'd away.
From her foul womb Cratæis gave to air
This dreadful peſt! To her direct thy prayer,
To curb the monſter in her dire abodes,
And guard thee through the tumult of the floods.
Thence to Trinacria's ſhore you bend your way,
Where graze thy herds, illuſtrious Source of Day!
Seven herds, ſeven flocks, enrich the ſacred plains;
Each herd, each flock, full fifty heads contains;
The wondrous kind a length of age ſurvey,
By breed increaſe not, nor by death decay.
Two ſiſter Goddeſſes poſſeſs the plain,
The conſtant guardians of the woolly train;
Lampetie fair, and Phaethuſa young,
From Phœbus and the bright Neæra ſprung:
Here, watchful o'er the flocks, in ſhady bowers
And flowery meads they waſte the joyous hours.
Rob not the God! and ſo propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy ſails;

But if thy impious hands the flocks deſtroy,
The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die!
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy loſt)
Through tedious toils to view thy native coaſt.
She ceas'd: and now aroſe the morning ray;
Swift to her dome the Goddeſs held her way.
Then to my mates I meaſur'd back the plain,
Climb'd the tall bark, and ruſh'd into the main;
Then bending to the ſtroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breaſts, and ſwift the galley flew.
Up-ſprung a briſker breeze; with freſhening gales,
The friendly Goddeſs ſtretch'd the ſwelling ſails;
We drop our oars; at eaſe the pilot guides;
The veſſel light along the level glides.
When, riſing ſad and ſlow, with penſive look,
Thus to the melancholy train I ſpoke:
O friends, Oh ever partners of my woes,
Attend while I what Heaven foredooms diſcloſe,
Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all! on you it lies
To live, or periſh! to be ſafe, be wiſe!
In flowery meads the ſportive Sirens play,
Touch the ſoft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The Gods allow to hear the dangerous ſound.
Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,
Be every fetter ſtrain'd, be added band to band.
While yet I ſpeak, the winged galley flies,
And, lo! the Siren ſhores like miſts ariſe.
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,
And waves below, at once forgot to move!

So

Some dæmon calm'd the air, and ſmooth'd the deep,
Huſh'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to ſleep.
Now every ſail we furl, each oar we ply;
Laſh'd by the ſtroke, the frothy waters fly.
The ductile wax with buſy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd:
Th' aerial region now grew warm with day,
The wax diſſolv'd beneath the burning ray:
Then every ear I barr'd againſt the ſtrain,
And from acceſs of phrenzy lock'd the brain.
Now round the maſt my mates the fetters roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.
Then, bending to the ſtroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.
While to the ſhore the rapid veſſel flies,
Our ſwift approach the Siren quire deſcries;
Celeſtial muſic warbles from their tongue,
And thus the ſweet deluders tune the ſong.
Oh ſtay, O pride of Greece! Ulyſſes, ſtay!
Oh ceaſe thy courſe, and liſten to our lay!
Bleſt is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The ſong inſtructs the ſoul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy ſoul ſhall into raptures riſe!
Approach! and learn new wiſdom from the wiſe!
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Atchiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the ſun's bright journey lies.
Oh ſtay and learn new wiſdom from the wiſe!
Thus the ſweet charmers warbled o'er the main;
My ſoul takes wing to meet the heavenly ſtrain;

I give

I give the ſign, and ſtruggle to be free;
Swift row my mates, and ſhoot along the ſea;
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
Till, dying off, the diſtant ſounds decay:
Then, ſcudding ſwiftly from the dangerous ground,
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.
Now all at once tremendous ſcenes unfold;
Thunder'd the deeps, the ſmoking billows roll'd!
Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,
All trembling, deafen'd, and aghaſt we ſtood!
No more the veſſel plough'd the dreadful wave,
Fear ſeiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave;
Each dropp'd his oar: but ſwift from man to man
With looks ſerene I turn'd, and thus began:
O friends! Oh often tried in adverſe ſtorms!
With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!
Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,
Yet ſafe return'd—Ulyſſes led the way.
Learn courage hence! and in my care confide:
Lo! ſtill the ſame Ulyſſes is your guide!
Attend my words! your oars inceſſant ply;
Strain every nerve, and bid the veſſel fly.
If from yon juſtling rocks and wavy war
Jove ſafety grants; he grants it to your care.
And thou whoſe guiding hand directs our way,
Pilot, attentive liſten and obey!
Bear wide thy courſe, nor plough thoſe angry waves
Where rolls yon ſmoke, yon tumbling ocean raves;
Steer by the higher rock; leſt whirl'd around
We ſink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.

While

While yet I ſpeak, at once their oars they ſize,
Stretch to the ſtroke, and bruſh the working ſea.
Cautious the name of Scylla I ſuppreſt;
That dreadful ſound had chill'd the boldeſt breaſt.
Meantime, forgetful of the voice divine,
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour ſhine;
High on the deck I take my dangerous ſtand,
Two glittering javelins lighten in my hand;
Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing ſpear I ſtay,
Till the fell fiend ariſe to ſeize her prey.
Around the dungeon, ſtudious to behold
The hideous peſt, my labouring eyes I roll'd;
In vain! the diſmal dungeon dark as night
Veils the dire monſter, and confounds the ſight.
Now through the rocks, appall'd with deep diſmay,
We bend our courſe, and ſtem the deſperate way;
Dire Scylla there a ſcene of horror forms,
And here Charybdis fills the deep with ſtorms.
When the tide ruſhes from her rumbling caves
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
They toſs, they foam, a wild confuſion raiſe,
Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze;
Eternal miſts obſcure th' aërial plain,
And high above the rock ſhe ſpouts the main!
When in her gulphs the ruſhing ſea ſubſides,
She drains the ocean with the refluent tides:
The rock rebellows with a thundering ſound;
Deep, wondrous deep below, appears the ground.
Struck with deſpair, with trembling hearts we view'd
The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood;

When

When, lo! fierce Scylla ſtoop'd to ſeize her prey,
Stretch'd her dire jaws, and ſwept ſix men away;
Chiefs of renown! loud-echoing ſhrieks ariſe:
I turn and view them quivering in the ſkies;
They call, and aid with out-ſtretch'd arms implore:
In vain they call! thoſe arms are ſtretch'd no more.
As, from ſome rock that overhangs the flood,
The ſilent fiſher calls th' inſidious food,
With fraudful care he waits the finny prize,
And ſudden lifts it quivering to the ſkies:
So the foul monſter lifts her prey on high,
So pant the wretches, ſtruggling in the ſky;
In the wide dungeon ſhe devours her food,
And the fleſh trembles while ſhe churns the blood.
Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd;
Never, I never, ſcene ſo dire ſurvey'd;
My ſhivering blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow;
Aghaſt I ſtood, a monument of woe!
Now from the rocks the rapid veſſel flies,
And the hoarſe din like diſtant thunder dies;
To Sol's bright iſle our voyage we purſue,
And now the glittering mountains riſe to view.
There ſacred to the radiant God of day,
Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiſcuous ſtray;
Then ſuddenly was heard along the main
To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train,
Straight to my anxious thoughts the ſound convey'd
The words of Circe and the Theban ſhade;
Warn'd by their awful voice theſe ſhores to ſhun,
With cautious fears oppreſt, I thus begun:

O friends!

O friends! Oh ever exercis'd in care!
Hear Heaven's commands, and reverence what ye hear!
To fly theſe ſhores the preſcient Theban ſhade
And Circe warns! O be their voice obey'd:
Some mighty woe relentleſs Heaven forebodes:
Fly the dire regions, and revere the Gods!
While yet I ſpoke, a ſudden ſorrow ran
Through every breaſt, and ſpread from man to man,
Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began:
O cruel thou! ſome fury ſure has ſteel'd
That ſtubborn ſoul, by toil untaught to yield!
From ſleep debarr'd, we ſink from woes to woes:
And cruel enviеſt thou a ſhort repoſe?
Still muſt we reſtleſs rove, new ſeas explore,
The ſun deſcending, and ſo near the ſhore?
And, lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,
And doubles all the terrors of the main.
Oft in the dead of night loud winds ariſe,
Laſh the wild ſurge, and bluſter in the ſkies;
Oh! ſhould the fierce ſouth-weſt his rage diſplay,
And toſs with riſing ſtorms the watery way,
Though Gods deſcend from heaven's aërial plain
To lend us aid, the Gods deſcend in vain:
Then while the night diſplays her awful ſhade,
Sweet time of ſlumber! be the night obey'd!
Haſte ye to land! and when the morning ray
Sheds her bright beam, purſue the deſtin'd way.
A ſudden joy in every boſom roſe:
So will'd ſome dæmon, miniſter of woes!
To whom with grief—Oh! ſwift to be undone,
Conſtrain'd I act what wiſdom bids me ſhun.

But

But yonder herds and yonder flocks forbear;
Atteſt the heavens, and call the Gods to hear:
Content an innocent repaſt diſplay,
By Circe given, and fly the dangerous prey.
Thus I: and while to ſhore the veſſel flies,
With hands uplifted they atteſt the ſkies;
Then, where a fountain's gurgling waters play
They ruſh to land, and end in feaſts the day:
They feed; they quaff; and now (their hunge
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the
Nor ceaſe the tears, till each in ſlumber ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human cares.
Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reigr
And ſetting ſtars roll'd down the azure plain:

That God who spreads the radiant beams of light,
And views wide earth and heaven's unbounded height.
And now the moon had run her monthly round,
The south-east blustering with a dreadful sound;
Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train
Low through the grove, or range the flowery plain:
Then fail'd our food; then fish we make our prey,
Or fowl that screaming haunt the watery way,
Till now, from sea or flood no succour found,
Famine and meagre want beset'd us round.
Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd,
From the loud storms to find a sylvan shade;
There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
And Heaven and Heaven's immortal throne adore,
To calm the roarings of the stormy main,
And grant me peaceful to my realms again.
Then o'er my eyes the Gods soft slumber shed,
While thus Eurylochus arising said:
O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
But dreadful most, when by a slow decay
Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.
Why cease ye then t' implore the Powers above,
And offer hecatombs to thundering Jove?
Why seize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
Arise unanimous; arise and slay!
And, if the Gods ordain a safe return,
To Phœbus shrines shall rise, and altars burn.
But, should the Powers that o'er mankind preside
Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,

Better to ruſh at once to ſhades below,
Than linger life away, and nouriſh woe!
Thus he: the beeves around ſecurely ſtray
When ſwift to ruin they invade the prey;
They ſeize, they kill!—but for the rite divir
The barley fail'd, and for libations wine.
Swift from the oak they ſtrip the ſhady pride
And verdant leaves the flowery cake ſupply'
With prayer they now addreſs th' ætherial
Slay the ſelected beeves, and flay the ſlain:
The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with a
Strew'd o'er with morſels cut from every par
Water, inſtead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails dre

Vengeance, ye powers, (he cries) and thou whose hand
Aims the red bolt, and hurls the wrathful brand!
Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,
When through the ports of Heaven I pour the day.
Or deep in Ocean plunge the burning ray.
Vengeance, ye Gods! or I the skies forego,
And bear the lamp of heaven to shades below.

To whom the Thundering Power: O Source of Day!
Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way,
Still may thy beams through heaven's bright portals rise,
The joy of earth, and glory of the skies;
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To dash th' offenders in the whelming tide.

To fair Calypso, from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the Gods.

Meantime from man to man my tongue exclaims,
My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.
In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,
Beeves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.

Now Heaven gave signs of wrath; along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd.
Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;
The seventh arose, and now the Sire of Gods
Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the tossing floods:
With speed the bark we climb; the spacious sails
Loos'd from the yards invite th' impelling gales.
Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,
And all above is sky, and ocean all around!

When

When, lo! a murky cloud the Thunderer fo
Full o'er our heads, and blackens heaven wit
Night dwells o'er all the deep; and now outl
The gloomy Weſt, and whiſtles in the ſkies.
The mountain-billows roar! the furious blaſ
Howls o'er the ſhroud, and rends it from the
The maſt gives way, and, crackling as it be
Tears up the deck; then all at once deſcends
The pilot by the tumbling ruin ſlain,
Daſh'd from the helm, falls headlong in the
Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll,
And forky lightnings flaſh from pole to pole.
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in fla
Full on the bark it fell; now high, now low

For on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves,
And dire Charybdis rolls her thundering waves.
All night I drove; and at the dawn of day,
Faſt by the rocks beheld the deſperate way:
Juſt when the ſea within her gulfs ſubſides,
And in the roaring whirlpools ruſh the tides.
Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
The lofty fig-tree ſeiz'd, and clung around,
So to the beam the bat tenacious clings,
And pendent round it claſps his leathern wings.
High in the air the tree its boughs diſplay'd,
And o'er the dungeon caſt a dreadful ſhade;
All unſuſtain'd between the wave and ſky,
Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly.
What-time the judge forſakes the noiſy bar
To take repaſt, and ſtills the wordy war;
Charybdis rumbling from her inmoſt caves,
The maſt refunded on her refluent waves.
Swift from the tree, the floating maſt to gain,
Sudden I dropp'd amidſt the flaſhing main;
Once more undaunted on the ruin rode,
And oar'd with labouring arms along the flood.
Unſeen I paſs'd by Scylla's dire abodes:
So Jove decreed (dread Sire of men and gods).
Then nine long days I plough'd the calmer ſeas,
Heav'd by the ſurge, and wafted by the breeze.
Weary and wet th' Ogygian ſhores I gain,
When the tenth ſun deſcended to the main.
There, in Calypſo's ever-fragrant bowers,
Refreſh'd I lay, and joy beguil'd the hours.

My

My following fates to thee, O King, are k
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough: in miſery can words avail?
And what ſo tedious as a twice-told tale?